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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

VI.

AFTER a lapse of four years, during which he had as completely vanished out of the memory of Stillwater as if he had been lying all the while in the crowded family tomb behind the South Church, Richard Shackford reappeared one summer morning at the door of his cousin's house in Welch's Court. Mr. Shackford was absent at the moment, and an elderly deaf woman, who came in for a few hours every day to do the housework, was busy in the extension. Without announcing himself, Richard stalked up-stairs to the chamber in the gable, and went directly to a little shelf in one corner, upon which lay the dog-eared copy of Robinson Crusoe just as he had left it, save the four years' accumulation of dust. Richard took the book fiercely in both hands, and with a single mighty tug tore it from top to bottom, and threw the fragments into the fire-place.

A moment later, on the way down-stairs he encountered his kinsman ascending.

"Ah, you have come back!" was Mr. Shackford's grim greeting after a second's hesitation.

"Yes," said Richard, with embarrassment, though he had made up his mind not to be embarrassed by his cousin.

"I can't say I was looking for you. You might have dropped me a line; you were politer when you left. Why do you come back, and why did you go away?" demanded the old man, with abrupt fierceness. The last four years had bleached him and bent him and made him look very old.

"I did n't like the idea of Blandmann and Sharpe, for one thing," said Richard, "and I thought I liked the sea."

"And did you?"

"No, sir! I enjoyed seeing foreign parts, and all that."

"Quite the young gentleman on his travels. But the sea did n't agree with you, and now you like the idea of Blandmann and Sharpe?"

"Not the least in the world, I assure you!" cried Richard. "I take to it as little as ever I did."

"Perhaps that is fortunate. But it's going to be rather difficult to suit your tastes. What *do* you like?"

"I like you, cousin Lemuel; you have always been kind to me — in your way," said poor Richard, yearning for a glimmer of human warmth and sympathy, and forgetting all the dreariness of his uncared-for childhood. He had been out in the world, and had found it even harder-hearted than his own home, which now he idealized in the first flush of returning to it. Again he saw him-

self, a blonde-headed little fellow with stocking down at heel, climbing the steep staircase, or digging in the clay at the front gate with the air full of the breath of lilacs. That same delicate perfume, blown through the open hall-door as he spoke, nearly brought the tears to his eyes. He had looked forward for years to this coming back to Stillwater. Many a time, as he wandered along the streets of some foreign sea-port, the rich architecture and the bright costumes had faded out before him, and given place to the fat gray belfry and slim red chimneys of the humble New England village where he was born. He had learned to love it after losing it; and now he had struggled back through countless trials and disasters to find no welcome.

"Cousin Lemuel," said Richard gently, "only just us two are left, and we ought to be good friends, at least."

"We are good enough friends," mumbled Mr. Shackford, who could not evade taking the hand which Richard had forlornly reached out to him, "but that need n't prevent us understanding each other like rational creatures. I don't care for a great deal of fine sentiment in people who run away without saying so much as thank 'e."

"I was all wrong!"

"That's what folks always say, with the delusion that it makes everything all right."

"Surely it helps, — to admit it."

"That depends; it generally does n't. What do you propose to do?"

"I hardly know at the moment; my plans are quite in the air."

"In the air!" repeated Mr. Shackford. "I fancy that describes them. Your father's plans were always in the air, too, and he never got any of them down."

"I intend to get mine down."

"Have you saved by anything?"

"Not a cent, cousin."

"I thought as much."

"I had a couple of hundred dollars in my sea-chest; but I was shipwrecked, and lost it. I barely saved myself. When Robinson Crusoe" —

"Damn Robinson Crusoe!" snapped Mr. Shackford.

"That's what I say," returned Richard gravely. "When Robinson Crusoe was cast on an uninhabited island, shrimps and soft-shell crabs and all sorts of delicious mollusks — ready boiled, I've no doubt — crawled up the beach, and begged him to eat them; but *I* nearly starved to death."

"Of course. You will always be shipwrecked, and always be starved to death; you are one of that kind. I don't believe you are a Shackford at all. When they were not anything else they were good sailors. If you only had a drop of *his* blood in your veins!" and Mr. Shackford waved his hand towards a faded portrait of a youngish, florid gentleman with banged hair and high coat-collar, which hung against the wall half-way up the staircase. This was the counterfeit presentment of Lemuel Shackford's father seated with his back at an open window, through which was seen a ship under full canvas with the union-jack standing out straight in the wrong direction. "But what are you going to do for yourself? You can't start a subscription paper, and play the shipwrecker mariner, you know."

"No, I hardly care to do that," said Richard, with a good-natured laugh, "though no poor devil ever had a better outfit for the character."

"What *are* you calculated for?"

Richard was painfully conscious of his unfitness for many things; but he felt there was nothing in life to which he was so ill adapted as his present position. Yet, until he could look about him, he must needs eat his kinsman's reluctant bread, or starve. The world was younger and more unsophisticated when manna dropped from the clouds.

Mr. Shackford stood with his neck

craned over the frayed edge of his satin stock and one hand resting indecisively on the banister, and Richard on the step above, leaning his back against the blighted flowers of the wall-paper. From an oval window at the head of the stairs the summer sunshine streamed upon them, and illuminated the high-shouldered clock which, ensconced in an alcove, seemed to be listening to the conversation.

"There's no chance for you in the law," said Mr. Shackford, after a long pause. "Sharpe's nephew has the berth. A while ago I might have got you into the Miantowona Iron Works; but the rascally directors are trying to ruin me now. There's the Union Store, if they happen to want a clerk. I suppose you would be about as handy behind a counter as a hippopotamus. I have no business of my own to train you to. You are not good for the sea, and the sea has probably spoiled you for anything else. A drop of salt water just poisons a landsman. I am sure I don't know what to do with you."

"Don't bother yourself about it at all," said Richard, cheerfully. "You are going back on the whole family, ancestors and posterity, by suggesting that I can't make my own living. I only want a little time to take breath, don't you see, and a crust and a bed for a few days, such as you might give any wayfarer. Meanwhile, I will look after things around the place. I fancy I was never an idler here since the day I learnt to split kindling."

"There's your old bed in the north chamber," said Mr. Shackford, wrinkling his forehead helplessly. "According to my notion, it is not so good as a bunk, or a hammock slung in a tidy fore-castle, but it's at your service, and Mrs. Morganson, I dare say, can lay an extra plate at table."

With which gracious acceptance of Richard's proposition, Mr. Shackford resumed his way up-stairs, and the

young man thoughtfully descended to the hall-door and thence into the street, to take a general survey of the commercial capabilities of Stillwater.

The outlook was not inspiring. A machinist, or a mechanic, or a day laborer might have found a foot-hold. A man without handicraft was not in request in Stillwater. "What is your trade?" was the staggering question that met Richard at the threshold. He went from workshop to workshop, confidently and cheerfully at first, whistling softly between whiles; but at every turn the question confronted him. In some places, where he was recognized with thinly veiled surprise as that boy of Shackford's, he was kindly put off; in others he received only a stare or a brutal No.

By noon he had exhausted the leading shops and offices in the village, and was so disheartened that he began to dread the thought of returning home to dinner. Clearly, he was a superfluous person in Stillwater. A mortar-splashed hod-carrier, who had seated himself on a pile of brick and was eating his noon-day rations from a tin can just brought to him by a slatternly girl, gave Richard a spasm of envy. Here was a man who had found his place, and was establishing — what Richard did not seem able to establish in his own case — a right to exist.

At supper Mr. Shackford refrained from examining Richard on his day's employment, for which reserve, or indifference, the boy was grateful. When the silent meal was over the old man went to his papers, and Richard withdrew to his room in the gable. He had neglected to provide himself with a candle. However, there was nothing to read, for in destroying Robinson Crusoe he had destroyed his entire library; so he sat and brooded in the moonlight, casting a look of disgust now and then at the mutilated volume on the hearth. That lying romance! It had been, indirectly, the cause of all his woe, filling

his boyish brain with visions of picturesque adventure, and sending him off to sea, where he had lost four precious years of his life.

"If I had stuck to my studies," reflected Richard while undressing, "I might have made something of myself. He's a great fraud, Robinson Crusoe."

Richard fell asleep with as much bitterness in his bosom against DeFoe's ingenious hero as if Robinson had been a living person instead of a living fiction, and out of this animosity grew a dream so fantastic and comical that Richard awoke himself with a bewildered laugh just as the sunrise reddened the panes of his chamber window. In this dream somebody came to Richard and asked him if he had heard that dreadful thing about young Crusoe.

"No, confound him!" says Richard, "what is it?"

"It has been ascertained," said somebody, who seemed to Richard at once an intimate friend and an utter stranger, — "it has been ascertained beyond a doubt that the man Friday was not a man Friday at all, but a light-minded young princess from one of the neighboring islands who had fallen in love with Robinson. Her real name was Saturday."

"Why, that's scandalous!" cries Richard with heat. "Think of the admiration and sympathy the world has been lavishing on this precious pair! Robinson Crusoe and his girl Saturday! That puts a different face on it."

"Another great moral character exploded," murmured the shadowy shape, mixing itself up with the motes of a sunbeam and drifting out through the window. Then Richard fell to laughing in his sleep, and so awoke. He was still confused with the dream as he sat on the edge of the bed, pulling himself together in the broad daylight.

"Well," he muttered at length, "I should n't wonder! There's nothing too bad to be believed of that man."

VII.

Richard made an early start that morning in search of employment, and duplicated the failure of the previous day. Nobody wanted him. If nobody wanted him in the village where he was born and bred, a village of counting-rooms and workshops, was any other place likely to need him? He had only one hope, if it could be called a hope; at any rate, he had treated it tenderly as such and kept it for the last. He would apply to Rowland Slocum. Long ago, when Richard was an urchin making pot-hooks in the lane, the man used occasionally to pat him on the head and give him pennies. This was not a foundation on which to rear a very lofty castle; but this was all he had.

It was noon when Richard approached the marble yard, and the men were pouring out into the street through the wide gate in the rough deal fence which inclosed the works, — heavy, brawny men, covered with fine white dust, who shouldered each other like cattle, and took the sidewalk to themselves. Richard stepped aside to let them pass, eying them curiously as possible comrades. Suddenly a slim dark fellow, who had retained his paper cap and leather apron, halted and thrust forth a horny hand. The others went on.

"Hullo, Dick Shackford!"

"What, is that you, Will? You here?"

"Been here two years now. One of Slocum's apprentices," added Durgin, with an air of easy grandeur.

"Two years? How time flies — when it does n't crawl! Do you like it?"

"My time will be out next — Oh, the work? Well, yes; it's not bad, and there's a jolly set in the yard. But how about you? I heard last night you'd got home. Been everywhere and come back wealthy? The boys used to say you was off pirating."

"No such luck," answered Richard, with a smile. "I did n't prey on the high seas, — quite the contrary. The high sea captured my kit and four years' savings. I will tell you about it some day. If I have a limb to my name and a breath left in my body, it is no thanks to the Indian Ocean. That is all I have got, Will, and I am looking around for bread and butter, — literally bread and butter."

"No? and the old gentleman so rich!"

Durgin said this with sincere indignation, and was perhaps unconscious himself of experiencing that nameless, shadowy satisfaction which Rochefoucauld says we find in the adversity of our best friends. Certainly Richard looked very seedy in his suit of slop-shop clothes.

"I was on my way to Mr. Slocum's to see if I could do anything with him," Richard continued.

"To get a job, do you mean?"

"Yes, to get work, — to learn *how* to work; to master a trade, in short."

"You can't be an apprentice, you know," said Durgin.

"Why not?"

"Slocum has two."

"Suppose he should happen to want another? He might."

"The Association would n't allow it."

"What association?"

"The Marble Workers Association, of course."

"*They* would n't allow it! How is that?"

"This is the way of it. Slocum is free to take on two apprentices every year, but no more. That prevents workmen increasing too fast, and so keeps up wages. The Marble Workers Association is a very neat thing, I can tell you."

"But does n't Mr. Slocum own the yard? I thought he did."

"Yes, he owns the yard."

"If he wished to extend the business, could n't he employ more hands?"

"As many as he could get, — skilled workmen; but not apprentices."

"And Mr. Slocum agrees to that?" inquired Richard.

"He does."

"And likes it?"

"Not he, — he hates it; but he can't help himself."

"Upon my soul, I don't see what prevents him taking on as many apprentices as he wants to."

"Why, the Association, to be sure," returned Durgin, glancing at the town clock, which marked seven minutes past the hour.

"But how could they stop him?"

"In plenty of ways. Suppose Slocum has a lot of unfinished contracts on hand, — he always has fat contracts, — and the men was to knock off work. That would be kind of awkward, would n't it?"

"For a day or two, yes. He could send out of town for hands," suggested Richard.

"And they would n't come, if the Association said 'Stay where you are.' They are mostly in the ring. Some outsiders might come, though."

"Then what?"

"Why, then the boys would make it pretty hot for them in Stillwater. Don't you notice?"

"I notice there is not much chance for me," said Richard, despondingly. "Is n't that so?"

"Can't say. Better talk with Slocum. But I must get along; I have to be back sharp at one. I want to hear about your knocking around the worst kind. Can't we meet somewhere to-night, — at the tavern?"

"The tavern? That did n't use to be a quiet place."

"It is n't quiet now, but there's nowhere else to go of a night. It's a comfortable den, and there's always some capital fellows dropping in. A glass of lager with a mate is not a bad thing after a hard day's work."

"Both are good things when they are of the right sort."

"That 's like saying I 'm not the right sort, is n't it?"

"I meant nothing of the kind. But I don't take to the tavern. Not that I 'm squeamish; I have lived four years among sailors, and have been in rougher places than you ever dreamed of; but all the same I am afraid of the tavern. I 've seen many a brave fellow wrecked on that reef."

"You always was a bit stuck up," said Durgin candidly.

"Not an inch. I never had much reason to be; and less now than ever, when I can scarcely afford to drink water, let alone beer. I will drop round to your mother's some evening, — I hope she 's well, — and tell you of my ups and downs. That will be pleasanter for all hands."

"Oh, as you like."

"Now for Mr. Slocum, though you have taken the wind out of me."

The two separated, Durgin with a half smile on his lip, and Richard in a melancholy frame of mind. He passed from the grass-fringed street into the deserted marble yard, where it seemed as if the green summer had suddenly turned into white winter, and threading his way between the huge drifts of snowy stone knocked at the door of Mr. Slocum's private office.

William Durgin had summed up the case fairly enough as it stood between the Marble Workers Association and Rowland Slocum. The system of this branch of the trades-union kept trained workmen comparatively scarce, and enabled them to command regular and even advanced prices at periods when other trades were depressed. The older hands looked upon a fresh apprentice in the yard with much the same favor as workmen of the era of Jacquard looked upon the introduction of a new piece of machinery. Unless the apprentice had exceptional tact, he underwent a rough novitiate. In any case, he served a term of social ostracism before he was admit-

ted to full comradeship. Mr. Slocum could easily have found openings each year for a dozen learners, had the matter been under his control; but it was not. "I am the master of each man individually," he declared, "but collectively they are my master." So his business, instead of naturally spreading and becoming a benefit to the many, was kept carefully pruned down for the benefit of the few. He was often forced to decline important contracts, the filling of which would have resulted to the advantage of every person in the village.

Mr. Slocum recognized Richard at once, and listened kindly to his story. It was Mr. Slocum's way to listen kindly to every one; but he was impressed with Richard's intelligence and manner, and became desirous, for several reasons, to assist him. In the first place, there was room in the shops for another apprentice; experienced hands were on jobs that could have been as well done by beginners; and, in the second place, Mr. Slocum had an intuition that Lemuel Shackford was not treating the lad fairly, though Richard had said nothing to this effect. Now, Mr. Slocum and Mr. Shackford were just then at swords' points.

"I don't suppose I could annoy Shackford more," was Mr. Slocum's reflection, "than by doing something for this boy, whom he has always shamelessly neglected."

The motive was not a high one; but Richard would have been well satisfied with it, if he could have divined it. He did divine that Mr. Slocum was favorably inclined towards him, and stood watching that gentleman's face with hopeful anxiety.

"I have my regulation number of young men, Richard," said Mr. Slocum, "and there will be no vacancy until autumn. If you could wait a few months."

Richard's head drooped.

"Can't do that? You write a good

hand, you say. Perhaps you could assist the book-keeper until there's a chance for you in the yard."

"I think I could, sir," said Richard eagerly.

"If you were only a draughtsman, now, I could do something much better for you. I intend to set up a shop for ornamental carving, and I want some one to draw patterns. If you had a knack at designing, if you could draw at all" —

Richard's face lighted up.

"Perhaps you *have* a turn that way. I remember the queer things you used to scratch in the mud in the court, when you were a little shaver. Can you draw?"

"Why, that is the one thing I can do!" cried Richard, — "in a rough fashion, of course," he added, fearing he had overstated it.

"It is a rough fashion that will serve. You must let me see some of your sketches."

"I have n't any, sir. I had a hundred in my sea-chest, but that was lost, — pencillings of old archways, cathedral spires, bits of frieze, and such odds and ends as took my fancy in the ports we touched at. I recollect one bit. I think I could do it for you now. Shall I?"

Mr. Slocum nodded assent, smiling at the young fellow's enthusiasm, and only partially suspecting his necessity. Richard picked up a pen and began scratching on a letter sheet which lay on the desk. He was five or six minutes at the work, during which the elder man watched him with an amused expression.

"It's a section of cornice on the facade of the Hindoo College at Calcutta," said Richard, handing him the paper, — "no, it's the custom-house. I forget which; but it does n't matter."

The amused look passed gradually out of Mr. Slocum's countenance as he examined the sketch. It was roughly but cleanly drawn, and full of facility.

"Why, that is very clever!" he said, holding it at arms'-length; and then, with great gravity, "I hope you are not a genius, Richard; that would be too much of a fine thing. If you are not, you can be of service to me in my plans."

Richard laughingly made haste to declare that to the best of his knowledge and belief he was not a genius, and it was decided on the spot that Richard should assist Mr. Simms, the book-keeper, and presently try his hand at designing ornamental patterns for the carvers, Mr. Slocum allowing him apprentice wages until the quality of his work should be ascertained.

"It is very little," said Mr. Slocum, "but it will pay your board, if you do not live at home."

"I shall not remain at my cousin's," Richard replied, "if you call that home."

"I can imagine it is not much of a home. Your cousin, not to put too fine a point on it, is a wretch."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, sir; he's my only living kinsman."

"You are fortunate in having but one, then. However, I am wrong to abuse him to you; but I cannot speak of him with moderation, he has just played me such a despicable trick. Look here."

Mr. Slocum led Richard to the door, and pointed to a row of new workshops extending the entire length of one side of the marble yard.

"I built these last spring. After the shingles were on we discovered that the rear partition, for a distance of seventy-five feet, overlapped two inches on Shackford's meadow. I was ready to drop when I saw it, your cousin is such an unmanageable old fiend. Of course I went to him immediately, and what do you think? He demanded five hundred dollars for that strip of land! Five hundred dollars for a few inches of swamp meadow not worth ten dollars the acre! 'Then take your disreputable

old mill off my property!’ says Shackford, — he called it a disreputable old mill! I was hasty, perhaps, and I told him to go to the devil. He said he would, and he did; for he went to Blandmann. When the lawyers got hold of it, they bothered the life out of me; so I just moved the building forward two inches, at an expense of seven hundred dollars. Then what does the demon do but board up all my windows opening on the meadow! Richard, I make it a condition that you shall not lodge at Shackford’s.”

“Nothing could induce me to live another day in the same house with him, sir,” answered Richard, suppressing an inclination to smile; and then seriously, “His bread is bitter.”

Richard went back with a light heart to Welch’s Court. At the gate of the marble yard he met William Durgin returning to work. The steam whistle had sounded the call, and there was no time for exchange of words; so Richard gave his comrade a bright nod and passed by. Durgin turned and stared after him.

“Looks as if Slocum had taken him on; but it never can be as apprentice; he would n’t dare do it.”

Mr. Shackford had nearly finished his frugal dinner when Richard entered. “If you can’t hit it to be in at your meals,” said Mr. Shackford, helping himself absently to the remaining chop, “perhaps you had better stop away altogether.”

“I can do that now, cousin,” replied Richard sunnily. “I have engaged with Slocum.”

The old man laid down his knife and fork.

“With Slocum! A Shackford a miserable marble-chipper!”

There was so little hint of the aristocrat in Lemuel Shackford’s sordid life and personality that no one suspected him of even self-esteem. He went as meanly dressed as a tramp, and as careless of contemporary criticism; yet clear

down in his liver, or somewhere in his anatomy, he nourished an odd abstract pride in the family Shackford. Heaven knows why! To be sure, it dated far back; its women had always been virtuous, and its men, if not always virtuous, had always been ship-captains. But beyond this the family had never amounted to anything, and now there was so very little left of it. For Richard as Richard Lemuel cared nothing; for Richard as a Shackford he had a chaotic feeling that defied analysis and had never before risen to the surface. It was therefore with a disgust entirely apart from hatred of Slocum or regard for Richard that the old man exclaimed, “A Shackford a miserable marble-chipper!”

“That is better than hanging around the village with my hands in my pockets. Is n’t it?”

“I don’t know that anybody has demanded that you should hang around the village.”

“I ought to go away, you mean? But I have found work here, and I might not find it elsewhere.”

“Stillwater is not the place to begin life in. It’s the place to go away from, and come back to.”

“Well, I have come back.”

“And how? With one shirt and a lot of bad sailor habits.”

“My one shirt is my only very bad habit,” said Richard, with a laugh, — he could laugh now, — “and I mean to get rid of that.”

Mr. Shackford snapped his fingers disdainfully.

“You ought to have stuck to the sea; that’s respectable. In ten years you might have risen to be master of a bark; that would have been honorable. You might have gone down in a gale, — you probably would, — and that would have been fortunate. But a stone-cutter! You can understand,” growled Mr. Shackford, reaching out for his straw hat, which he put on and crushed

over his brows, "I don't keep a boarding-house for Slocum's hands."

"Oh, I'm far from asking it!" cried Richard. "I am thankful for the two nights' shelter I have had."

"That's some of your sarcasm, I suppose," said Mr. Shackford, half turning, with his hand on the door-knob.

"No, it is some of my sincerity. I am really obliged to you. You were n't very cordial, to be sure, but I did not deserve cordiality."

"You have figured that out correctly."

"I want to begin over again, you see, and start fair."

"Then begin by dropping Slocum."

"You have not given me a chance to tell you what the arrangement is. However, it's irrevocable."

"I don't want to hear. I don't care a curse, so long as it is an arrangement," and Mr. Shackford hurried out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Then Richard, quite undisturbed by his cousin's unreasonableness, sat himself down to eat the last meal he was ever to eat under that roof, — a feat which his cousin's appetite had rendered comparatively easy.

While engaged in this, Richard revolved in his mind several questions as to his future abode. He could not reconcile his thought to any of the workingmen's boarding-houses, of which there were five or six in the slums of the village, where the door-ways were greasy, and women flitted about in the hottest weather with thick woolen shawls over their heads. Yet his finances did not permit him to aspire to lodgings much more decent. If he could only secure a small room somewhere in a quiet neighborhood. Possibly Mrs. Durgin would let him have a chamber in the cottage. He was beginning life over again, and it struck him as nearly an ideal plan to begin it on the identical spot where he had, in a manner, made his first start. Besides, there was Will-

iam Durgin for company, when the long nights of the New England winter set in. This idea smiled so pleasantly in Richard's fancy that he pushed the plate away from him impatiently, and picked up his hat which lay on the floor beside the chair.

That evening he moved from the Shackford house to Mrs. Durgin's cottage in Cross Street. It was not an imposing ceremony. With a small brown-paper parcel under his arm, he walked from one threshold to the other, and the thing was done.

VIII.

The six months which followed Richard's installment in the office at Slocum's Yard were so crowded with novel experience that he scarcely noted their flight. The room at the Durgins, as will presently appear, turned out an unfortunate arrangement; but everything else had prospered. Richard proved an efficient aid to Mr. Simms, who quietly shifted the pay-roll to the younger man's shoulders. This was a very complicated account to keep, involving as it did a separate record of each employee's time and special work. An ancient book-keeper parts lightly with such trifles when he has a capable assistant. It also fell to Richard's lot to pay the hands on Saturdays. William Durgin blinked his surprise on the first occasion, as he filed in with the others and saw Richard posted at the desk, with the pay-roll in his hand and the pile of greenbacks lying in front of him.

"I suppose you'll be proprietor next," remarked Durgin, that evening, at the supper table.

"When I am, Will," answered Richard cheerily, "you shall be on the road to foreman of the finishing shop."

"Thank you," said Durgin, not too graciously. It grated on him to play the part of foreman, even in imagination, with Dick Shackford as proprietor.

Durgin could not disconnect his friend from that seedy, half-crestfallen figure to whom, a few months before, he had given elementary instruction on the Marble Workers Association.

Richard did not find his old school-mate so companionable as memory and anticipation had painted him. The two young men moved on different levels. Richard's sea life, now that he had got at a sufficient distance from it, was a perspective full of pleasant color; he had a taste for reading, a thirst to know things, and his world was not wholly shut in by the Stillwater horizon. It was still a pitifully narrow world, but wide compared with Durgin's, which extended no appreciable distance in any direction from the Stillwater hotel. He spent his evenings chiefly there, returning home late at night, and often in so noisy a mood as to disturb Richard, who slept in an adjoining apartment. This was an annoyance; and it was an annoyance to have Mrs. Durgin coming to him with complaints of William. Other matters irritated Richard. He had contrived to replenish his wardrobe, and the sunburn was disappearing from his hands, which the nature of his occupation left soft and unscarred. Durgin was disposed at times to be sarcastic on these changes, but always stopped short of actual offense; for he remembered that Shackford when a boy, amiable and patient as he was, had had a tiger's temper at bottom. Durgin had seen it roused once or twice, and even received a chance sweep of the paw. Richard liked Durgin's rough wit as little as Durgin relished Richard's good-natured bluntness. It was a mistake, that trying to pick up the dropped thread of old acquaintance.

As soon as the permanency of his position was assured, and his means warranted the step, Richard transported himself and his effects to a comfortable chamber in the same house with Mr. Pinkham, the school-master, the perpet-

ual falsetto of whose flute was positively soothing after four months of William Durgin's bass. Mr. Pinkham having but one lung, and that defective, played on the flute.

"You see what you've gone and done, William," remarked Mrs. Durgin plaintively, "with your ways. There goes the quietest young man in Stillwater, and four dollars a week!"

"There goes a swell, you'd better say. He was always a proud beggar; nobody was ever good enough for him."

"You should n't say that, William. I could cry, to lose him and his cheerfulness out of the house," and Mrs. Durgin began to whimper.

"Wait till he's out of luck again, and he'll come back to us fast enough. That's when his kind remembers their friends. Blast him! he can't even take a drop of beer with a chum at the tavern."

"And right, too. There's beer enough taken at the tavern without him."

"If you mean me, mother, I'll get drunk to-night."

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Durgin, pleadingly, "I did n't mean you, William, but Peters and that set."

"I thought you could n't mean me," said William, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his monkey-jacket, and sauntering off in the direction of the Stillwater hotel, where there was a choice company gathered, it being Saturday night, and the monthly meeting of the Union.

Mr. Slocum had wasted no time in organizing a shop for his experiment in ornamental carving. Five or six men, who had worked elsewhere at this branch, were turned over to the new department, with Stevens as foreman and Richard as designer. Very shortly Richard had as much as he could do to furnish the patterns required. These consisted mostly of scrolls, wreaths, and mortuary dove-wings for head-stones. Fortunately for Richard he had no gen-

ius, but plenty of a kind of talent just abreast with Mr. Slocum's purpose. As the carvers became interested in their work, they began to show Richard the respect and good-will which at first had been withheld, for they had not quite liked being under the supervision of one who had not served at the trade. His youth had also told against him; but Richard's pleasant, off-hand manner quickly won them. He had come in contact with rough men on shipboard; he had studied their ways, and he knew that with all their roughness there is no class so sensitive. This insight was of great service to him. Stevens, who had perhaps been the least disposed to accept Richard, was soon his warm ally.

"See what a smooth fist the lad has!" he said one day, holding up a new drawing to the shop. "A man with a wreath of them acorns on his head-stone oughter be perfectly happy, damn him!"

It was, however, an anchor with a broken chain pendent—a design for a monument to the late Captain Septimius Salter, who had parted his cable at sea—which settled Richard's status with Stevens.

"Boys, that Shackford is what I call a born genei."

After all, is not the one-eyed man who is king among the blind the most fortunate of monarchs? Your little talent in a provincial village looms a great deal taller than your mighty genius in a city. Richard Shackford working for Rowland Slocum at Stillwater was happier than Michaelangelo in Rome with Pope Julius II. at his back. And Richard was the better paid, too!

One day he picked up a useful hint from a celebrated sculptor, who had come to the village in search of marble for the base of a soldiers' monument. Richard was laboriously copying a spray of fern, the delicacy of which eluded his pencil. The sculptor stood a moment silently observing him.

"Why do you spend an hour doing

only passably well what you could do perfectly in ten minutes?"

"I suppose it is because I am stupid, sir," said Richard.

"No stupid man ever suspected himself of being anything but clever. You draw capitally; but nature beats you out and out at designing ferns. Just ask her to make you a pattern in plaster, and see how handily she will lend herself to the job. Of course you must help her a little."

"Oh, I am not above giving nature a lift," said Richard modestly.

"Lay a cloth on your table, place the fern on the cloth, and pour a thin paste of plaster of Paris over the leaf,—do that gently, so as not to disarrange the spray. When the plaster is set, there's your mold; remove the leaf, oil the matrix, and pour in fresh plaster. When that is set, cut away the mold carefully, and there's your spray of fern, as graceful and perfect as if nature had done it all by herself. You get the very texture of the leaf by this process."

After that, Richard made casts instead of drawings for the carvers, and fancied he was doing a new thing, until he visited some marble-works in the great city.

At this period, whatever change subsequently took place in his feeling, Richard was desirous of establishing friendly relations with his cousin. The young fellow's sense of kinship was singularly strong, and it was only after several repulses at the door of the Shackford house and on the street that he relinquished the hope of placating the sour old man. At times Richard was moved almost to pity him. Every day Mr. Shackford seemed to grow shabbier and more spectral. He was a grotesque figure now, in his napless hat and broken-down stock. The metal button-molds on his ancient waistcoat had worn their way through the satin coverings, leaving here and there a sparse fringe around the edges, and somehow suggesting little bald heads. Looking at him, you felt

that the inner man was as threadbare and dilapidated as his outside; but in his lonely old age he asked for no human sympathy or companionship, and, in fact, stood in no need of either. With one devouring passion he set the world at defiance. He loved his gold,—the metal itself, the weight and color and touch of it. In his bedroom on the ground floor Mr. Shackford kept a small iron-clamped box filled to the lid with bright yellow coins. Often, at dead of night, with door bolted and curtain down, he would spread out the glittering pieces on the table, and bend over them with an amorous glow in his faded eyes. These were his blonde mistresses; he took a fearful joy in listening to their rustling, muffled laughter as he drew them towards him with eager hands. If at that instant a blind chanced to slam, or a footfall to echo in the lonely court, then the withered old sultan would hurry his slaves back into their iron-bound seraglio, and extinguish the light. It would have been a wasted tenderness to pity him. He was very happy in his own way, that Lemuel Shackford.

IX.

Towards the close of his second year with Mr. Slocum, Richard was assigned a work-room by himself, and relieved of his accountant's duties. His undivided energies were demanded by the carving department, which had proved a lucrative success.

The rear of the lot on which Mr. Slocum's house stood was shut off from the marble yard by a high brick wall pierced with a private door for Mr. Slocum's convenience. Over the kitchen in the extension, which reached within a few feet of the wall, was a disused chamber, approachable on the outside by a flight of steps leading to a veranda. To this room Richard and his traps were removed. With a round table standing

in the centre, with the plaster models arranged on shelves and sketches in pencil and crayon tacked against the whitewashed walls, the apartment was transformed into a delightful atelier. An open fire-place, with a brace of antiquated iron-dogs straddling the red brick hearth, gave the finishing touch. The occupant was in easy communication with the yard, from which the busy din of clinking chisels came up musically to his ear, and was still beyond the reach of unnecessary interruption. Richard saw clearly all the advantages of this transfer, but he was far from having any intimation that he had made the most important move of his life.

The room had two doors: one opened on the veranda, and the other into a narrow hall connecting the extension with the main building. Frequently, that first week after taking possession, Richard detected the sweep of a broom and the rustle of drapery in this passage-way, the sound sometimes hushing itself quite close to the door, as if some one had paused a moment just outside. He wondered whether it was the servant-maid or Margaret Slocum, whom he knew very well by sight. It was, in fact, Margaret, who was dying with the curiosity of fourteen to peep into the studio, so carefully locked whenever the young man left it,—dying with curiosity to see the workshop, and standing in rather great awe of the workman.

In the home circle her father had a habit of speaking with deep respect of young Shackford's ability, and once she had seen him at their table,—at a Thanksgiving. On this occasion Richard had appalled her by the solemnity of his shyness,—poor Richard, who was so unused to the amenities of a handsomely served dinner, that the chill which came over him cooled the Thanksgiving turkey on his palate!

When it had been decided that he was to have the spare room for his workshop, Margaret, with womanly officious-

ness, had swept it and dusted it and demolished the cobwebs; but since then she had not been able to obtain so much as a glimpse of the interior. A ten minutes' sweeping had sufficed for the chamber, but the passage-way seemed in quite an irreclaimable state, judging by the number of times it was necessary to sweep it in the course of a few days. Now Margaret was not an unusual mixture of timidity and daring; so one morning, about a week after Richard was settled, she walked with quaking heart up to the door of the studio, and knocked as bold as brass.

Richard opened the door, and smiled pleasantly at Margaret standing on the threshold with an expression of demure defiance in her face. Did Mr. Shackford want anything more in the way of pans and pails for his plaster? No, Mr. Shackford had everything he required of the kind. But would not Miss Margaret walk in? Yes, she would step in for a moment, but with a good deal of indifference, though, giving an air of chance to her settled determination to examine that room from top to bottom.

Richard showed her his drawings and casts, and enlightened her on all the simple mysteries of his craft. Margaret, of whom he was a trifle afraid at first, amused him with her candor and sedateness, seeming now a mere child, and now an elderly person gravely inspecting matters. The frankness and naïveté were hers by nature, and the oldish ways — notably her self-possession, so quick to assert itself after an instant's forgetfulness — came perhaps of losing her mother in early childhood, and the premature duties which that misfortune entailed. She amused him, for she was only fourteen; but she impressed him also, for she was Mr. Slocum's daughter. Yet it was not her lightness, but her gravity, that made Richard smile to himself.

"I am not interrupting you?" she asked presently.

"Not in the least," said Richard. "I am waiting for these molds to harden. I cannot do anything until then."

"Papa says you are very clever," remarked Margaret, turning her wide black eyes full upon him. "*Are you?*"

"Far from it," replied Richard, laughing to veil his confusion, "but I am glad your father thinks so."

"You should not be glad to have him think so," returned Margaret reprovingly, "if you are not clever. I suppose you are, though. Tell the truth, now."

"It is not fair to force a fellow into praising himself."

"You are trying to creep out!"

"Well, then, there are many cleverer persons than I in the world, and a few not so clever."

"That won't do," said Margaret positively.

"I don't understand what you mean by cleverness, Miss Margaret. There are a great many kinds and degrees. I can make fairly honest patterns for the men to work by; but I am not an artist, if you mean that."

"You are not an artist?"

"No; an artist creates, and I only copy, and that in a small way. Any one can learn to prepare casts; but to create a bust or a statue — that is to say, a fine one — a man must have genius."

"You have no genius?"

"Not a grain."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Margaret, with a disappointed look. "But perhaps it will come," she added encouragingly. "I have read that nearly all great artists and poets are almost always modest. They know better than anybody else how far they fall short of what they intend, and so they don't put on airs. You don't, either. I like that in you. May be you have genius without knowing it, Mr. Shackford."

"It is quite without knowing it, I assure you!" protested Richard, with suppressed merriment. "What an odd

girl!" he thought. "She is actually talking to me like a mother!"

The twinkling light in the young man's eyes, or something that jarred in his manner, caused Margaret at once to withdraw into herself. She went silently about the room, examining the tools and patterns; then, nearing the door, suddenly dropped Richard a quaint little courtesy, and was gone.

This was the colorless beginning of a friendship that was destined speedily to be full of tender lights and shadows, and to flow on with unsuspected depth. For several days Richard saw nothing more of Margaret, and scarcely thought of her. The strange little figure was fading out of his mind, when, one afternoon, it again appeared at his door. This time Margaret had left something of her sedateness behind; she struck Richard as being both less ripe and less immature than he had fancied; she interested rather than amused him. Perhaps he had been partially insulated by his own shyness on the first occasion, and had caught only a confused and inaccurate impression of Margaret's personality. She remained half an hour in the workshop, and at her departure omitted the formal courtesy.

After this, Margaret seldom let a week slip by without tapping once or twice at the studio, at first with some pretext or other, and then with no pretense whatever. When Margaret had disburdened herself of excuses for dropping in to watch Richard mold his leaves and flowers, she came oftener, and Richard insensibly drifted into the habit of expecting her on certain days, and was disappointed when she failed to appear. His industry had saved him, until now, from discovering how solitary his life really was; for his life was as solitary — as solitary as that of Margaret, who lived in the great house with only her father, the two servants, and an episodic aunt. The mother was long ago dead; Margaret could not rec-

ollect when that gray head-stone, with blotches of rusty-green moss breaking out over the lettering, was not in the churchyard; and there never had been any brothers or sisters.

To Margaret Richard's installation in the empty room, where as a child she had always been afraid to go, was the single important break she could remember in the monotony of her existence; and now a vague yearning for companionship, the blind sense of the plant reaching towards the sunshine, drew her there. The tacitly prescribed half hour often lengthened to an hour. Sometimes Margaret brought a book with her, or a piece of embroidery, and the two spoke scarcely ten words, Richard giving her a smile now and then, and she returning a sympathetic nod as the cast came out successfully.

Margaret at fifteen — she was fifteen now — was not a beauty. There is the loveliness of the bud and the loveliness of the full-blown flower; but Margaret as a blossom was not pretty. She was awkward and angular, with prominent shoulder-blades, and no soft curves anywhere in her slimness; only her black hair, growing low on the forehead, and her eyes were fine. Her profile, indeed, with the narrow forehead and the sensitive upper lip, might fairly have suggested the mask of Clytie which Richard had bought of an itinerant image-dealer, and fixed on a bracket over the mantel-shelf. But her eyes were her speciality, if one may say that. They were fringed with such heavy lashes that the girl seemed always to be in half-mourning. Her smile was singularly sweet and bright, perhaps because it broke through so much sombre coloring.

If there was a latent spark of sentiment between Richard and Margaret in those earlier days, neither was conscious of it; they had seemingly begun where happy lovers generally end, — by being dear comrades. He liked to have Margaret sitting there, with her needle flash-

ing in the sunlight, or her eyelashes making a rich gloom above the book as she read aloud. It was so agreeable to look up from his work, and not be alone. He had been alone so much. And Margaret found nothing in the world pleasanter than to sit there and watch Richard making his winter garden, as she called it. By and by it became her custom to pass every Saturday afternoon in that employment.

Margaret was not content to be merely a visitor; she took a housewifely care of the workshop, resolutely straightening out its chronic disorder at unexpected moments, and fighting the white dust that settled upon everything. The green-paper shade, which did not roll up very well, at the west window was of her devising. An empty camphor vial on Richard's desk had always a clove pink, or a pansy, or a rose, stuck into it, according to the season. She hid herself away and peeped out in a hundred feminine things in the room. Sometimes she was a bit of crochet-work left on a chair, and sometimes she was only a hair-pin, which Richard gravely picked up and put on the mantel-piece.

Mr. Slocum threw no obstacles in the path of this idyllic friendship; possibly he did not observe it. In his eyes Margaret was still a child, — a point of view that necessarily excluded any consideration of Richard. Perhaps, however, if Mr. Slocum could have assisted invisibly at a pretty little scene which took place in the studio, one day, some twelve or eighteen months after Margaret's first visit to it, he might have found food for reflection.

It was a Saturday afternoon. Margaret had come into the workshop with her sewing, as usual. The papers on the round table had been neatly cleared away, and Richard was standing by the window, indolently drumming on the glass with a palette-knife.

"Not at work this afternoon?"

"I was waiting for you."

"That is no excuse at all," said Margaret, sweeping across the room with a curious air of self-consciousness, and arranging her drapery with infinite pains as she seated herself.

Richard looked puzzled for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Margaret, you have got on a long dress!"

"Yes," said Margaret, with dignity.

"Do you like it, — the train?"

"That's a train?"

"Yes," said Margaret, standing up and glancing over her left shoulder at the soft folds of maroon-colored stuff which, with a mysterious feminine movement of the foot, she caused to untwist itself and flow out gracefully behind her. There was really something very pretty in the hesitating lines of the tall, slender figure, as she leaned back that way. Certain unsuspected points emphasized themselves so cunningly.

"I never saw anything finer," declared Richard. "It was worth waiting for."

"But you shouldn't have waited," said Margaret, with a gratified flush, settling herself into the chair again. "It was understood that you were never to let me interfere with your work."

"You see you have, by being twenty minutes late. I've finished that acorn border for Stevens' capitals, and there's nothing more to do for the yard. I am going to make something for myself, and I want you to lend me a hand."

"How can I help you, Richard?" Margaret asked, promptly stopping the needle in the hem.

"I need a paper-weight to keep my sketches from being blown about, and I wish you literally to lend me a hand, — a hand to take a cast of."

"Really?"

"I think that little white claw would make a very neat paper-weight," said Richard.

Margaret gravely rolled up her sleeve to the elbow, and contemplated the hand and wrist critically.

"It is like a claw, is n't it. I think

you can find something better than that."

"No; that is what I want, and nothing else. That, or no paper-weight for me."

"Very well, just as you choose. It will be a fright."

"The other hand, please."

"I gave you the left because I've a ring on this one."

"You can take off the ring, I suppose."

"Of course I can take it off."

"Well, then, do."

"Richard," said Margaret severely, "I hope you are not a fidget."

"A what?"

"A fuss, then, — a person who always wants everything some other way, and makes just twice as much trouble as anybody else."

"No, Margaret, I am not that. I prefer your right hand because the left is next to the heart, and the evaporation of the water in the plaster turns it as cold as snow. Your arm will be chilled to the shoulder. We don't want to do anything to hurt the good little heart, you know."

"Certainly not," said Margaret. "There!" and she rested her right arm on the table, while Richard placed the hand in the desired position on a fresh napkin which he had folded for the purpose.

"Let your hand lie flexible, please. Hold it naturally. Why do you stiffen the fingers so?"

"I don't; they stiffen themselves, Richard. They know they are going to have their photograph taken, and can't look natural. Who ever does?"

After a minute the fingers relaxed, and settled of their own accord into an easy pose. Richard laid his hand softly on her wrist.

"Don't move now."

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse," said Margaret, giving a sudden queer little glance at his face.

Richard emptied a paper of white powder into a great yellow bowl half filled with water, and fell to stirring it vigorously, like a pastry-cook beating eggs. When the plaster was of the proper consistency he began building it up around the hand, pouring on a spoonful at a time, here and there, carefully. In a minute or two the inert white fingers were completely buried. Margaret made a comical grimace.

"Is it cold?"

"Ice," said Margaret, shutting her eyes involuntarily.

"If it is too disagreeable we can give it up," suggested Richard.

"No, don't touch it!" she cried, waving him back with her free arm. "I don't mind; but it's as cold as so much snow. How curious! What does it?"

"I suppose a scientific fellow could explain the matter to you easily enough. When the water evaporates a kind of congealing process sets in, — a sort of atmospherical change, don't you know? The sudden precipitation of the — the" —

"You're as good as Tyndall on Heat," said Margaret demurely.

"Oh, Tyndall is well enough in his way," returned Richard, "but of course he does n't go into things so deeply as I do."

"The idea of telling me that 'a congealing process sets in,' when I am nearly frozen to death!" cried Margaret, bowing her head over the imprisoned arm.

"Your unseemly levity, Margaret, makes it necessary for me to defer my remarks on natural phenomena until some more fitting occasion."

"Oh, Richard, don't let an atmospherical change come over *you*!"

"When you knocked at my door, months ago," said Richard, "I did n't dream you were such a satirical little piece, or may be you would n't have got in. You stood there as meek as Moses, with your frock reaching only to the

tops of your boots. You were a deception, Margaret."

"I was dreadfully afraid of you, Richard."

"You are not afraid of me now-days."

"Not a bit."

"You are showing your true colors. That long dress, too! I believe the train has turned your head."

"But just now you said you admired it."

"So I did, and do. It makes you look quite like a woman, though."

"I want to be a woman. I would like to be as old—as old as Mrs. Methuselah. Was there a Mrs. Methuselah?"

"I really forget," replied Richard, considering. "But there must have been. The old gentleman had time enough to have several. I believe, however, that history is rather silent about his domestic affairs."

"Well, then," said Margaret, after thinking it over, "I would like to be as old as the youngest Mrs. Methuselah."

"That was probably the last one," remarked Richard, with great profundity. "She was probably some giddy young thing of seventy or eighty. Those old widowers never take a wife of their own age. I should n't want you to be seventy, Margaret,—or even eighty."

"On the whole, perhaps I should n't fancy it myself. Do you approve of persons marrying twice?"

"N—o, not at the same time."

"Of course I did n't mean that," said Margaret, with asperity. "How provoking you can be!"

"But they used to,—in the olden time, don't you know?"

"No, I don't."

Richard burst out laughing. "Imagine him," he cried,— "imagine Methuselah in his eight or nine hundredth year, dressed in his customary bridal suit, with

a sprig of century-plant stuck in his button-hole!"

"Richard," said Margaret solemnly, "you should n't speak jestingly of a scriptural character."

At this Richard broke out again. "But gracious me!" he exclaimed, suddenly checking himself. "I am forgetting you all this while!"

Richard hurriedly reversed the mass of plaster on the table, and released Margaret's half-petrified fingers. They were shriveled and colorless with the cold.

"There is n't any feeling in it whatever," said Margaret, holding up her hand helplessly, like a wounded wing.

Richard took the fingers between his palms, and chafed them smartly for a moment or two to restore the suspended circulation.

"There, that will do," said Margaret, withdrawing her hand.

"Are you all right now?"

"Yes, thanks;" and then she added, smiling, "I suppose a scientific fellow could explain why my fingers seem to be full of hot pins and needles shooting in every direction."

"Tyndall's your man—Tyndall on Heat," answered Richard, with a laugh, turning to examine the result of his work. "The mold is perfect, Margaret. You were a good girl to keep so still."

Richard then proceeded to make the cast, which was soon placed on the window ledge to harden in the sun. When the plaster was set, he cautiously chipped off the shell with a chisel, Margaret leaning over his shoulder to watch the operation,—and there was the little white claw, which ever after took such dainty care of his papers, and ultimately became so precious to him as a part of Margaret's very self that he would not have exchanged it for the Venus of Milo.

But as yet Richard was far enough from all that.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE EXAMINATION SYSTEM IN EDUCATION.

WHILE it is true that the recent great increase in the number and in the thoroughness of written examinations in our schools and colleges has had good effect in increasing the total work of students, and in raising the minimum qualifications for graduation, it may also be true that bad results have followed which are capable of correction, and which may be readily seen in the mental characteristics of many of our students. The intellectual indifference of the students and recent graduates of the foremost English and American universities has become too noteworthy to be longer passed by, and this indifference seems to be greatest where the examination system has been most developed. In the schools, colleges, and universities of the highest reputation in England and America, the scholar, from entrance until graduation, sees before him an examination paper, and to pass this the competition of his teachers drives him to the utmost. In the foremost preparatory schools of America he is scarcely taught to appreciate the significance of his studies, save in view of the coming examination for college, and for independent work he has neither time nor encouragement. His final struggle for entrance to college, and especially to Harvard or Yale, is a weary, distasteful trial of multitudes of examination papers, in order to obtain the speed and knack in answering which are necessary to success. If he has entered a small college from a school in which there has been no such mechanical drill, in independent growth and love of study he is probably in advance of his contemporary who has entered Harvard from a high-pressure fitting school. At Oxford the entrance examinations are comparatively less difficult than in Harvard, the student in the sixth form in Rugby being obliged

to return to his former studies when brushing up for the university, and during his first term at the latter his studies are decidedly more elementary than in his last year at Rugby. There is therefore less machine work at the best preparatory schools in England than in America, and from this it can be readily seen that a high entrance examination for colleges is an evil for preparatory schools, since in that case the teachers have no time to take the scholar through a broad and thorough course of training, as the severe entrance examination for college forces them to train the scholar only that he may pass examination papers.

We will suppose now that the preparatory school has been left behind, and that the student is in Oxford or Harvard. In the former university the majority of students give the main portion of their time to athletic sports and society, considering the taking of a degree as a necessary evil, which is to be undergone for the benefit of parents, and which is to be attained with as little trouble as possible. Of the remaining minority nearly all are ambitious workers, but such is the severity of the examinations that they also, like the majority, work only to pass, but with honors. One blessing is that with the fewness of the examinations some independent work naturally comes in; but even that is slight, and the athletes come out comparatively better than the honor men, as the struggle to conform themselves to the rigid requirements of the training for the examinations has been less severe in their case, and their minds, having been more at liberty to follow their inclination in independent thought and research, are more buoyant and progressive. Mr. Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln's College, Oxford, in an article

on the examination system at Oxford, writes in the *January Mind*, in 1876, "The process of training for the race is the commanding interest. Training, be it observed, not in intellectual discipline, not training in investigation, in research, in scientific procedure, but in the art of producing a clever answer to a question on a subject of which you have no real knowledge. . . . I have never, in the capacity of examiner, analyzed the papers which are handed in the examination rooms without astonishment at the combination of scholarship, varied knowledge, command of topic, and scientific vocabulary which the candidates can bring to bear on the questions. I have felt a thrill of awe at standing in the presence of rich, matured intellectual development detected in young men scarcely out of their teens. The thought has been involuntarily forced upon me, If these minds are already arrived at this stage at twenty-one, where will they be at forty? A nearer acquaintance, however, with the whole result of the system dispels the illusion. Memory is almost the only faculty called into play. Were they facts with which the memory is thus charged, the inadequacy of the system would be apparent at once. But in the preparation of this examination, instead of facts, the memory is charged with generalized formulas, with expressions and solutions which are derived ready-made from the tutor. Out of this training some few stronger natures may emerge unscathed. A still smaller number of the most vigorous may even be braced by reaction against the oppression to which their minds have been subjected. But in the average Oxford prize-man we too plainly recognize the symptoms which indicate that he has suffered from the forcing house: mental pallor, moral indifferentism, the cynical sneer at other's efforts, the absence in himself of any high ideal. He knows of everything, and truly knows nothing. For him intellectual enjoyment has

passed away. The taste for reading which he has brought to college he has left there; he has lost reverence without acquiring insight; he remains an intellectual *roué*, having surfeited the native instinct of curiosity, of which, as Aristotle says, philosophy was born."

This criticism applies also to Harvard and Yale, though in a far less degree, as there the system of examinations and the science of passing them are far less developed than at Oxford; but the great number and frequency of examinations at Harvard and Yale will soon place these colleges in the line with Oxford in this respect. At Harvard there are long annual and mid-year examinations in each subject, while shorter ones occur frequently. The course is hard, requiring rather more work than at Oxford for a moderate standing. But this work is mainly in view of coming examinations, and is exerted to pass only, or to attain high rank, according to the ambition of the student; and if a man of ability works for himself alone, and is careless of rank, he is looked upon by his fellow students as rather eccentric. To succeed well in the numerous examinations the student must cultivate excessive docility and receptivity of intellect, and bend himself to the whim of the instructor. For years his study has been one struggle to please examiners, to adapt his nature to passing examinations, and the consequence is the development mainly of memory and ability in mechanical working in examinations. The examination papers are usually made so long that the student must write at his utmost speed to answer all the questions, and a very slow writer can seldom obtain high rank. In an examination, for example, in philosophy, the questions are so numerous, that the student has no time to reason long about them; and in truth he has little need of so reasoning, as these same questions have been answered by the professor in his lectures, and the student

has only to thrust into his examination book an epitome of what the professor has before given. In mathematics, to be sure, there is more room for original work, but in the classics and in most studies the examinations are like those in philosophy, and here memory, the ability to express another's thoughts in your own words, rapid penmanship, and physical energy are the principal desiderata for success. No professor would think of subjecting himself to such a trial, and it is doubtful if there is a single professor above the middle age, in Harvard or Yale, who, in a very long examination on such a subject as history or philosophy, where much writing is required, could do as well as the first scholar of the class he teaches. It matters not how well the professor knows the subject, he will lack speed in writing, and the ability, acquired only after long practice, of turning off, under high pressure, page after page of answers. As success in the majority of examinations does not require that the student should be an original or broad thinker, it is not surprising that the majority of recent graduates of Harvard lack on graduation that training in independent thought which is so necessary to true culture. As all have been placed under the same pressure, intellectual individuality has been crushed in most cases, and nearly all come out the same in pattern. There would be no objection to this sameness if the model were excellent, but on the contrary the model is that of an intellect which for years has been endeavoring to mold itself into a form in which its best powers are not demanded, rather than endeavoring to acquire strength. There is naturally, from this training, an indisposition among the majority of students to engage deeply on broad general questions of the day, whence comes the well-known phrase, "Harvard indifference." The creative era of the college is not the present; there is far less original work done by her students

and younger instructors than a stranger would naturally expect, and with the growing system of examinations our first American college is rapidly becoming a great mill for grinding out young men who understand how to work up for and pass examinations, but who lack intellectual substance. This evil is well recognized by many minds of the university, and even the college papers compare the rough force and ambition of the graduates of smaller colleges with the refined indifference of the Harvard man. But this evil is not the especial characteristic of Harvard more than of Oxford, or of any university where the system of written examinations has been highly developed. Harvard has been dwelt upon at length only because she is the most advanced of American colleges in this system; but Yale is advancing close upon, if indeed she is not already up to, Harvard in the development of the system, and this age, which worships organization for its own sake, without considering its ultimate tendency, is driving our smaller colleges also in the same direction.

Three changes would greatly improve this condition: fewer examinations in school and college, and these as far as possible in original work performed at the student's leisure; greater freedom for students, both as regards their choice of study and attendance at recitations; and a different method of appointing college instructors. Education should be a training to promote insight, power of thought, and facility in acquiring knowledge. Perception, not memory, should be cultivated, and as the student can advance only by his own endeavors, he should be led through such a course of labor and original thought that he may come out an independent thinker, as well as a thorough scholar, in such branches of education as he has inclination for. To obtain such a training examinations should be means, not ends. For example, instead of the student in

political economy, history, philosophy, or mathematics being obliged to work, as now, with an examination, perhaps of catch questions, ever in view, the examination might consist in original essays in the first three subjects, and the performance of a paper of great severity in the last, all being done at the student's leisure and with such assistance as he can get from books. Here is a training similar to that in actual life; the best qualities in mind are brought out, while recitations can furnish the students with practice in answering questions, and the instructor with opportunity of guiding the students and correcting their errors. The same principle should be extended as far as possible in all studies, and also in preparatory schools. It has recently been tried at Harvard with signal success in the examinations for second-year honors in mathematics, while in political economy and history there is a tendency in the same direction. The adoption, also, in the Harvard Law School of the "case system," which is based on the principle of letting the student do his own thinking in law, has caused independent thought to be more necessary than research for success in recitations; has infused extraordinary vigor into the school, and made its recitation training unsurpassed.

It may be objected that by such a system as I have proposed a prize would be placed on deception. Even if some obtain illegitimate assistance, it is not pertinent to the real issue, which is, What is the best method for those who wish to improve? Natural shirkers will not receive much improvement by any method. Forcing a man to work does not improve him, as with the removal of the pressure he will return to his old condition. What we want is not to lift young men up to a height and hold them there, but to enable them to rise by their own exertions. Again, the shirkers will be themselves the losers, and it is well that they should find their level as soon as possible.

There is so much need for the instructor's time on the many who want improvement that it is wasteful for him to spend it on those who do not desire it. Again, the system of examinations now in use takes little account of the peculiar qualities of each student, but passes all through the same drill. Now, the best progress would seem to be made in allowing each student to develop those powers in whose exercise he has most pleasure,—that is, those powers which he has in the highest degree; and the examinations which I have proposed, as they are mainly on original work, will cause such a development. Such work will also be far more interesting than that under the present system, and consequently greater industry will exist among the students.

The adoption of such a system in our preparatory schools is incompatible with the present entrance examinations for colleges. One possible change would be to accept graduates of schools of recognized merit without an examination, thus allowing those schools to look to the proper training and improvement of the pupil. It is the complaint of parents whose sons are not destined for college that they can find no school where a thorough general education is given, as the course of instruction is planned to fit scholars for college; and even in public schools the fitting encroaches too much on the master's time. A second method is to allow entrance without examination, as at Dartmouth; requiring of the student within a certain time such quantity and quality of work as will show his fitness to remain.

Closely allied with this change is that demanding greater freedom for the student. At Oxford the non-honor men have no choice in what their course shall be, and they are compelled to attend lectures. The honor men can indeed choose their general course, but must hear such lectures within that course as their tutors command. It is, however,

an indication of the weakness of the system that during a student's last six months he is usually excused from lectures, on the plea that he wishes to work. In American colleges both the course of study and the attendance are generally compulsory, though there are a few exceptions, like Johns Hopkins University and Harvard. In the latter university, though perfect freedom does not yet exist, great advances have recently been made, and to the success of the elective system Harvard owes much of what independent work her students now perform. But in the German university the student has the utmost freedom; his only restrictions being those of good order and a demand that he shall aggregate an attendance of three years at some university or universities before trying for his degree. Coming from the rigid control of the gymnasium, he naturally devotes his first one or two university semesters to the relaxation necessarily precedent to his acquiring the ability to work for himself alone. But at the end of this time he generally settles down to study, and is henceforth a worker, not with the rank list in view, not under immediate pressure, but at his own desire. The American and English argument is that without the pressure which is now exercised on the student he would accomplish little work. But this is not true in the case of the German university, and in our professional schools voluntary attendance has worked with marked success. Again, compulsion deprives the student of that training in self-dependence which is necessary to his best work; and though I do not undervalue that sturdy training in industry which compulsion involves, still if the compulsion were made less immediate, the prudence of the student would act in place of the daily pressure which is now placed upon him.

The appointment of instructors in English and American universities depends at present on their success in

passing examinations. In England the Fellows (whence the tutors are chosen) are selected by competitive examination, and in America it is generally useless for a graduate to expect a tutorship who has not, in college, achieved high rank. Those, therefore, get positions who have subjected themselves to the highest pressure of the examination system, and though some of these instructors are men who possess, besides the ability to pass a good examination, other qualities which cause them to be able teachers, it may also happen that some possess little besides ability in passing examinations. Moreover, when a position is once obtained, the lack of competition and the want of proportion between work and remuneration tend to cause them to sit in the traces and be dragged on by the impulse given to the machinery by their predecessors. The lack of ambition, the small amount of original work, and the morbid terror of criticism which prevents writing for publication, shown by our younger English and American tutors, are too well known for comment. How different from the enthusiasm and vigor shown among the younger instructors of German universities! There any graduate who takes the doctor's degree may, on showing his fitness, lecture in the university, receiving his pay from the price of the lectures paid by the students. If he succeeds as a lecturer and draws hearers, he is sure of a professorship; but failure in this trial means failure in appointment. Every professor, therefore, has won his position by his ability and success as a lecturer, against all competitors; he is spurred on as well by the zeal of the young lecturers, or *privat-docents* as they are called, and if he relaxes his efforts he loses his hearers, on whose number his salary greatly depends. There is no more ambitious life in Germany than that of the professor, who must possess qualities capable of influencing men, as well as mere intel-

lectual acquirements. Could this system be introduced in our English and American universities, real ability and success could be best tried before appointment, competition would act as a spur, while the qualities which give success in outer life would be more demanded in instructors. If it is feared that the standard of lectures will deteriorate on account of the desire of lecturers to have a large number of students, there may, as in Germany, be an examining committee in each department, who will require a high order of original work from students, so that the latter will of their own accord attend the ablest lecturers.

It must never be forgotten that college training is a training for life. Our professors may sneer at the shallow arguments of our sturdy politicians, but what matters it if they neither possess nor help students to acquire our politicians' rough strength? In England and America the best thinkers on education favor this reform; at Harvard, recently, a powerful but ineffectual attempt was made in the faculty to induce a vote in its favor; and the attention now given in this country and England to the principles of education must before long bring about changes similar to those which I have indicated.

Willard Brown.

WANTS.

WE women want so many things;
 And first we call for happiness,—
 The careless boon the hour brings,
 The smile, the song, and the caress.

And when the fancy fades, we cry,
 Nay, give us one on whom to spend
 Our heart's desire! When Love goes by
 With folded wings, we seek a friend.

And then our children come, to prove
 Our hearts but slumbered, and can wake;
 And when they go, we're fain to love
 Some other woman's for their sake.

But when both love and friendship fail,
 We cry for duty, work to do;
 Some end to gain beyond the pale
 Of self, some height to journey to.

And then, before our task is done,
 With sudden weariness oppressed,
 We leave the shining goal unwon,
 And only ask for rest.

MCINTYRE'S FALSE FACE.

I.

SAMUEL MCINTYRE, a rough young fellow, who meant no great harm, brought over from the main-land what he spoke of chiefly as a "false face." It was a mask of the ordinary grotesque kind, with prodigious nose, goggle eyes, and rubicund complexion. The first, probably, that had ever been introduced on Little Box Island, it had for a short time a distinguished success. Boisterous guffaws issuing from the store at the wharf, the evening of its arrival, drew in an unusual attendance to that always popular resort. "Them things had n't ought to be allowed," said one member of the company, recovering with difficulty from the fright that had been put upon him with it as he entered the door. "What in time be they for?" inquired a younger member, with genuine scientific interest; and the goings-on with them in cities in the carnival season were explained to him by traveled associates.

But now McIntyre, desirous to extend the field of his triumphs, slipped slyly out, to call with his false face at the Skeltons'. Skelton boarded the quarry hands, when there were any, — it was a quarry of much less importance than that on Great Box Island, — and his daughter was considered "the greatest case to carry on" in the settlement. The fun at Skelton's was certain to be fast and furious.

McIntyre knocked at the door of the large kitchen which was also the sitting-room, and at once entered. He was surprised to find but a single figure present, and that the one of all his circle with whom he was the least acquainted. It was the quiet, delicate-looking young wife of Amos Cooley. She sat there expectantly, with a shawl over her head

and a tin pail in her hand, as if having run over on an errand for milk. Amos had brought his wife from a still smaller island of the archipelago, inhabited by but one other family besides her own. She started up wildly when she saw McIntyre in his false face. She gasped, put her hand to her side, screamed horribly, — all before he had a chance to snatch off the absurd imposition and reassure her, — and fell to the floor in convulsions.

She was out of her mind for a month after this, and within two years she died, never having recovered, it was said, from the shock. Amos Cooley, her husband, took to drink and general good-for-nothingness, and did not long survive. In the first fury of his rage and grief at the occurrence, he struck at McIntyre with an axe.

"I did n't go to do it, Amos!" cried the luckless masquerader, deprecatingly.

But only the interposition of friends, who hurried him at once into his boat and off to the main, saved him from ruthless slaughter. Amos even took down his gun and hunted him later, with remorseless purpose, on the main; so that he was obliged to take refuge somewhere indefinitely known as "out south," where he was supposed to have permanently settled. This was the last that was heard of McIntyre, and is the whole of his personal adventure; but the grimace of his trumpery mask went on, smiling a fixed and baleful influence down into the lives of future generations.

II.

Amos Cooley's wife left behind her two sons, one born not long after her fright, the other a year later. There were found, or invented, for them the

names Albon and Alrick, in deference to the taste in euphony of a locality where there were found a Uno and a Una, a Cœllo and Cœlla, a Martecia, a Violena, and a Leonorena. Albon was confessedly imbecile; nothing was adduced against Alrick but a sullen temper, which might have been justified by the many mortifications he endured on his brother's account, and his situation in general. Albon was a standing resource of the island for amusement in every idle hour. He grew large of his age, spare and loose-jointed, and ran about in a shambling way, with his head much bent forward. He had little forehead to speak of. His appetite was represented as something tremendous. Sometimes he turned at his persecutors and cried, "You dog, you!" — likening them to that which he himself pathetically most resembled.

The children were grudgingly maintained, till the elder was towards his twelfth year, by an uncle on their father's side. He was said to put Albon to sleep in the cellar, and to beat Alrick cruelly for slight cause. He made affidavit, finally, that he was no longer able to continue his benevolent care, and threw them on the public for support.

A peculiar case arose. Little Box Island, under the laws of the sovereign State of which it made a part (as a community having insufficient inhabitants to become a township), was organized with a primitive government as a Plantation. There was no copy of the revised statutes on the island, and a case of pauperism had not before arisen; but it was the recollection of the most eminent jurists in Maxon's store that, while a Plantation was obliged to make its own roads and school its own children, if it had any paupers it sent them to the nearest town to be taken care of. The chief official therefore conveyed Albon and Alrick to the nearest town, — Great Box Island, about the same distance out to sea, and twelve miles to the east-

ward, — and there happily got rid of them.

But in less than a week, on a day when the government of Little Box Island was in session on general affairs, over came the constable of Great Box, and strode into the midst. He carried Albon and Alrick by the collars of their jackets, one in each hand, and set them down on the floor with a thump for emphasis.

"There they be, and don't you send 'em over our way no more. We've got enough of our own to tend to. Ef I'd a ben down to the poor-farm, to Baker's Neck, the day they come, they would n't a ben left there, you bet. Where paupers is born and brung up is where it belongs fur 'em to be took care of. We don't bundle none of ourn over to you, and ask you to shell out for their grub."

The magnates of Little Box reiterated in alarm their legal theory of the case. The constable of Great Box was severely caustic throughout. "That don't hardly jibe," he said; "that won't wash, don't ye see? Go to lor about it, — go on! Take it up to some boss tribunal. Take it to Wash'nton, — or to Payris or Genevy, for what I care. Mebbe it 'll cost ye's much 's though ye'd tended to the young 'uns to home, 'fore ye git through."

The Little Box people appeared, in fact, impressed by this consideration, and disposed themselves to make some new provision. But before it was completed one half their embarrassment was suddenly removed. A farmer of Great Box, one Bowker, who happened at the island that day, also heard of the case, and declaring that he wanted a boy went up and took Alrick away with him. "I have got a house full of girls," he said, "and there ought to be some boy somewhere. You could go along o' me and tend sheep, and do chores, and go to school some, between times, could n't ye, think?"

Alrick gave him a furtive look, — there

was a touch of obliquity in his bright eyes in moments of agitation, — then a nod of his mop-like head. A small sum upon this was voted to Albon, who went back to the guardianship of his relative, and, sustained somehow by his wonderful appetite, slept regularly in the cellar for many a long year thereafter.

Alrick came with his new patron to a large old farm-house, with which numerous out-buildings combined to make up a pleasing mass, all silver gray with the weather. He slept here in the attic on a comfortable cot, spread with horse blankets and a quilt patched of calico blocks. About it were bags of meal and seed corn, festoons of dried apples, an old horse-hair trunk with broken lid, the best harness and whip, used only on state occasions, and the farmer's boots and oil-skin suit for rainy weather. He was warm and contented. He did not mind the scampering mice. He liked the bar of sunlight that came into the dusky place and traced the squares of the window on the floor. Of mornings in summer the scratching of branches against the panes and the cackle of the barn-yard awoke him. In spring he smelled lilacs and cherry blossoms. How pure and sweet the dew was! A procession of white schooners paraded along on the blue belt of sea. He went down and followed the cows to pasture, munching lazily a mouthful here and there by the way as they passed. He turned the crank of the churn, brought in fire-wood, gee-hawed the oxen, followed the mowers with his rake, topped turnips, lent the farmer a hand in putting up a new length of fence or mending a stone-wall, and between times got such schooling — for which, in truth, he had no great fancy — as he could.

He was perverse and sullen to begin with. The farmer's wife kept a stick for him in the fire-place, and often took it down "to break his temper."

"We don't want no boys round here that won't mind!" she said. "Our boys

allers had to mind" (they were dead or married off and absent now), "and you will." It was predicted by the neighbors that he would run away. The Bowkers had had a boy before, one Fred, who did that, going off to join a circus, and taking stolen property with him, and why should not this one follow his example?

But Alrick did not run away. On the contrary, he came, through humane treatment, to be an entirely tractable and reliable person. He was a playmate of the children and a member of the family quite on equal terms. He played with Marietta, he played with Caroline, and he played with Idella, whom he particularly liked. Up to fifteen he was swift and agile. He came out of the hobbledehoy period with a rustic heaviness which remained with him, though at no time was he a bad-looking fellow.

III.

The quarry on Great Box Island, having been prosperous once, "failed up" in time, and owed its employees, store-keepers, and others. It came, under a legal claim, into the hands of a building firm of New York. Pending some complications about the title, the firm sent a young man, a nephew of the senior partner, to keep an eye out in a general way, and see that none of the movable property was disturbed.

This young man, Francis Fosdick by name, found on his arrival a straggling hamlet of poor wooden houses, catching such a foot-hold as it could on a hill-side full of granite boulders. There were no noticeable trees. The midsummer aspect was almost as dreary as midwinter elsewhere. His quarry was on the hill to the right. Rust-colored water stood deep in its pits. The blocks taken from them, some for sills and doorsteps, others to roar as Belgian pavement in the traffic of a great city, lay forlornly

about. Here was a broken derrick ; there a great pair of rusted wheels ; again a forge, with scraps of mildewed leather within ; by it a tool-house, with padlocked door and a portentous air of mystery.

"Kinder dull, like, around," said a denizen of the place, picking his way past, as the new-comer sat meditating above his charge.

Fosdick admitted that it was dull, and listened to the denizen's account of what it used to be, — how there had been more than fifty fellers at work ; how they used to be down to the wharf every night, and used to hold neck-tie parties and other festivities in the hall, — and then continued his meditations. The gist of them perhaps was that such a banishment seemed rather hard lines for a person of his age, twenty-four, who had been a club man and attained to a dog-cart and confidently aspired — if only the issue of the great C. Q. & K. venture had been different — to a four-in-hand. But then he recalled to himself that he was the same person who *had* made the C. Q. & K. venture, lured into it, to the loss of his own and most of a too yielding relative's substance, by the wiles of a man in whose employ he was to learn the business of banking and brokerage. It had been decidedly harder lines recently, when he had been going around with no occupation at all, acceding humbly to the views of those who doubted whether he should ever make a figure of any kind in the world. The facing of the disagreeable, he had been informed and believed, was a condition of success, and the prospect here was surely disagreeable enough to be full of hope, — except, on the other hand, that it might not endure more than a couple of months.

He faced the situation, therefore, somewhat resolutely. He read some books he had brought with him, went out in a dory to fish in the Reach, and cultivated the store-keepers. There was one whom

he complimented as a "drawist," who scrawled rude diagrams of yachts on sheets of wrapping paper, and ornamented his walls with them. "Sho!" said the drawist, with affected modesty. "I drawr 'em off jess 's they come. I never learned to drawr 'em by rule." The young daughter of his landlord dressed up in the evening and played the melodeon, but there was in her a hopeless commonplaceness of view and lack of imagination he thought, that kept her from being of the slightest use as a resource.

He took to exploring the island, and found it nicer within than near the landing. He recalled some fragments of botany and geology he had once learned, and tried to develop bucolic tastes. On the first day of August, in the neighborhood of the south shore, where the view of the ocean was broad and the bluffs were high and crested at times with dense little groves of spruce, fir, and cedar, he came to a large farm-house with numerous shingled out-buildings around it, all as gray as the granite boulders cropping out in the sheep pastures. Fosdick rendered account of it to himself as somewhat "the kind of thing you read about." He desired to see the interior, and went up to an open door from which he saw faces peering out at him as he advanced, and made the conventional demand for a glass of milk. An old woman in a faded gown of red and black, with the end of a coil of rusty hair falling over one ear, and a young girl of pale complexion were engaged in domestic duties.

"'Pears to be a close day for travelin'," said the old woman. "Walk into the settin'-room and set down. Marietta, you fetch some milk inter the settin'-room."

The kitchen, with its large fire-place, and a wool-wheel, evidently in use, in the sitting-room, were sufficiently in keeping with the interesting exterior. "But is there *never*," he mused impatiently, as he

sipped his milk in the presence of the pale Marietta, "in the whole country, a person of the feminine sex who attracts you to look at her a second time?" In the very moment of this aspiration a door opened to admit another young girl, who entered saunteringly and went and sat down in a small wooden rocking-chair, with an indifferent air, as though the fact of somebody's being there had nothing whatever to do with it. Fosdick felt his question charmingly answered. The sterile region did not produce much that was attractive, he thought, but when it did it made a very complete job of it. An ascetic elegance, a piquancy of effect in a gingham frock with barely a single frill (and really not completely buttoned down the back), enhanced here a type that justified whatever eulogists had ever taken occasion to say of rural comeliness. Her lightish hair was cut square across her forehead. Her nose pointed, in just the slightest degree, upward. The blue of her eyes seemed of an opaque kind, and was visible across the room, so that he connected it with the blue of the sea and the mountains on the main which showed through the open doors. She folded her arms across a slender figure, and rocked a little in the chair. The motion showed small slippers which thin elastics, crossing the instep, retained in place. Marietta addressed her as *Idella*.

The young man who was thus pleased with Miss Idella was of much better looks and manners than their usual visitors, and she on her side was wondering, through her assumed indifference, who he might be. He was certainly neither cabinet-organ, sewing-machine, reaper, nor lightning-rod agent. Nor with more reason could he be taken for the most plausible of the men who tried to sell at high prices good-for-nothing silks and velvets purporting to have been smuggled. Fosdick was loath to go away, and he made as much talk as possible. He told them the old story of

the city person who resented the untidiness of being served with milk with a greasy yellow scum on it in the country; but it was not old there, and was well received.

"Which way was you from?" inquired the housewife, beginning to manifest an interest in him. He was not sorry to establish himself in their respect, and told them of New York and his purpose in the island. The pretty sister, who had been offish before, addressed him more attention, also, upon this. It was of an aggressive sort, but this might have been only a form of her coquetry.

"I don't like New Yorkers," she said. "You can't trust them."

"I've noticed that myself in a few; but I've always thought it might be due to association at some time with some Great Box I—"

"Don't be afraid to say Great Box Islanders, if you want to. It's going a pretty good ways for a reason, but I'm sure"—

Sudden laughing shrieks without interrupted the exchange of repartee at this point.

A third young girl, followed close by a stout young farm-hand, burst into the kitchen in a tumult; but seeing a stranger present, they retreated through opposite doors almost as precipitately.

"Ca'line Bowker, what is the matter?" called the mother. There was a sound of hasty ablutions in a tin basin. Then the pursued girl returned, rather breathless still, and, sending a demure, speaking glance at the visitor from nice dark eyes, said,—

"Alrick jumped out and chased me just as I was goin' to blow the horn for supper, and rubbed blackberries in my face."

"He is the *roughest* boy. I guess I'd make him stop," said Idella.

The pursuer, somewhat later, having made a toilette by soddening down his stiff hair with water and bringing it in

wisps forward of his ears, came and leaned a stalwart shoulder against the door-jamb.

"Has the calves been fed, Alrick?" Mrs. Bowker asked.

"Yes 'm. I give 'm all the feed there was. That there chunky-built one is the fearfulest eater, 'most, I ever see."

"Ca'lline, you come and see what there is to make some more mash of," said Mrs. Bowker.

"Ca-a'line," mimicked Idella, with impatient emphasis, momentarily left alone with the visitor. "I wish she would say Carrie or Cad, but she won't."

"You're all right, though," he ventured,—whether it was his real opinion is not relevant; "you've got a nice name."

"I don't like my last one."

"Oh, you'll get rid of that easily enough."

"No, I guess *not*," with a deprecat-ing rising inflection; but she gave him an approving glance.

Alrick gave him (a person who came there perpetrating that novel and wishy-washy kind of talk) one quite the reverse.

When he had gone away he was the subject of discussion at the supper-table. Alrick leveled coarse sarcasms at him, taking the polish of manners, to which he was unaccustomed, for a foppish "putting on of frills." But the girls defended him, particularly Idella, who found herself once so considerably in advance of the rest that she came to a sudden halt.

"Look a' Dell blush," said Etta.

"Shut up!" cried Dell. "I guess I ain't."

But the fact is that she was, a little.

Fosdick carried a pleasing image in his mind that day, as he pursued his way back through the wood and over the considerable stretch of road between him and the forlorn quarries. In the prevailing dreariness any touch of grace

had an extreme value, and perhaps he exaggerated what he had found. It was not beauty, but a piquant comeliness of a purely Yankee type, which, before he had seen France, would have coincided with his notion of the ideally French. The other sisters too, though rustic more in the regular way, were not uninteresting. Caroline was almost pretty, and Marietta of a certain activity of mind; besides that, they were all extremely sprightly.

He made the pretext of desiring to find a vein of copper, said to exist somewhere in the neighborhood, to stop at the farm-house soon again.

"I want to know ef they set any store by that yet," said Mrs. Bowker, stopping her rolling-pin. "There ain't nothin' of it but fools' gold. My son from Californy told 'em so years ago, when he was on."

"Oh, mother says Californy," said Marietta, giving the old woman, hopeless of elegant embellishments, an apologetic hug.

"Well, 't is Californy, hain't it? San Francisco?"

Idella donned a large straw hat, and went as far as the gate, to give Fosdick his bearings. He complimented the farm-house and the scenery. She was highly indifferent to the views, and said of the house, "Yes, it 'll look a little better when it gets some paint on it. Father *is* going to paint in the spring."

"Don't ever let him put a brush on it; it will spoil it." But this was a kind of banter beyond her, and she kept silence. A man of thirty or so, with a sandy beard, drove by in a wagon, and she exchanged salutations with him.

"It's the mail boy, or man, or whatever he is," she explained, when he had passed along. "He's always asking me to ride with him. He says, 'You're gettin' to be a regular old maid. Why don't you ever stir out anywheres?' He's got two nice horses and a farm. I guess I'll have to 'go for' him," and

she laughed. Fosdick thought it a very nice sort of laugh.

"Oh, do 'go for' me," he appealed.

"May be I will;" and she laughed again.

He had said he would stop and let them know what he found, on his return. Marietta and Caroline were still in calico then, but Idella had put on more careful raiment. Was it for his benefit? This new costume, — he came to know it because he saw it often, — of modest dark brown, comprised a kind of plaited jacket, with a white ruffle at the top, belted around a slender, little-developed figure. It seemed of an eminent simplicity and adaptation to the circumstances, yet at the same time of an undeniable *air*. Hers was surely one of those cases of a natural distinction in the midst of unpropitious conditions worthy of so much credit.

He brought the talk around to these new acquaintances with the literal Miss Emeline, his landlord's daughter. Some sort of a feud between them appeared, and her accounts were not the most favorable.

She considered them, among other things, very much "stuck up."

"What about?"

"That's more than *I* know, unless it is on account of their visitin' in Boston. They've got a sister married there. Dell's been there most o' the time the past two years. She only seems to come home for a kind of vacation in the summer."

Mr. Fosdick pursed up his lips for a whistle. "Oh ho!" he began, "you mean to say, then" — But he continued, "And the brother, is he stuck up too?"

"There ain't no brother. Oh, you mean Alrick Cooley." Then she gave him the history of Alrick, including, of course, that of Albon. Alrick, Miss Emeline said, had left the Bowkers when he was twenty-one, and gone into various occupations, — sailing in vessels, working in the quarries, and so on; but he

continually turned up there again. He was always hanging round after Idella.

"I thought it was the other one he seemed to be fond of."

"No, Della. My! if I was as airified as she sets up to be, I would n't have no poor-house trash round me."

So then it was sophistication, and not a phenomenal rustic grace. It was the married sister in the city, the latest supplement of modes, an emanation from the show-windows and pavements of a metropolis, to whose subtle influence he had yielded. That barely a single frill on the gingham frock had been artfully planned; that simple belted jacket had as likely as not been copied on Beacon Street.

IV.

These disclosures, however, by no means put an end to our young quarry superintendent's need of distractions. He returned to the farm-house again and again. For the pleasure of being with Idella he drew the farmer into long narrations, to which he did not thereafter always pay the closest attention.

"I had a step-mother, and was licked around from pillar to post, when I was a boy," the browned and baked old farmer, sitting in his shirt-sleeves and a waistcoat of faded check, would say. "I run away from her when I was ten, and never see home again till I was twenty-one, and then I'd been most all over the world and was master of a vessel. I s'pose I've caught more fish than any other man in the United States. I've sailed sixty odd trips in a Grand Banker. I was nigh gettin' into the slave-trade once. A man from these parts persuaded me. He was one o' the smartest there was. They sailed out o' Salem then, — yes, God-and-morality Massachusetts, that's it, that's it. An old don in Cuby worth his millions got him into it. He made loads o' money, but it took most of it to get pardoned out

so's he could come back here. Sumner done it for him, when Andrew Johnson was president."

The farmer had sailed out of New Bedford, too, in a clipper ship half as long as from where he sat to tell the tale to the school-house at the cross-roads. He had been on Alexander Selkirk's island and on Easter Island and in New Holland, where the natives could track a deserter from a ship over solid rock by scent alone.

Fosdick could amplify a detail here and there from his reading. It was not certain that he added much to his general standing in this way, but he certainly did to the growing jealousy of Alrick, who put in a remark, of little pertinence, occasionally, to show that he was not wholly crowded out of the talk. "Well, we ain't had time to do much readin' here," said the mother of the family. "We've always had to *work*. What we know is mostly what we've see. I was 'fraid the girls would get in a kind of readin', idlin' way down to Boston, but I dunno's they have. Dell, you ain't readin' novils and such like when you're down to Georgiana's, be you?"

"Why, do you s'pose I would?" returned Idella; but she smiled slyly at Fosdick at the same time.

"Land! I dunno, I dunno; there's so much goin's on beyond me these times."

Alrick had a confidante in the matter of his regard for Idella. It was Mrs. Wixon, a sort of nurse and general utility woman in the neighborhood. She sustained, on stray copies of the weekly story-papers, an amiable sentimentalism rare in the practical community, and took the interest of a school-girl in any affair of the heart. She encouraged the young folks of the humbler sort to come to her cottage, and they held many a fine merry-making there of evenings. But Alrick had got in a way of sober and serious conferences with her at quiet moments. In return for his confidence

she always predicted the most hopeful things. He came now to complain in alarm of the aggressive intimacy of Fosdick. "I am as good as him, any day," he concluded, indignantly. She agreed with him in this, and assured him indeed that he was much better. He was to keep cool, and be certain that everything would come out all right in due time.

"They're an empty, flighty set, these city fellers," she said. "They don't amount to a row o' pins. I know 'em of old. You see, this one will get tired and go off pretty quick, and besides, Dell 'll be sick of *him* before that."

In the Bowker family "father" was held in severe respect, and the girls waited before the carrying out of some of their lively plans till he was down the road in his wagon, or off at sea in his boat, while with "mother" a certain reliance was placed upon wheedling. One of their projects, set for an afternoon when father should be securely out of the way, was for a visit to Baker's Neck. At Baker's Neck, in a rude cabin, lived an old couple, half-Indian it was said, and Mrs. Baker, the woman, told fortunes with a tea-cup. "Ask Em to come, too," they suggested. But Fosdick's landlord's daughter, who had so little imagination, declined.

"There ain't no Indian about 'em, as I know of," she said. "They've always lived that way, cookin' their vittles over a few sticks, and shootin' and fishin' round a little, because they'd rather do that than work. They ain't folks I should care to associate much with. The town poor are kept there, to their house, when there is any. They get so much for takin' care of 'em. They used to have a woman pauper with teeth much's two inches long. I dunno but she's dead, though, by this time. I did hear, the other day, that there was talk of puttin' Albon Cooley there again. Everybody on Little Box is tired of him and willin' to pay for his keep. Alrick hain't ever wanted him round where *he*

was, though, so I don't know how they 'll manage it."

Baker's Neck was best reached by water, after crossing some fields. The expedition was a merry one. Fosdick was considerate enough to keep Alrick in good temper by leaving Idella to him some part of the way. He spoke, when he rejoined her, of what he had heard of the possibility of the unfortunate Albon's being found at the place. "Oh, I do hope it is n't so," she said; "Alrick's so worried by him." While in the boat, a fog of a light consistency prevailing there, almost dry as it seemed, and holding the sunshine in suspense, like a silver powder, drifted momentarily over them, and they splashed and spattered to all points of the compass, pretending to have lost their way. Alrick spoke contemptuously of the fortune-telling nonsense, and taking a pail strolled off to pick berries while they were occupied with it. The rest, from a high bowlder, where Della left them to wait while she stole down to prepare Mrs. Baker, who was often surly, she said, reconnoitred the cabin, and then followed in response to her signal.

There were no visible paupers but three tow-headed little children, who cowered against the wall and drew the open door back so as to cover their rustic confusion; but it was learned that Albon was in fact present on the island. The "preparation" of Mrs. Baker had not been very effectual. She took little notice of their presence more than to inquire of one of the girls, "How's your mar, deary?" and went on imperturbably with some culinary operation at the fire, which she replenished from a pile of brushwood occupying a considerable space of the floor. In the shadow, by a ladder which mounted to a loft, was discerned the old man, who sat with a crutch across his lap, and made a remark about his "rheumatiz."

"Heavens!" said Fosdick, "to think of a fortune-teller surviving at this time

of day who smokes a short, black pipe, wears a red handkerchief on her head, and says 'deary'!"

Della was obliged to renew her solicitations.

"I can't, deary, I can't," Mrs. Baker replied, in a monotonous, harsh croak. "It's all lies I tell ye, any way. 'Sides, I got to git supper. Some other time, gals, — some other time."

Against this it was urged that this visitor would not then be there. Without changing at all her indifferent demeanor, and as if it were some casual part of the occupation in which she was engaged, she brought, upon this, a cup containing a little water and grounds of tea, and handed it to Fosdick. She told him to turn it around and spill the water out, at the same time framing a wish. The fortune was construed, it appeared, from the appearance of the particles of tea stranded on the sides of the cup.

"You 'll get your wish" (it was a no more important one, perhaps, than for a kiss from the pretty Idella). "You 'll have a letter 'fore long. You 're thinkin' of writin' a letter. You 're goin' to have some trouble with a dark man. 'Pears as though you 'd come through all right. Yes, you 'll come through all right. You 're goin' to cross water afore long. You want to look out sharp for that dark man. Here's a light woman and a dark woman, but I can't exac'ly see now how you stan' towards 'em. You've see some un sence you come on this island that you think a mighty good deal on."

"Why, didn't we tell you he was a married man?" cried the girls. They had agreed upon this little fiction, in order to test the old woman's occult art to the utmost.

"I don't care; he's see somebody on this island he loves more'n he does himself. No, he *hain't married*," she pronounced boldly, the next moment, interpreting one of the amused glances passing between them.

To Della she said, "You'll get your wish, too. You'll meet a man with a hat brim a foot wide. Your husband'll be wuth 'bout fifty thousand dollars. He'll take you away to the city. It's a big city. There 't is, plain 's can be," and she pointed with a bony, leathern finger to a considerable number of the tea particles collected in a mass.

To the other girls she prophesied lovers, handsome husbands, money and happiness in unstinted supply. Marietta was to have a lawyer, Caroline a doctor, each worth one hundred thousand in gold.

"Oh, Mrs. Baker," complained Della, "it's too mean of you to give them more than me."

"I can't help it, child, can I, ef it reads that way? But — 'pears as though, lookin' at yours ag'in, there *was* suthin' comin' to you, by will or some such way." And thus the good-natured sorceress deftly equalized the fates.

The company romped back, in the gayest spirits, to the shore, where Alrick awaited them. Fosdick and Della trimmed each other's straw hats with flowers and the small, short-stemmed cranberries growing out of dry moss on the very tops of the rocks. Then they put them on their heads. "You know what the forfeit is when a lady wears a gentleman's hat," he said, as they exchanged back. He made a gentlemanly feint of claiming his privilege, which she easily evaded.

"You shan't kiss my sister," said Caroline, bristling a little at sight of it.

"I did n't," he said, with an assumed air of injury; "she would n't let me;" and then they all laughed.

As they two loitered behind, the others got first into the boat, and pretended to row away and abandon them. They sat down comfortably on the shore. "Are you a phrenologist?" said Della. "Can you tell people's characters?"

"Let me try," he said. She bared her pretty head saucily to the fragrant

summer air. He touched it lightly here and there. "This, now, I should say," he began, with an imitation of the professional manner, "was a person who had a married sister in Boston, and visited there a great deal" —

"Stuff!" she said, twisting suddenly away. "You *knew* that. How did you find out?" They talked about Boston. She gave him, diffidently, an address, if he should ever come there, and care to call on her. She seemed to have something else on her mind at the same time, but did not speak it out.

She hated the island, she said, and thought the folks on it horrid. She hated housekeeping, and she hated the country. She did not know so much of the flowers and shrubs, even, as he did. She could not tell him hackmatack from cedar, nor wheat from oats, but knew the cereals all alike as "grain." She boasted that she could not spin. Perhaps she fancied she should commend herself to the young man by assuming an exclusive interest in a more luxurious order of things than that to which she had been used. If so, it was a great mistake. He desired to look at her from the bucolic point of view. If he wanted to sentimentalize about her, it was as a nymph of the woods and pastures, — that sort of thing, — who might become, if it were certain that he was not ordained by destiny for dog-carts and four-in-hands, the head of a very superior order of modest rural establishment.

"Oh, you *ought* to like housekeeping and the country, you know," he said.

Another time he reprimanded her for wearing afield the thin slippers which were disclosed by the accident of getting into a piece of marshy ground. He got but pert answers, however, when he took this tone.

But for this delay on the bank the excursion would have been without an apparent flaw. While the small boat was still a few rods distant, the ungainly figure of Albon Cooley shambled

down the hill and came up to the couple. He peered into their faces with evident pleasure, and would have taken hold of Della. She shrank away in disgust. Fosdick put himself between, and enabled her to embark unmolested; but then he was detained with an elfish pertinacity himself.

"Alrick, you'll have to get him away," appealed Etta to the young farm hand, who sat in the boat, an agonized witness of this humiliating scene. He had not suspected the presence of Albon on the island, or he would not have come. How could he hold up his head again to the city chap when he was thus shamed before them all!

He leaped from the boat and strode to his brother, with a black and savage face. He freed Fosdick from his grasp, and, when Albon would have fastened on him in turn, thrust him off with such a brutal violence that he fell heavily among the rocks. He had been a sympathizer and protector at other times, but now he could have blasted the hateful presence from existence.

The imbecile gathered himself up, and sent feeble missiles with an uncertain aim after the retreating boat. During all of the homeward journey, though the rest tried to draw him out, but a bare monosyllable or two escaped Alrick's parched and contracted lips.

V.

Mrs. Bowker regarded so much of this "gallivanting 'round" as a graceless waste of time, and was not deterred — of a day when Fosdick came by appointment to join a rowing party — by any considerations of the awkwardness of the thing from saying so. The daughters, assembled in the sitting-room with this polished visitor, upon whom they were desirous to make the best impression, exchanged glances and frowns of consternation without avail.

"Dell, you ain't a-goin' out on the water again!" the shrill voice of Mrs. Bowker exclaimed from the kitchen. "There's the fog comin' up so thick now you can't see High Head. You'll catch your deaths. Gracious sakes! there's more work in this house! Who's goin' to fetch the cows, I'd like to know? Who's goin' to do the milkin'? Alrick, he's away, — gone down to see 'bout gittin' Moseley's mowin'-machine, — and your pa, he's away. Nett, you come along and wash up these dishes that's been stannin' ever sence mornin'. Dell, you've got to git the cows, or Ca'line, — one. Land sakes!"

"I'll get the cows," volunteered Fosdick, and restored the spirits of the embarrassed circle by his charming way of taking it.

"You don't know where to find them. But you can come with Cad and me, if you want to," said Dell. It was a long stretch they made, up and down the rockypastures. Caroline scampered over the fences unaided. Idella paused in dainty perplexity on the tops, and permitted considerable assistance to be extended to her.

It was a bond of intimacy between them, in the fancy of Fosdick, that her mother had scolded them together, — a woman in a faded gown, who said "Californy" and "settin'-room," had scolded him, the ex-club man. They lighted upon a spring running into a moss-grown tub, and Idella gave him a drink from an original birch-bark dipper, found in a cleft of the rock; Cad stampeded the cows, which broke through the bushes, whisking their tails and throwing out their legs sideways in awkward fashion; they thought they saw a man in the edge of the woods; they were caught in a piece of soft ground (this was the episode of the slippers): and these were all of their petty adventures.

In three days after, Fosdick came to bid them good-by. Ancient Mrs. Baker's fortune was coming true. He had

received a letter. It recalled him from the island, and he must leave by the Canisteo the next morning. He stayed to tea this last evening. They gave him, with other viands, a strip of the sun-dried salt-fish, a favorite article of food there, which they instructed him was "the dream-line." Whoever ate it was likely to be visited at night by a vision of his future wife, who would offer him water to quench his thirst. By a natural association of ideas he dreamed that night, in fact, of Della, and received again at her hand the draught from the birch-bark dipper at the spring.

But he was not suffered to depart with a formal leave-taking. It was a charming mild night of summer, with light, milky clouds drifting across the moon, and his new-found friends would escort him on part of his journey. They went all arm in arm at first, singing, but by degrees he was left in the rear with Idella. Whatever matters, light or ponderous, they may have begun with, he was found saying after a while, —

"It was pretty unprincipled of you to refuse to pay the penalty, that day, for wearing my hat. Do you not think so?"

"No, I do *not* think so."

"It is the custom of the country, and I should suppose you would want to stand by it. I should n't wonder if it came over in the Mayflower, and had its origin in the most ancient times."

"It came over in the Canisteo, I guess."

"You are very hard-hearted."

"It would n't do you any good." There was certainly relenting in this.

"Oh, yes, it would, dear. I am going away. It is the last time; I shall carry such a sweet remembrance." He bent down, and for a brief, charming instant her head was suffered to rest against his shoulder and her lips to meet his, with but the faintest shade of resistance demanded by self-respect.

Then he went on alone. All at once he halted in the midst of the lights

and shadows of the wood, where they stained the road in sharp blots in front and melted palely together down the vistas of the interior, and said to himself, "What do I mean by it all, now that it is over?" Then he moved on in a profoundly pensive mood. He spoke again out of this. "Well, *she* has amused *herself*, too, I suppose. She does not have persons of my quality to play off her little points on every day." Then, the recollection of these little points in detail and in mass coming over him, he concluded, "It's particularly lucky that I'm getting away from here."

In the morning who should be at the boat, again, but Idella. Alas, poor mail boy! had she accepted your invitation to-day, and aroused in your honest breast delusive hopes that your merits were at last beginning to be recognized as they should, only for this, — to be given a final interview with the favored rival? She made to Fosdick the pretext of having brought in a little package, a few unimportant trifles that he had left at the farm-house. Another coquettish new costume to-day, of dark blue. What with the effect of it and his recollections of the evening and the night, he made her much warmer speeches of farewell than he intended or approved to his conscience.

"Ninety-seven Mackintosh Street," he said at the last, as if making an appointment at the address she had given him in Boston.

"Ninety-six; but — if you don't find me there, you will at Gay & Talbot's. I 'tend there." She had had this on her mind to tell him for a long time.

With this he got on board. She *tended* there? She came very well indeed by her civilized appearance if she were one of the stylish young women behind Gay & Talbot's counters. It was a very choice order of goods they sold there, and to handle them so freely must be almost as good as owning them; but he liked the idea of her better as the girl

of the woods and waters and unpainted old farm-house. Fosdick smoked his cigar on the upper deck of the Canisteo, vanishing away among blue islands with which mirages played continual tricks, and felt particularly wicked and uncomfortable. He thought more vigorously than before how lucky it was for him to be getting away from there.

No sooner was he gone than Alrick Cooley, seizing the most unpropitious time imaginable to speak his mind to Idella, said to her, —

"I want you to marry me, Dell. You've know'd it all along."

"I have n't known anything of the kind."

"Well, you know it now."

"I don't want to know it."

"That city feller's turned your head. He'll make another Jen Belden of you, ef you take up with him; that's what he'll do."

The case of Jenny Belden, well known in the place, was that of an island girl who had married a city man and been abandoned by him, under particularly distressing circumstances.

"Alrick Cooley, I *won't listen* to no such talk!" and she started to go, in dudgeon.

"I did n't mean nothin', Dell," he said, taking a humble tone, and she turned back. "I've got quite a little pile o' money saved up, for these parts, and I know how I kin make more. Your father's gittin' old, and wants summun round he kin depend on. You understan' farmin' business, too. We should callate to take the farm and keep it right along, when the old folks is done with it." He paused, but she did not speak. "There ain't no kind of a livin' for girls in them stores. So I've heard say by them that knows." Another pause without a response. "I suppose Albon's got somethin' to do with it; but I could n't help that, could I? That might happen to anybody."

"He has n't, either."

"Your father was a poor boy himself, once. He come up from nothin', too. You've often heerd him say so."

"Well, I did n't, and I don't calculate to go down to it, either."

"Look out you don't!" cried Alrick savagely, and picked up his rake and walked off.

But he put it down in the barn instead of going to the fields, and resigned his place that day. He took service first in the mackerel fleet, and then was heard of in coasters, and as making the dangerous winter voyages from Gloucester to George's Banks. His confidante, Mrs. Wixon, watched over his poor interests as she could during his absence. Towards spring she felt it incumbent on her to address him the gossip of the island by letter, somewhat as follows: —

FRIEND ALRICK, — Dallas Munson's Engaignment is Broke off. Eudora herd something about him after they was published and the Wedding all reddey. He was so set in his Way he don't clear up nothing, sayin he guess he could stan it if she can. Otis Watson's wife carrid off the Prize at spinning-match down to Judson's Cove last week. Nobody sepposed she was so Spry. Same week the folks was up to our House one nite, high goins on Wisht you had been Along. Emeline Benson was down to Boston and she stop in to see Idella Bowker at her store, thinkin she would. Whoshd she meet comin out but that city fellow, the same one, F. Fosdick. Idella she blusht Up and denied it. Likely he goes a Great eel. So if I was you Id give it up and not wate enny more on Idella Bowker. There Is plenty more jesst as good and mighty site better, the wether is cold. So no more at Present from your true Friend,

CATHERIN AGNES WIXON.

To which, in course of time, Alrick responded: —

DEER FREN'D MISSES WIXON, — Its no Use I kant help Thinkin of Her thow other Gurls may bee just as good as you Say. I pass by her stor. Bein to Boston one day but dont go In not bein stile enough to her taist (So I seppose) I hav ben wreck down Block Isl and way sense I seen you. We left Swamscot wind bein fresh at the time S. E. bein thick and Foggy. Run till the skipper judge himself as up with the Isl and, header her off S. E. with his jib Haul to the Winderd, made Breakers ahed, tried her for stays she would not come roun. went ashore stern forrard, a total Lost. Cargo bein Lime took fire but no lifes lost. If one Was, you no who, some folks woodnt a cared much. So no more at Presant from your tru frend, ALRICK COOLEY.

VI.

Having escaped from his entanglement before, as it seemed, any serious harm was done, Mr. Fosdick, now under guidance of what he was pleased to call his better judgment, was disposed to guard himself carefully against a renewal of it. This was the easier every day, as new impressions and interests, including most likely new sentimental attachments as well, obliterated the old in a memory never too keenly retentive. He advanced to higher grades in the service of the building firm, and began to take a more favorable view of his prospects. Idella was as good as forgotten. Once only, happening in Boston, he half yielded, of an idle moment, to an enticement in her direction. While standing on the steps of his hotel, a walking advertisement thrust into his hand a bill describing the bargains of Gay & Talbot. Gay & Talbot were selling off, it appeared, dress patterns, Balbriggan and Lisle thread hosiery, silk and embroidered handkerchiefs, articles of bronze, gilt, ivory, and Russia

leather, at prices exquisitely adjusted to the times. The store was not far distant. He stepped down the street and entered; but no sooner was he fairly in the heavy, patchouli-scented air and the loitering crowd than a strong sense of the folly of what he was going to do overcame him, and he turned on his heel and departed. It was this peculiar visit in which he was observed, as it happened, by Emeline Benson, and which served as the foundation for her statements in the island, reported by Mrs. Wixon to Alrick Cooley.

The following summer Fosdick was stationed again for a while at the quarry, — now out of its legal difficulties and beginning to be worked. He hoped to be able to finish before Idella arrived for her summer vacation. Her sisters were absent now, as well as herself. How strangely uninteresting their house and its remaining inmates were! He went to Baker's Neck again, and saw there Albon whittling a stick. He was told by Mrs. Baker another fortune, of a light lady and a dark lady and a letter and a journey, quite different from the first. He talked with the "drawist," still papering his store with the brown paper yachts produced without rule, and he went out in the Reach in his dory to fish more than ever.

At this time Alrick Cooley, returning by degrees towards the scene of his discomfiture, made part of the crew of the Eleanor Jane, a coaster plying with miscellaneous freight between the several considerable towns on the main, and frequently passing within sight of Great Box Island.

One day the Eleanor Jane came down the Reach before a fresh breeze, with Alrick at the wheel. Brooding moodily over the place whose every stock and stone he knew so well, he lost a couple of points in his steering. The variation would bring the vessel unpleasantly close to a small boat containing a man, lying off Barlow's Point.

Alrick would have brought down his helm to remedy the error, but suddenly he recognized the inmate of the boat, and with a fierce exclamation put it up several points instead.

The man in the boat got up his anchor in a panic, lost one of his oars, and attempted to paddle out of danger with the other. The brig was made to follow all his slight evasions with unerring aim. The shadow of the great black hull was almost over the man. The helmsman gloated in anticipation on the slight scratching of the skiff as it should pass, crushed like an egg-shell, under his keel. By what chance was it that the skipper came on deck that moment, rubbing his eyes from his nap? He had not time even for an oath. He rushed upon the man, threw him away from the wheel, and gave it a great wrench to starboard. The brig fell off with a sudden yaw. The small boat danced frightfully in its wash for an instant, but was safe. The skipper turned then to his seaman, who affected stupidity, and cursed him roundly.

This account was given Mrs. Wixon by Alrick himself. Sometimes, he said, he trembled and awoke nights with horror at the thought of what he had so nearly done; and again he blamed himself bitterly for his failure to rid the earth of his enemy. This was a point in sentimentalism far beyond the simple Mrs. Wixon. She was secretly much alarmed at his wild and moody temper, and inclined to curtail their confidences thereafter, in which she was soon aided by circumstances.

The Great Box Island quarry delivered on the main a quantity of building stone which was rejected. Fosdick heard of a purchaser for it in a city to the eastward, shipped it on board the Eleanor Jane, which as it happened lay in port open to engagement, and, as the prevailing winds promised a short run, sailed in her himself at the same time. The skipper, three men, and a boy com-

posed the crew of the Eleanor Jane. Fosdick was considerably surprised to observe Alrick as a part of it. He spoke pleasantly to him, but his advances were rebuffed with short and surly answers. There proved to be little "heft," as the skipper had it, in the breeze, and instead of passing Great Box in the night they were only abreast of it—some ten miles out to sea—towards noon of the next day. Fosdick, discoursing with the captain at this time, told of his recent narrow escape from being run down in his dory while fishing.

"Was *you* the one?" cried the captain. "Why, this was the vessel. If I hadn't a grabbed the wheel, you'd a been a drowned man now. Cooley," he said,—he was in a good humor, and it pleased him to assume a facetious tone with Alrick, who stood at the rail splicing ropes,— "here's the party you nigh run down in Great Box Reach. He's a-comin' here to pitch you overboard to pay for it."

"I wish I *had* sent him to hell." There was no responsive humor in this. Alrick scowled darkly, and did not change his position.

"I'll have no such talk out o' you," said the skipper.

"You'll have what you kin git."

The skipper started towards him in a fury, catching up a belaying-pin to strike. Fosdick put himself between them. The intense bitterness of the man towards him, the sense of injury under which he must long have labored, flashed upon him in a quick illumination. With it came the keenest regret that his flippant and purposeless conduct could have been allowed to arouse such a feeling.

"Let it go this time!" he appealed to the skipper. "It was an accident, and he doesn't like to be found fault with. It's all right. It's all right. *I* have no fault to find."

"Oh, *you* don't find no fault!—*you* don't! Much obliged! D—n *you*!"

And with that the sailor knocked Fosdick senseless with an iron bar that furnished a convenient weapon. He paralyzed with it next the hand of the captain, that had drawn a revolver, and possessed himself of this.

The rest would have seized him, but his strength in the struggle was prodigious. He shot one of them in the thigh and drove the others in terror into the rigging, where one at a time he bound them. The captain escaped to his cabin, and when besieged fired through the key-hole from a single-barreled pistol which he found there.

Alrick ranged a while in an untamable Berserker rage, complete master of the vessel. He fired a shot in passing into the prostrate body of his enemy, and spurned it with his foot. Finally, preparing for his escape, he smashed the steering apparatus, cut the sails and every important hoist-rope, staved in all the boats but one, and in that — while the paralyzed sailors worked themselves loose and released the captain, to come on deck and find his craft in this cruel plight, and attend to the wounded — made off for land.

VII.

The assassin reached land at evening, turned his boat adrift, threw the revolver into the bushes, climbed the cliffs, and spent the night in the woods. A fog settled down upon the place. Through his cold and fitful slumbers the blowing-buoy, rocking in the surf of the Cup and Saucer reef, cried to him, *Wo! Wo!* and broad, level rays from the light-house on the hill circled round and round upon the fog above the wood, as if searching restlessly for the wretched figure cowering below there in the darkness.

At the break of day, when Mrs. Bowker opened the farm-house door, this figure presented itself before her. He

had some ready story to account for his pitiable plight. His bruises and tatters were the result of a fall among the rocks; he dared to say nothing of the wound in his side, which carried the bullet from the captain's pistol and trickled warm blood. He wanted only warmth and rest for the day, till he could get taken off by some fishing-boat going back to the main.

Idella was at home. When she came down to breakfast, with her hair not very carefully combed, this figure was lying on three chairs by the kitchen stove. "Goin' to shake hands, I s'pose, Dell, ain't ye?" he said, putting out his own.

She had intended to, but when she approached an unconquerable repugnance came upon her. She diverted her course to the pantry, and kept away till the farmer brought word towards evening that a chance offered to go to the main.

"Like enough you could come back and give us a lift for a spell ag'in, Alrick, 'fore ye go aboard for another trip anywhere," said the farmer.

"Like enough I could," and the man groaned, overcome with his wounds, a sense of his unhappy life, and the destiny before him. It was the gallows that awaited him, and not a season of healthful toil in the hay-field, with the pretty Idella near by at the peaceful farm-house. He had foreseen it even in his fury, but he had said then, with a desperate improvidence, a kind of glory, "It is the price I will pay."

They saw no more of him till they saw him in the court of justice in the city of nearest jurisdiction. They looked across at him with a startled fascination. It was incredible that a friend and inmate of their household had done that. They believed almost in some chemical change affecting every atom of his frame, which had made him a totally different being.

The hurts of Fosdick, though slow of

cure, were not permanently disabling. And it was not by him, but the friends of the sailor, whose wound gangrened and proved mortal, that the criminal was most fiercely pursued.

Fosdick saw Idella during the trial. She was the neatest figure in all the court; yet somehow his crack on the head — if it were that — had made him amazingly callous. To his new fastidiousness all her solecisms were apparent, and her family and neighbors, taken away from their island, were without such small interest as he had found in them there. She said, “*I seen it*” and “*I done it*,” and at the hotel table she ate with her knife, — daintily, it is true, but still with her knife. He could not get himself to feel in need of further repentance now. He thought it peculiarly arbitrary, in fact, and out of all proportion to the offense, that so tremendous a retribution should have come down upon him a year after he had resolutely broken off the flirtation and harbored no intention of renewing it.

At the same time he was easier in his mind to learn, in a little explanation

they had, that she should never in the world have thought of Alrick Cooley, whether she had seen him, Fosdick, or not; and easier still when he learned, within another year, that she had married the mail boy, who had been appointed light-house keeper, and promised to make her an excellent husband.

As to Alrick, in his second trial, which the ingenuity of a persistent counsel was able to procure for him, the plea of unsound mind finally prevailed, and it was to an asylum instead of a prison that he was committed. From this in due time he was released, and went to parts unknown.

The feeble and deformed brother who had been his protégé and his disgrace became in this dark strait his efficient protector. Albon was produced in court, and all the circumstances of the birth and early life of the brothers were rehearsed. In the opinion of a jury, which was locked up no more than forty-eight hours before reaching the decision, the manifestation of irregularity in Alrick’s case, as in Albon’s, was to be ascribed entirely to McIntyre’s false face.

W. H. Bishop.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

I.

On the high-road traveling steady,
 Sure, alert, and ever ready;
 Prompt to seize all fit occasion,
 Courting power and wealth and station;
 One clear aim before him keeping,
 One smooth field forever reaping;
 Prizing most the ephemeral flower
 Blooming for a brilliant hour;
 With self-conscious action moving,
 Well-known truths intent on proving;
 Radiant in his day and season
 With the world’s reflected reason;
 Noting times, effects, and causes,
 Phaon wins the crowd’s applauses.

II.

Winged like an eagle o'er mountains and meadows,
Lit by their splendors, or hid by their shadows;
Borne by a power supernal, resistless,
Dreaming through trances abstracted and listless;
Swooping capricious to faults and to errors,
Redeemed by a virtue unconscious of terrors;
Linking with ease his result and endeavor,
Opening through chaos fresh pathways forever;
Gilding the world with his thoughts and his fancies,
Scornful of fashions and heedless of chances;
Yet in obscurity living and dying,
Hylas — a voice in the wilderness crying —
Only is heard when no hand can restore him;
Only is known when the grave closes o'er him.

Christopher P. Cranch.

TEN DAYS IN THE REBEL ARMY.

My term of service with Hood's army, in the battles about Atlanta, was a short one; but it was a dreadfully earnest one. I doubt if many Southerners experienced as much in years as I did in the ten days and the ten nights I was under the stars and bars.

The way of it was this: I had been a resident of the South nearly a year. Seven months of this time I had spent at the capital of Virginia, where the Confederate Congress was sitting. I was not in Congress, however, but in Libby Prison.

Once Kilpatrick's cavalry came very close to Richmond. The rebels became frightened, and removed us all, about six or seven hundred officers whom they had had cooped up in Libby for months, to Macon, in Georgia. Here we were put in a big stockade, or pen, and left in the broiling sun, and it was here that I determined to become a volunteer in the rebel army.

The stockade in which we were kept was twelve feet high, with a platform near the top, on which the guards paced constantly. Ten feet inside the stock-

ade was the dead-line, indicated only by a little stake here and there. To cross this, to approach it even, was sufficient to insure being instantly shot. There was but one gate, or door, and it was kept constantly closed and guarded by a sentinel, who stood, gun in hand, immediately above it, while a corporal stood watch below. Once a day, a few guards and officers entered this door, closed it behind them, and formed us into lines for counting. I had studied a small map of the country for days, and by dint of trading tobacco, etc., with an occasional guard who was dying for the weed, I acquired piece by piece a pretty decent rebel uniform, which I had kept buried in the sand where I slept. July 15, 1864, came round. My term of enlistment expired that day. I had been in the Union army three years; was it not a good time to give the rebels a trial? There were a few old sheds not far from the gate, and in one of these I waited with a friend one morning, about nine o'clock, and saw the sergeants and the guards come in to count the prisoners. I had resurrected my rebel uni-

form, and had quietly slipped it on. It fitted amazingly. My friend was lingering there simply to see what would become of me. He has often declared since then that he expected me to be shot the moment I should approach the dead-line. The prisoners were some way off, in rows, being counted, as I stepped from under cover and quickly walked up to and over the dead-line by the gate. The guard above brought his gun from his shoulder, halted, and looked at me. I paid no attention, but knocked, when the door opened, and the corporal stepped in the opening and asked what I wanted. "The lieutenant misses a roll-list, and I must run out and bring it from head-quarters," I answered, pushing by him hurriedly. There was no time for questions, and the corporal, before getting over his surprise, had passed me out as a rebel sergeant. I quickly turned the corner, passed a number of Johnnies sitting on the grass drinking coffee, and went straight up to the commandant's tent, near the edge of the wood, but did not go in. I had not looked behind me once, but expected every moment to hear a bullet whizzing after me. I passed behind the tent, walked slowly into the wood, and then ran my best for an hour.

I was outside of prison. How free, how green, how beautiful, all things seemed! I had the joy of years in a few minutes. Of course I was missed at the roll-call directly, and the bloodhounds were soon upon my track. I avoided them, however, by different manœuvres. I changed my course shortly, repassed the prison pen on the opposite side, and went back and up into the city of Macon. After wandering through its streets for an hour, I again took to the woods. That night I slept in a swamp of the Ocmulgee River. What bedfellows I had! — frogs, lizards, bats, and alligators. But it was better than the inside of a Southern prison. All the next day I lay in a

blackberry patch, fearing to move, but feasting on the luscious ripe berries. What a contrast it was to my previous starving! Never in this world shall I enjoy food so again.

Near to me was a watering-station for the railway to Atlanta. As I lay in the bushes, I heard trains halting all the day. With night came a glorious moon. Such a flood of heaven's own light I had never seen before. By ten at night a long, empty train halted, and in two minutes I had sprung from the bushes and was inside of an empty freight car. In ten minutes more I stood in the door of the car watching the fair farms and the hamlets of Georgia sleeping under the glorious moonlight, while I was being hurled along Heaven knows where.

That was the strangest ride of my life. The conductor came along when we were near Atlanta, swinging his lantern into the cars, and found a strange passenger. He threatened all sorts of things if my fare were not paid (of course I had no money); but I put myself on my dignity, told him I was a convalescent soldier coming back from furlough, and dared him or any other civilian to put me off the train. That ended the colloquy, and just before daylight the whistle screamed for Atlanta, and I was inside the lines of Hood's army.

I left the train, and in a few moments was tucked away in the haymow of a barn near the station. So far, good; but daylight brought a squad of rebel cavalry into the barn, who, to my dismay, soon commenced climbing up to the mow for hay for their horses. My presence of mind was about leaving me utterly, when I happened to notice an empty sugar hogshead in the corner of the mow. Before the rebels were up I was in it, and there I sat and perspired for six mortal hours. Those hours were days, every one of them. All of this time Sherman's army, then besieging

Atlanta, was throwing shells into our neighborhood. At last, *at last*, the rebels saddled their horses and rode out of the barn-yard.

I was not long in changing my headquarters. For three days I walked up and down Atlanta, among the troops, to the troops, away from the troops; always moving, always *just going* to my regiment, the Ninth Alabama, to which I had attached myself as ordnance sergeant. I was very careful, however, to keep far from that particular regiment. I knew its position, its chief officers, — knew, in fact, the position of every brigade in Hood's army. It was to my interest, under the circumstances, to know them well; for I was continually halted with such exclamations as, "Hallo! which way? Where's your regiment? and what you doing away over here?" A hundred times I was on the point of being arrested and carried to my alleged command. For every man I met I had a different tale to suit the circumstance. At night I slept where I could, — under a tree, behind a dry-goods box, anywhere; it made little difference, as my lying down on the ground, hungry, pillowless, and blanketless, and fearing every moment to be arrested, could not be called sleeping. The life was growing monotonous at last; the more so as, aside from an occasional apple, I had nothing at all to eat.

About the fifth day, I overheard an old Irishman, hoeing among his potatoes, bitterly reviling the war to his wife. I made his acquaintance, and discovered our sentiments as to the rebellion to be very nearly identical. Under the most tremendous of oaths as to secrecy, I told him who I was, and that I was absolutely starving. If he would help me, I knew how to save his property when Sherman's army should enter. That it *would* enter, and that Atlanta would be razed to the ground and every human being's throat cut, he had not a doubt. Still, if detected in secreting or feeding

me, he would be hung from his own door-post. There was no doubting that, either.

However, that night I slept in his cellar, and was fed with more than the crumbs from his table. It was arranged that I should wander about the army day-times, and come to his cellar — unknown to him, of course — about ten every night, when his family were likely to be in bed. The outside door was to be left unlocked for me. Prisoners did not carry time-pieces in the South. Mine disappeared with my pistols on the battle field of Chattanooga, and, as an unfortunate result, I went to my den in the cellar an hour too early, one evening. None of my protector's family seemed to be aware of the guest in the cellar. I was sitting quietly in the corner of the dark, damp place, when the trap-door opened above, and a young lady, bearing a lamp, descended, and seemed to be searching for something. It was a romantic situation, — destined to be more so. Groping about the cellar, the young lady approached me. I moved along the wall to avoid her. She unluckily followed. I moved farther, again. She followed, cornered me, screamed at the top of her voice, dropped the lamp, and fainted. In half a minute three soldiers, who had happened to be lunching up-stairs, the old lady, and my friend her husband rushed down the steps, armed and with lights. The old gentleman recognized me, and was in despair. I think I too was in despair; but, rightfully or wrongfully, I took to my heels, and escaped through the door at which I had entered, leaving the fainting girl, the despairing father, and the astonished soldiers to arrange matters as they might. The girl recovered, I learned years afterwards, and her father's house was one of the few that escaped the flames when Sherman started to the sea.

From that night on, I slept again at the roadsides, and as for rations, I might

say I did not have any. The weather was terribly hot, but I spent my days wandering from regiment to regiment and from fort to fort, inspecting the positions under the works. I knew that if I did get through, all this would be equal to an army corps for Sherman.

Once I crept into a little deserted frame house, and happening to find an old white palmetto hat there I changed it for my own, on account of the heat. I then laid my rebel jacket and cap under the boards, and, fastening my pantaloons up with a piece of broad red calico that happened to be with the hat, sallied out, seeing what I could see. I very soon saw more than I had calculated on. I had wandered well off to the right of the army, and was quietly looking about, when a squad of cavalry dashed in, shouting, "The Yankees are on us!" There was a regiment of infantry close by, which sprang to its feet, and every man in sight was ordered to seize a gun and hurry to the front. I, too, was picked up, and before I had time to explain that I was just going over to my division a gun was in my hands, and I was pushed into the line. The whole force ran for a quarter of an hour into the woods, firing as they ran, and shouting. Suddenly, as a few shots were fired into us, we stopped, and formed line of battle. The rebels near me were much excited, but not so much so as to leave the new recruit unnoticed. I knew I was watched, but was determined not to be suspected.

"Fire!" the captain shouted; and how we all fired! I was used to the gun in my hands. My own regiment had been armed with this same kind of rifle. How I loaded and banged! I was a picturesque sight, too, among the trim, uniformed company, — gray breeches, shirt sleeves unbuttoned and flowing to the elbows, red calico waistband, and a white palmetto hat! John Burns at Gettysburg was nothing compared to me in appearance. I was a

prominent target. What a wonder some Yankee did not pick me off!

"Go it, Alabama! Give 'em h——! Bully for you!" met my ears, as I rammed down the cartridges and blazed away. I aimed high, however, and unless Sherman's army were roosting in the tree-tops my hands are free from Northern blood.

The skirmish was soon over. Some cavalry had flanked the Yanks and brought them in, and while their pockets were being gone through with by my fellow-soldiers I slipped to the rear, and was glad to get back into my own cap and jacket.

I lay in the little empty house that night. Sherman's army had been banging at the city fearfully, and setting houses on fire, all the night. It was a little revenge, I presume, for the losses in the skirmish, in which I had taken so picturesque a part. These shelled houses had emptied their occupants into the street, and a little after daylight I noticed a family, with its worldly baggage piled on a one-mule wagon, stop in front of my residence. "Here's a house out of range of bullets. Why not move in?" I heard a manly voice call to the women and children following with the traps. "Move in," I thought to myself. "Well, they can stand it if I can." The house consisted of but one large room, unceiled and reaching to the rafters, with the exception of a small compartment, finished off and ceiled, in one corner. On top of this little compartment were my head-quarters.

In they moved, bag and baggage, and the women folks soon commenced preparing a meal outside, and under the shadow of the front door. This half-finished room had been used as a butcher shop in the past, it seemed, and the meat hooks in the corner had served me as a ladder to mount to my perch on the ceiling. "Now, Johnny," chirped the wife, "do you run up town and buy some red and white muslin. We will

make a Union flag, and when Sherman gits in, as he's bound to, we're jest as good Union folks as he is. You know I'm dyin' for real coffee. I'm tired of chicory and injun bread, and I don't keer if Sherman's folks is in to-morrow. We'll draw government rations, and be Union."

These good people were probably "poor trash" of the South, not *keering* much which way the war went, provided they could get rations. Their general talk, however, was of the real rebel character, and it was an unsafe place for me to stop in. In an hour the banquet before the front door was prepared, and all hands went out to partake. Soon they were joined by a rebel soldier, who seemed to be on a half-hour's furlough to visit the young lady of the party, whom I took to be his sweetheart. Sherman's army, I was sorry to learn from this soldier, was being simply "mowed out of existence." "All the woods above Atlanta was as a *reeking corpse*." "Sherman himself was in flight northwards."

By looking more closely through a chink in the weather-boarding of my villa, I discovered that he was reading all this dreadful information from a copperhead newspaper, and then I felt easier. Again, there was the talk about money purses made of Yankees' scalps, and finger rings from Yankee bones; and, during the dinner, I was no little astonished to see this valiant Southerner exhibit to his eager listeners a veritable ring, rough and yellow, made, as he said, from the bones of one of Sherman's cavalrymen. This was not the only time, however, that I heard such talk from Southern soldiers. My ears became accustomed to it during the wanderings in disguise about the army there. I recall having heard, one day, the most diabolical and dastardly statement ever made by a civilized man. I was standing at the roadside, watching some Federal prisoners march by who had just been captured.

"Where will they take them to?" I innocently inquired of a well-dressed man standing near me, who, like myself, was watching the unfortunate men pass.

"I suppose to Andersonville," was the answer.

After some little conversation on the subject of prisoners in general, I added, "It is all stuff, of course, what the Northerners say about the Yankees dying off so at Andersonville."

"Stuff! No," he interrupted; "they do die like rats, and it's a good thing. If the North won't exchange them, why not kill them?" Seeing that I was interested, he went on: "I tell you how it is. I was down there the other day. The commander is a relative of mine, and I was visiting him. The whole thing is easily done. The trenches, etc., of the guards are usually above the stockade, and the filth and corruption that flow down the dirty brook, from which the Yankees drink, would kill all the abolitionists in the world. And then there are other ways. If the Yankees don't want their slum, we certainly can't afford, and it is the intention *not* to afford, to feed them. If they starve, let them starve,—the more the better. Andersonville is the best general we've got, and does more good than any army at the front." This was the deliberate utterance of a well-dressed, intelligent Atlanta merchant. To the everlasting credit of the rebels in arms, he wore no uniform; but it was to what he supposed to be a Confederate soldier that these dastardly sentiments were uttered. Of course, when Sherman's army entered he probably drew rations as a good Unionist.

But I am getting away from my story. The banquet of cucumbers, chicory, and *injun* bread was about terminating. My soldier with the ring had used up his furlough, and was gone. The house was still empty, and it was now or never if I proposed getting down from my

perch without an alarm. My plan was silently to climb down the meat hooks which I had ascended, and to slip out at the still open back door of the house. On peeping over the edge of the ceiling, however, what was my amazement to see a bull-dog of immense proportions tied to one of my hooks!

Here was a "situation"! He was sound asleep, but had an amiable countenance. I dropped a bit of plaster on his nose. He looked up amazed, and smiled. Then I smiled, and then he smiled again; and then I carefully crept down, patted him on the head, said good-by in a whisper, and in a twinkling was out at the back door. My gratitude to this dog is boundless.

I had found it unsafe now to be about houses, and again I took my lodgings in the field. Again I was busy, just going to my division, but never getting there. My pocket was full of passes, prepared before leaving prison, taking me anywhere, almost, on all kinds of business connected with supplying Loring's division with ordnance. Once, near the sacred quarters of a brigadier, the guard arrested me. I protested, and our loud talk brought the brigadier to the rescue. I explained how I was just going to my regiment, and how my pass had been lost, and the necessity of my going on at once. The brigadier took in the situation at a glance, and with a pencil wrote me a pass, good for that day. Fighting was going on about Atlanta constantly, but with so many apparent reverses to our arms that I feared I should never get away.

The memorable 22d of July came, and with it the most terrific fighting on Hood's right, and in fact all round the semicircle about the city. Loring's division, with my Alabama regiment, entered the battle on Hood's right wing, and I followed, at a safe distance, as an ordnance sergeant. Everybody was too busy and excited to ask me questions, and in the hope that Hood would be

defeated, and an opportunity for getting through be at last presented, I was feeling well. Hundreds, thousands possibly, of wounded men fell back by me, but all shouting, "The Yankees are beaten, and McPherson is killed!"

It was too true! McPherson had fallen, and, if reports were correct, Sherman's army had met with an awful disaster. For me, there was nothing left but to get back to the rear, and try another direction. I knew that Sherman's advance was at the ford, at Sandtown, on the Chattahoochee River, at our left. Could I only get there, I might still be saved. I had now been seen among the rebel forts and troops so much that there was the greatest danger of my being recaptured, and shot as a spy. On the night of the 22d I lay under a hedge, near to a field hospital.

No food and no sleep for days was killing me.

Still, there was no rest; for all the night long I heard the groans of the poor fellows whose arms and legs were being chopped off by the surgeons. The whole night was simply horrible. I might have died there, myself, — I wonder that I did not. The hope of escape only was keeping me alive. I had not eaten a pound of food in days.

Daylight of the 23d came. It was my birthday. Auspicious day, I thought, and again my hopes gave me strength and courage to work my way past lines of infantry and cavalry.

All day, till nearly sunset, I had crept around in the woods, avoiding sentinels, and now I was almost in sight of the longed-for goal. It was not a mile to the ford. When dark set in, I should swim the river, and be a free man. More, I had news that would help Sherman's army to capture Atlanta. A thousand pictures of home, of freedom, peace, were painting themselves in my mind. One hour more, and all would be well. Hark! a shot, and then a call to halt and hold up my arms. I was surround-

ed in a moment by fifty cavalymen who had been secreted in the bushes, — how or where I know not. We were in sight of the river, and the Union flag was just beyond. It was no use here to talk about being a Confederate. I was arrested as a spy, and the great danger was of being shot then and there, without a hearing. I was partly stripped, searched thoroughly, and then marched between two cavalymen to General Ross, of Texas, who, with his staff, was also at a hidden point in the woods. General Ross treated me kindly, and gave me lunch and a blanket to rest on. It was his duty, however, to send me to the division head-quarters, to be tried. I was again marched till nine at night, when I was turned over to General Hume. He was sitting by a fire, in the wood, roasting potatoes and reviling the Yankees. As I was arrested as a spy, and to be tried, I deemed it best to say nothing. "Try to escape from me, to-night," shouted General Hume, as if he were commanding an army corps, "and I'll put you where there's no more escaping!" Through the whole night a soldier sat at my head, with a cocked pistol; but, for the first time in days, I slept soundly. Why not? The worst had happened. By daylight a guard marched me up to the city, where Hood had head-quarters in the yard of a private residence.

On the way there my guard was communicative, and I persuaded him to show me the paper that was being sent around with me, from one head-quarter to another. I read it. Sure enough, I was considered a spy, and was being forwarded for trial. The paper gave the hour and place of my capture, with the statement that one of those capturing me had seen me inspecting a fort on the previous Sunday.

When we reached Hood's tents, I was turned over to a new guard, and the document brought with me was carelessly thrown into an open pigeon-hole by a

clerk who seemed too much disturbed about other matters to ask where the guard came from, or what I was accused of. I, at least, noticed where that paper was put. There was the most tremendous excitement at head-quarters. Orderlies and officers were dashing everywhere at once. Fighting was constantly going on, and an immediate retreat seemed to be determined. I was left that night with a few other prisoners, against whom there were no charges, in a tent almost joining the one where the clerk had deposited my paper. Our guard was very accommodating, or very negligent, for he allowed different persons to go in and out from our tent at all hours during the night. Daylight brought the provost-marshal general to the tent, to dispose of the prisoners. The name of each was called, and all but myself were taken out, heard, and sent off.

"And who are you?" he said pleasantly enough to me. I stepped forward; the clerk was asked for the paper, but it was gone. "It certainly had been misplaced," said the clerk, in embarrassment. He had put it in that particular pigeon-hole. I testified to that, myself, and added that "it was of little consequence, as it was from an officer, I did n't know whom, who had simply picked me up as an escaped prisoner." The provost-marshal took me aside, and asked me if I had been about the works or the troops any. I told him my name, that I was really an escaped prisoner, and that I had just walked up from Macon and had hoped to get away. "You have had a hard time of it," he said, "and I almost wish you had got away. I hope you will soon be free," he added, "and that the cruel war is almost over."

It was his duty, though, to return me to prison, and I was sent to Charleston, and with many others was placed under range of our own guns, as a weak effort to stop the Federal fire on that doomed city. Months afterward I did get away

and when Sherman's army entered the city of Columbia I was one of the escaped prisoners who welcomed it.

The kind provost will smile if he ever reads this narrative, and will forgive me,

I know, for the stories I told him. They were necessities. I hope, too, that that young clerk was not punished for the loss of that paper. I know that he was not to blame.

S. H. M. Byers.

A NEGLECTED POET.

WE have done with Crabbe. His tales have failed to interest us. Burke and his friends, as we all know, held a different opinion from ours; and their praise is not likely to have been ill founded. The cultivated taste of Holland House, thirty years later, is also against our decision. Through two generations of markedly different literary temper Crabbe pleased the men best worth pleasing. Indeed, we owe him to Burke's approval; for when Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow had neglected his entreaties for recognition and aid, and had left him to write, pawn, and go hungry, Burke saved him from the debtor's prison, took him into his friendship, welcomed him to his home, and gave him to literature.

Yet the verses which won this recognition from Burke, and gained for Crabbe, besides, praise from Johnson and talk with Fox and idle mornings in Reynolds's studio, were only his fledgeling flights. It was not until after more than twenty years of silence, spent in the obscurity of a country clergyman's life, that he showed the richness and abundance of his vein. Then Burke and his friends had given place to those younger men, in whose lives a new age was dawning; but as warm a welcome awaited Crabbe among them as he had ever met with in Burke's club. With them he passed his old age, pleased with Byron's praise, and with the friendliness of Moore and Rogers, and with Scott's kindly regard and correspondence. They liked to

see him, with his beautiful white hair, his formal, old-fashioned garb and old-school manners, the last of that long line of poets through whom the Queen Anne taste had tyrannized for a century in English verse, sitting familiarly among themselves, who were preparing the way for the next generation to ignore the traditions which Burke and Johnson had fixed in his poetic faith. Especially did Sir Walter honor him; like Fox, he chose Crabbe's poems to be read to him just before he died.

Without reckoning the approval of others, what was the strong attraction in Crabbe's work for Scott and Fox? Their judgment was not so worthless that it can be disregarded with the complacent assurance with which the decisions of Gifford and Jeffrey are set aside; on the contrary, Scott had such health and Fox such refinement that their judgment ought to raise a doubt whether our generation is not making a mistake and missing pleasure through its neglect of Crabbe.

Crabbe is a story-teller. He describes the life he saw, — common, homely life, sometimes wretched, not infrequently criminal; the life of the country poor, with occasional light and shadow from the life of the gentlefolk above them. He had been born into it, in a village on the Suffolk coast, amid stern and cheerless natural scenes: landward, the bramble-overgrown heath encompassing crowded and mean houses; eastward,

"Stakes and sea-weed withering on the mud."

Here he had passed his boyhood, in the midst of human life equally barren and stricken with the ugliness of poverty, among surly and sordid fishers given to hard labor and rough brawl, —

"A joyless, wild, amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face," —

and the sight had been a burden to him. The desire to throw off this twofold oppression of mean nature and humanity must have counted for much in determining him on that long-remembered December day, when, as the bleak twilight came down, darkening the marshy pool on the heath where he stood, he took his resolve to go up to London and seek poetical fame; and glad at heart he must have been, that morning of early spring, when he left all this ugliness behind him, ignorant of the struggle and distress he was to meet where he was going.

In that early poem which Johnson praised he described this village life with the vigor of a youth who had escaped out of its dreary imprisonment, and without a touch of that tenderness for early associations which softened Goldsmith's retrospect of the scenes of his early days. Crabbe told of exhausting labor leading on to prematurely useless and neglected age; of storms sweeping away the shelter of the poor; of smugglers, poachers, wreckers, tavern debauchery, and, worst of all, the poor-house, — a terrible picture, perhaps the best known of all his drawing, — with its deserted inmates cut off from all human care except that of the heedless physician and the heartless parson; a miserable tale, but too much of it only what his own eyes had seen. We do not know the contents of those piles of manuscripts which he wrote during his twenty years of silence, and — not much to the world's loss, some think — made bonfires of to amuse his children; but his first poem after that long interval was the same story, the experience of those whose names appeared in the year's parish register of births, mar-

riages, and deaths, and was a sorrowful survey of seduction, desertion, crime, discontent, and folly. In his later tales he dealt less in unrelieved gloom and bitter misery, and at times made a trial at humor. There are glimpses of pleasant English life and character, but these are only glimpses; the ground of his painting is shadow, — the shadow that rested on the life of the English poor in his generation.

I do not know where else one would turn for an adequate description of that life, or would gain so direct an insight into the social sources and conditions of the Methodist revival or into the motives and convictions of reformers like Mary Wollstonecraft; or where one would obtain so keen a sense of the vast change which has taken place in the conditions of humble human life within this century. Leslie Stephen, in that essay which is so good-humored but so unsuccessful an attempt to appreciate Crabbe, mentions the few illustrations in modern literature of the life Crabbe described; it is seen in Charlotte Brontë's *Yorkshiremen*, and George Eliot's millers, and in a few other characters, "but," he says, "to get a realistic picture of country life as Crabbe saw it, we must go back to Squire Western, or to some of the roughly-hewn masses of flesh who sat to Hogarth." The setting of Crabbe's tales has this special historic interest. The schools, houses, books, habits, occupations, and all the external characteristics of the tales belong to the time: the press-gang comes to carry off the lover just before his wedding-day, and leaves the bride to nurse an unfathered child, to receive the courtship of a canting and carnal preacher, and to find a refuge from him, and from the father who favors him, in suicide; orphan boys are bound over to brutal task-masters; pictures of the sects (from the pen of a respectable clergyman of the established church, it is true) recall the beginnings of Methodism with a vividness only to

be equaled by the books and pamphlets of the early converts' own writing. This historic value of the tales, however, great as it is to the student of manners, is secondary to their poetic value, which lies in the sentiment, feeling, and pathos with which the experience of life embodied in them, the workings of simple human nature, in however debased surroundings, is set forth. It is an experience which results usually from the interplay of low and selfish motives, and of ignoble or weak passions; it is, too often, the course of brutal appetite, thoughtless or heartless folly, avarice, sensuality, and vice, relieved too seldom by amiable character, sympathy, charity, self-sacrifice, or even by the charm of natural beauty. Yet if all the seventy tales be taken into account, they contain nearly all varieties of character and circumstance among the country poor; and, though the darker side may seem to be more frequently insisted upon, it is because the nature of his subject made it necessary, because he let his light, as Moore said,

"Through life's low, dark interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright,"

rather than because he had any lack of cheerfulness of temper.

Crabbe does not, in a true sense, give expression to the life of the poor; he merely narrates it. There are here and there, throughout the poems, episodes written out of his own life; but usually he is concerned with the experience of other men, which he had observed, rather than with what his own heart had felt. A description of life is of course vastly inferior to an utterance of it, such as was given to us by Burns, who dealt with the life of the poor so much more powerfully than Crabbe; and a realistic description has less poetic value than an imaginative one, such as was given to us by Wordsworth when at his best. Crabbe's description is perhaps the most nakedly realistic of any in English poetry; but it is an uncom-

monly good one. Realism has a narrow compass, and Crabbe's powers were confined strictly within it; but he had the best virtues of a realist. His physical vision — his sight of what presents itself to the eye — was almost perfect; he saw every object, and saw it as it was. Perhaps the minuteness with which he saw was not altogether an advantage, for he does not seem to have taken in the landscape as a whole, but only as a mosaic of separate objects. He never gives general effects of beauty or grandeur; indeed, he seldom saw the beauty of a single object; he did little more than catalogue the things before him, and employ in writing poetry the same faculty in the same way as in pursuing his favorite studies of botany and entomology. Yet, with these limitations, what realist in painting could exceed in truthfulness and carefulness of detail this picture of a fall morning? —

"It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met th' admiring eye;
The wet and heavy grass where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deep'ning
rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quick'ning
mill;
Long yellow leaves, from osiers strewed around,
Choked the small stream and hushed the feeble
sound."

Or this sketch of light in a decayed warehouse turned into a tenement for the poor? —

"That window view! oiled paper and old glass
Stain the strong rays, which, though impeded,
pass,
And give a dusty warmth to that huge room,
The conquered sunshine's melancholy gloom;
When all those western rays, without so bright,
Within become a ghastly glimmering light,
As pale and faint upon the floor they fall,
Or feebly gleam on the opposing wall."

Nor is this carefulness of detail a trick, such as is sometimes employed, to give the appearance of reality to unreal human life. Crabbe's mental vision, his sight into the workings of the passions and the feelings, although not so perfect as his physical vision, was yet at its best very keen and clear; the sentiments,

moods, reflections, and actions of his characters are seldom out of nature. In respect to this sort of perception it would be difficult to show a finer delineation than his description of the meeting of two long-parted brothers. As Richard approaches his brother's hall, he reflects, —

"How shall I now my unknown way explore, —
He proud and rich, I very proud and poor?
Perhaps my friend a dubious speech mistook,
And George may meet me with a stranger's look.
How stands the case? My brother's friend and mine
Met at an inn, and set them down to dine;
When, having settled all their own affairs,
And kindly canvassed such as were not theirs,
Just as my friend was going to retire,
"Stay! you will see the brother of our squire,"
Said his companion; "be his friend, and tell
The captain that his brother loves him well,
And when he has no better thing in view
Will be rejoiced to see him. Now, adieu!"

"Well, here I am; and, brother, take you heed,
I am not come to flatter you and feed.
You shall no soother, fawner, hearer, find;
I will not brush your coat, nor smooth your
mind;
I will not hear your tales the whole day long,
Nor swear you're right, if I believe you wrong;
I will not earn my dinner when I dine
By taking all your sentiments for mine;
Nor watch the guiding motions of your eye
Before I venture question or reply.
Yet, son of that dear mother could I meet —
But lo! the mansion, — 't is a fine old seat!"

"The brothers met, with both too much at heart
To be observant of each other's part.
'Brother, I'm glad!' was all that George could
say,
Then stretched his hand, and turned his head
away;
Richard, meantime, made some attempt to speak,
Strong in his purpose, in his trial weak.
At length, affection, like a risen tide,
Stood still, and then seemed slowly to subside;
Each on the other's looks had power to dwell,
And brother brother greeted passing well."

These qualities of fine, true physical and mental vision are the essential qualities for valuable realistic work; if there be room for regret in Crabbe's share of them, it is because their range is contracted. I have mentioned the limitations of his physical vision; in respect to his mental vision Crabbe saw only a few and comparatively simple operations of human nature, — the workings of

country-bred minds, not finely or complexly organized, but slow-motioned, and perplexed, if perplexed at all, not from the difficulty of the problem, but from their own dullness. Yet within these limits his characters are often pathetic, sometimes tragic, or even terrible, in their energy of evil passion or remorse.

One other quality, without which clear mental and physical vision would be ineffective, is essential to realism like Crabbe's, — transparency, the quality by virtue of which life is seen through another plainly and without distortion; and this is the quality which Crabbe possessed in most perfection. He not only saw the object as it was; he presented it as it was. He neither added nor took away; he did not unconsciously darken or heighten color, soften or harden line. Whatever was before his mind — the conversation of a gossip, the brutality of a ruffian, the cant of a convert — he reproduced truthfully; whatever was the character of his story, mean or tragic, trivial or pathetic, he did not modify it. There was no veil of fancy, no glamour of amiable deception or dimness of charitable tears, to obscure his view: if he found nudity and dirt, they reappeared in his work mere nudity and dirt still; if he found courage and patience, he dealt the same even-handed justice. His distinction is that he told a true story.

It was because he was thus able to present accurately and faithfully the human life which he saw so clearly, I have no doubt, that he won such admiration from Scott; for Scott had the welcome of genius for any new glimpse of humanity, and he knew how rare, and consequently how valuable, is the gift of simple and direct narration of what one sees. I am not so sure of Fox's discrimination; but Fox had great sensibility and tenderness of heart, and Crabbe presented the lot of the poor so vividly, so lucidly, so immediately, that he stirred in Fox the same feelings with which a better poet would have so charged his

verses that nature not so finely endowed as Fox would have been compelled to feel them too. Scott and Fox knew what a valuable acquisition this realistic sketch of humble life in their generation was, so faithful, minute, and trustworthy; they felt that their experience was enlarged, that real humanity had been brought home to them, and in the sway of those emotions, which Crabbe did not infuse into his work, but which his work quickens in sympathetic hearts, they could forgive him his tediousness, his frequent commonplace, his not unusual absurdity of phrase, his low level of flight with its occasional feebleness of wing.

In their minds, too, his style must have had more influence than we are apt to think, — the style of the great school which died with him, the form and versification which they had been taught to believe almost essential to the best poetry, and from a traditional respect for which they could hardly free their minds as easily as ourselves. Crabbe used the old heroic rhymed couplet, that simplest form of English verse music, which could rise, nevertheless, to the almost lyric loftiness of the last lines of the *Dunciad*; so supple and flexible; made for easy simile and compact metaphor; lending itself so perfectly to the sudden flash of wit or turn of humor; the natural shell of an epigram; compelling the poet to practice all the virtues of brevity; checking the wandering fancy, and repressing the secondary thought; requiring in a masterly use of it the employment of more mental powers than any other metrical form; despised and neglected now because the literature which is embodied in it is despised and neglected, yet the best verse form which intelligence, as distinct from poetical feeling, can employ. Crabbe did not handle it in any masterly way; he was careless, and sometimes slipshod; but when he chose he could employ it well, and should have credit for it. To take

one more example from his poems, how excellently he uses it in this passage! —

“Where is that virtue which the generous boy
Felt, and resolved that nothing should destroy;
He who with noble indignation glowed
When vice had triumph; who his tear bestowed
On injured merit? He who would possess
Power, but to aid the children of distress!
Who has such joy in generous actions shown,
And so sincere they might be called his own;
Knight, hero, patriot, martyr! on whose tongue
And potent arm a nation's welfare hung, —
Where now this virtue's fervor, spirit, zeal?
Who felt so warmly, has he ceased to feel?
Or are these feelings varied? Has the knight,
Virtue's own champion, now refused to fight?
Is the deliverer turned th' oppressor now?
Has the reformer dropt the dangerous vow?
Or has the patriot's bosom lost its heat,
And forced him, shivering, to a snug retreat?
Is such the grievous lapse of human pride!
Is such the victory of the worth untried!”

Scott felt an attraction in such poetic form which we have perhaps ceased to feel; and Fox, had he lived to read it, would equally have acknowledged its power.

But Wordsworth said Crabbe was unpoetical; he condemned him for “his unpoetical mode of considering human nature and society;” and, after all, the world has agreed with Wordsworth, and disagreed with Scott and Fox. Wordsworth told Scott an anecdote in illustration of his meaning. Sir George Beaumont, sitting with himself and Crabbe one day, blew out the candle which he had used in sealing a letter. Sir George and Wordsworth, with proper taste, sat watching the smoke rise from the wick in beautiful curves; but Crabbe seeing — or rather smelling — the object, and not seeing the beauty of it, put on the extinguisher. Therefore, said Wordsworth, Crabbe is unpoetical, — as fine a bit of æsthetic priggishness as is often met with. Scott's opinion was not much affected by the anecdote, and Wordsworth was on the wrong track. It is true, however, that Crabbe was unpoetical in Wordsworth's sense. Crabbe had no imaginative vision, — no such vision as is shown in that stormy landscape of Shelley's, in the opening of *Laon and*

Cythna, which lacks the truth of actuality, but possesses the higher imaginative truth, like Turner's painting, or as is shown in that other storm in Pippa Passes. Crabbe saw sword-grass and saltwort and fen, but he had no secret of the imagination by which he could mingle them into harmonious beauty; there is loveliness in a salt marsh, but Crabbe could not present it, nor even see it for himself. The couplet of Arnold,

"Say, has some wet, bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn?"

has more poetical feeling in it than the whole description of the fall morning which has been quoted, and in the concluding lines of *Sohrab and Rustum* there is such imaginative vision as is worth all Crabbe's natural scenes. As in landscape, so in life: Goldsmith was untrue to the actual Auburn, but he was faithful to a far more precious truth, the truth of remembered childhood, and he revealed with the utmost beauty the effect of the subtlest working of the spirit of man on practical fact; it is his fidelity to this psychological and spiritual truth which makes Auburn the "loveliest village of the plain." Crabbe exhibited nothing of this imaginative transformation of the familiar and the commonplace, perhaps saw nothing of it; he described the fishing village of Aldborough as any one with good powers of perception, who took the trouble, might see it. Through these defects of his powers he loses in poetic value; his poetry is, as he called it, poetry without an atmosphere; it is a reflection, almost mirror-like, of plain fact.

Men go to poetry too often with a preconceived notion of what the poet ought to give, instead of with open minds for whatever he has to give. Too much

is not to be expected from Crabbe. He was only a simple country clergyman, half educated, with no burning ideals, or beautiful reveries, or passionate dreams; his mind did not rise out of the capabilities and virtues of respectability. His life was as little poetical, in Wordsworth's sense, as his poetry. Yet his gift was not an empty one. Moore, Scott, and Byron were story-tellers who were poetical, in Wordsworth's sense; but is Crabbe's true description of humble life less valuable than Scott's romantic tradition, or Moore's melting, sensuous Oriental dream, or Byron's sentimental, falsely-heroic adventure, or even, in our own day, than Morris's indolent, smooth-flowing lotus-land fable? It is far more valuable, because there is more of the human heart in it; because it contains actual suffering and joy of fellow-men; because it is humanity, and calls for hospitality in our sympathies and charities. Unpoetical? Yes; but it is something to have real life brought home to our tears and laughter, although it be presented barely, and the poet has trusted to the rightness and tenderness of our hearts for those feelings the absence of which in his verse led Wordsworth to call these tales unpoetical. Yet, it must be confessed, all of Crabbe is not to be read; it is only when he is at his best that his verse has this extraordinary power over the heart; but he is often at his best. Would that in this revival of the eighteenth century, when so much of its driftweed and wreck seems flooding back to burden life a generation longer, some one who knows Crabbe well would gather up the best of his work, and so save it from an otherwise inevitable forgetfulness, and give our generation knowledge of a pleasure it is missing!

G. E. Woodberry.

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

II.

HORSES were to be depended on until they ran away once, Mr. Hunt said; "and then they were like the man who jumped up and down in his back yard, with his mouth wide open, while his house was burning, thinking he was crying fire."

During the long evenings of early winter he was very cheerful and happy, full of fun and stories. One evening he told us of his big, balky horse that he had tried to cure by electricity. I wish that I dared attempt his description of the astonishment of the horse, and his sudden increase in size, when the current of electricity first struck him; the remedy did not prove a curative.

He told us a story of a monkey in Düsseldorf. The monkey was a very intelligent one, and greatly petted by his master, a professor in the art school. He was in the habit of giving the monkey daily some lumps of sugar in a small covered box. The little fellow was fond of opening and closing the box, and of helping himself to the sugar. As a matter of sport, the professor substituted for the sugar-box, one day, a box of exactly the same size and appearance, but which contained, instead of sugar, a horrid image that sprang out the moment the cover was raised. The unsuspecting monkey opened the box as usual for his sugar, the jack jumped out, and the monkey, dropping it, rushed to the farthest corner of his cage, and there he remained trembling all day; no coaxing could get him near the awful box, and it was finally removed from the cage. The next day the genuine box of sugar was put into the cage, but the cautious monkey was not to be caught again. He remained in his corner, and looked distrustfully at the peace-offering. It

might be the same terrible box; who could tell? After a while, however, his desire for sugar led him to venture a little nearer the box, and so, keeping himself at a prudent distance, he went round and round it, trying to make up his mind whether any reasonably safe attempt on the contents of the box were possible. He got nearer, and gave the box a little punch; then another; then he knocked it about his cage smartly, and no harm came of it. He took it up and carefully inspected it on all sides, and found it apparently quite satisfactory. Then, putting it down, the momentous question of opening the box was quickly decided; he made a rush at the cover, removing it and jumping suddenly back, but no terrible jack appeared. He went cautiously up and looked in; there were his harmless little lumps of sugar, — nothing more.

Never was a monkey happier. He chattered and played all the day long, evidently regarding his fearful experience as an ugly dream, or as the result of a diseased imagination. But his happiness was short-lived; the next day the jack-in-the-box was put in the cage, and again the monkey was frightened and perplexed, and the box had to be removed from the cage as before. Then, in due time, the jack was put back in place of the sugar; and so the poor animal was kept in anxious uncertainty, until he grew thin and nervous, and lost his appetite and sickened, and the experiment was given up. After a time he recovered his health and spirits, and then, just for once, his master thought he would put the jack into the cage, instead of the sugar, to see if the monkey minded it as formerly. The confiding little fellow opened the box, the jack leaped out, and the monkey fell back dead.

At one of his visits about this time Mr. Hunt informed us of his having been invited by a committee to lecture, some Sunday afternoon, in the Horticultural Hall course. We advised him by all means to accept, and he thought perhaps he might. He would take for a subject the connection between religion and art, and he ran on and told us what he proposed to say, talking steadily nearly an hour. After finishing, he said, "There! if some one could have taken down what I have been saying, it would be just what I want for the lecture." I offered to write out in the morning all I could remember, and he gladly accepted the proposal. A week later he had given up all notion of lecturing. The notes that I prepared for him have since been mislaid, much to my regret.

During the spring of 1877 he came often to the house, one evening marching into the study playing *Home Sweet Home* on a little mouth-organ. We always could tell how things were going with him by the frequency of his visits. When he was happy he came often. If dispirited or anxious over a difficult portrait, or from some other cause, his visits were less frequent. He said to us frankly that he would not come and be a bore, never realizing for a moment that he *could* not be a bore, whatever his mood. Sometimes he would come when he was not feeling in good spirits, and then we could see that he was exerting himself to be merry. On such occasions he would be more gentle and tender than usual, but there would be lapses in his gayety, and he would sit silent, biting his finger-nails, his thoughts away in his studio or elsewhere.

He was singularly afraid of boring people, and when about to confer the greatest possible boon, namely, the taking of us to his studio, he would beat about the bush, and almost never put the proposition in direct terms: "I've got two or three little things over at the studio that I'm going to show you some

time; would you mind going over to-night, or some other night? I'm sorry it's so cold, but I rather want you to see the things right off, now; I can't wait very well." Sometimes, after sitting for a half hour or more, he would say, "Well, I came in to-night to ask you to go over to the studio, but, really, I think it an imposition, you are so comfortable here; but I should like you to see a head I've just been working on." This was not an affectation of manner; it was ever and under all circumstances the same. He always considered that we were doing him a favor to go with him to his studio, and that our acceptance of his invitation was possibly a matter of doubt, as if it were not the greatest possible pleasure to go to his studio and discuss his pictures with him; we would have gone twenty times often if asked. But to the very last his invitations were apologetic or timid, and when he got us before his pictures, in the enjoyment of our admiration and enthusiasm, he would sometimes confess that he came to us a few evenings before for the express purpose of inviting us to his studio; but after all, he did not know that we should like the pictures, and he feared he might be dragging us out too often, and so he said nothing about it.

One evening in May he got upon the subject of pigments. I had started him off by telling him that I had some Veronese green so thin that I could find no effect from it. It resulted in nothing on the canvas.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Hunt, "I know that kind of green; the more you put on, the less color you have. It vanishes. It's too thin to run up-hill. I tell you, if the Frenchmen had to paint with our pigments, you would not hear much about their pictures." "After all," he went on to say, "the nearest thing to nature is a black-and-white drawing. Harmony is the great thing to strive for, and one is surer of this in black and

white. In nearly all paintings there is a certain lack of harmony, and therefore a good drawing is more satisfactory. Suggestion of color is better than color itself. What green is to landscape red is to flesh. All landscape painting is too green; the green should be felt beneath the neutral tint in landscape, just as the red should be felt beneath the gray tones in flesh painting. Both Millet and Correggio paint brown, and then contrast it with a blue that appears blue, but which is really a green. Their pictures do not strike one as brown."

The last time he was in Paris, Millet told him that he would paint a blonde so that he could put pure white for the highest lights of the face. "If the effect is harmonious, it makes no difference what key we paint on, high or low; but, as in music, one must begin and end on the same key. Painting is vulgar by the side of a fine charcoal drawing. Imagination and suggestion are everything in art. Color is vulgar, because it is in the direction of imitation. It is prose instead of poetry. The less imitation the more suggestion, and hence the more imagination and poetry. Drawing as compared with painting is more refined, and therefore truer art."

During this month we spent a day and night as guests with him at North Easton. With all his endeavors, he was not quite at his best there, being anxious lest our eating and sleeping should not be exactly what he wished; he had brought out from Boston some bananas and other fruits for a supplementary course at dinner. In the evening, on coming in, he asked for a bit of charcoal, to give the effect of a view he had just seen on the river. No charcoal was to be found, so he took a bit of cork, and holding it over the light manufactured his coal, and then drew on a bit of paper a heavy mass of trees against a bright sunset sky, reflecting them in the water below. A brother artist who was with him when he saw the sunset re-

marked afterwards that Mr. Hunt had got the effect on his bit of paper, and that he had a marvelous facility for remembering and reproducing an impression with a few simple touches.

One evening, this month, Mr. Hunt came to tea, and went with us to a concert, which he heartily enjoyed. Miss Cary was the principal singer, and her appearance and manner on the stage impressed him strongly. After the concert he was full of talk about her breadth of style, her repose, dignity, large impression, and her grand and noble person. She was dressed in white, and looked very large to him. He would like to paint her. She would weigh more than a hundred and eighty, and he would have his painting weigh as much as she. It would take fifteen hundred tubes of white paint. "Her singing is fine and satisfactory. It has variety of color and tint. Like painting, music requires this."

It was about this time that Mr. Hunt concluded that bread and milk was the only proper diet for him. When asked if he thought he should ever drink tea or coffee again, he said that he knew he should n't. At another time he would drink tea and cold water, no wine. Cold water, he argued, was the natural drink for mankind. He never felt so well as when drinking water, and plenty of it. Sometimes, for a month or so, he would not smoke, no matter how mild or how good the cigar offered him. Nothing could shake his resolution in these matters. He would listen patiently to your arguments in favor of moderation; with the greatest gravity, he would even help you to put them in the most plausible form; but no practical results followed. In due time he ate and drank and smoked again as other men. At one time he was fond of smoking a very low-priced, mild cigar. For the time being he argued that it was foolish for a man to give more than five cents for a cigar, and he related with great satisfaction how he went into the

Parker House, where several persons were about the bar smoking their fine Havanas, and called out in a loud voice, "Give me a five-cent cigar." Soon after this we noticed in his studio a box of choice Havanas, so fine that each cigar was provided with its individual bracelet. Putting on his very funniest expression, the artist showed us how he was withdrawing a fine cigar now and then from beneath, and putting its bracelet on to a five cent one, and then slyly filling up the hole with it. In this way, as he explained, he kept his box full of nice cigars.

A lady was describing to him an artist with whom he was unacquainted. "He is," she began, "light complexioned, freckled," — "Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Mr. Hunt, "and he always wears brown clothes." "How did you know? Have you seen him?" "No, I've never seen him, but that kind of fellow always wears brown clothes."

Mr. Hunt was not, in the ordinary sense, a reader; I am sure, at least, that he read few books during the five years of his life that we knew him intimately. His conversation at times pointed to a considerable familiarity with certain parts of the Bible which he had read and discussed with Millet many years earlier, with parts of Shakespeare and with the literature of art. He liked to refer to Hazlitt's art criticisms and to the poetry of Robert Browning, accrediting the latter with far more correct ideas on art than most of the other poets. He liked also the writings of Taine, and asked us to read what Fromentin said of Rembrandt's work at the time it appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Considering that he read so seldom, it was rather surprising that his want of book knowledge did not make itself more felt; but he remembered everything that he read as well as everything that he heard, and, besides, what he had of his own to say was better than anything in books. He was no reflected

light. His talk was more generally the result of his personal experience or observation. Never a gossip, he talked of trivialities only as they afforded him scope for his ever-present love for grotesque narrative. He rarely spoke on current topics such as are discussed in the newspapers, and one seldom got from his conversation the slightest hint of his newspaper reading. It is said that he skimmed a daily paper quite regularly, generally tossing it down after a moment or two, with the remark that "it is strange people can read such stuff." He seldom discussed politics, and never voted, so far as I know, after the close of the war. During the war period he was deeply stirred and very loyal. At that time he was a strong republican, but later appeared to have no party preferences whatever, condemning both parties in good round terms. He once spoke favorably of Bristow as a presidential candidate; but he had lately been in bathing with him at the beach, and the latter's fine, robust figure, which he liked, had, we thought, something to do with his preference.

Mr. Hunt had two long interviews with John Brown, and was greatly impressed by him. He was a marvelous person; a great hero, like one of the old prophets, he said. He made arrangements to paint his portrait, but meantime Brown went suddenly to his death in Virginia.

Mr. Hunt was very tenacious of cherished opinions, yet never egotistic or overbearing; always ready to listen to dissenting views, and desirous of modifying or changing his own whenever shown that he was wrong. His opinions in art matters were so well considered, so thoroughly sound, that it was not easy for any one to show him weak points in them. He never seemed to expect anybody to believe a thing because he said it, but was prepared with an abundance of argument and illustration to prove it true. It gave him usually little effort to

vanquish an opponent in a discussion on the principles or practice of art, and so deftly would it be done that his adversary's sense of discomfiture was rather pleasurable and satisfactory than otherwise. Once vanquished, however, one felt that he was to remain vanquished. There were many things in art that Mr. Hunt was not sure about, and these he always spoke of as points that he could not pretend to decide.

He had, as I have said, a remarkable memory. Nothing great or small could escape it. He would recall trivial remarks months and years old. Social engagements, however, he found great difficulty in remembering; but those who knew him well knew exactly which ones he would remember and which forget. "Don't let's name any particular hour. I have n't got any watch now," or, "My watch does n't keep any sort of time," or, "Yes, yes, I'll try and come round. What time did you say?" All this meant that he would forget; but if he looked at one earnestly, and said "Yes" to an invitation, without any beating about the bush, it meant yes, and we so understood it. Engagements, he said, were like a millstone about his neck; they were like a cold buckwheat cake. Other than unimportant social engagements he kept to the very letter, and required others to keep. As a man of business he was exact, and more methodical than is generally supposed.

One evening in the winter of 1877, he came in to spend the evening, and finally got to talking about the Art School at the Museum. It was all very well that the school should not give perfect satisfaction. It would not do to be too easily satisfied. He kept clear of the whole thing as much as possible. "They make too much fuss over the students. If two per cent. or one per cent. make anything of artists, it is as much as one should expect. Grundemann is painstaking, and perhaps well enough as a teacher; possibly not broad enough; but

let him go on five years at least before judging of his qualifications. They think over there that the school, if good enough, must make artists. There never was a greater mistake. Why don't they set up a school to make poets? All that a teacher can do is to teach. If the stuff is in a pupil he may make a painter. It was the mackerel out of the school that fattened Daniel Webster." He was quite merry over his answer to some of the committee who asked his views of the proper limits as to the age of pupils to be admitted to the art instruction. He replied that none should be admitted under four years of age, and none above eighty.

Looking at a large landscape in the room, he said, "As a rule, vertical lines darker, horizontal lines lighter; but one can't paint by rule; circumstances may require the horizontal lines to be darkest. There is a good effect of light in this sky. Light in the sky or elsewhere is not so well produced by putting dark against it as by a gradation of tone from the dark towards it. Light radiates, and one must try to produce the appearance of radiation to get the highest effect. No matter if the picture be on a low key. Neither, if the gradation is finely done, need the dark be very dark nor the light very light. Atmosphere and light are the great things to work for in landscape painting."

On another occasion, being asked if a certain landscape painting were not too green, he answered, "Too green? No, not too green if you felt like painting green. If one feels like painting green, it's best to paint green. Under such circumstances it's of no use to try to paint any other color. If you feel like painting brown or gray, paint those colors."

In a conversation about the photographing of his pictures, he was asked, in consideration of the fact that yellow came out black, and purple white, in a photograph, why one should not paint

with a view to photography, so that the lights and darks would represent the intentions of the artist. "Because one should not paint with a view to anything but to paint his picture. If you have views of anything beyond that, you do poor, mechanical work."

Mr. Hunt was especially lenient towards earnest work of *young* artists. He was severe on pretension and conceit only. Of a portrait he said there was "no inside to it. It looked like a bug that another bug had eaten up all except the shell."

There was never a question as to how Mr. Hunt should be entertained, for he entertained himself as well as those about him. No subject was too great for him to discuss, and none too small. He interested himself at one time greatly in our Manx cats, discovering that it was difficult to determine their centre of gravity; that their whole anatomy and movements differed entirely from those of cats with tails. He studied our family of Manx kittens, and finding their nest not sufficiently sumptuous sent one morning, with his compliments, a handsome cat basket, for their use.

Afterwards he was amused to learn that the old cat had found his elegant basket an unsafe repository for her family, and had lugged them off, while her unregenerate, grown-up, fighting son, of fringed ears and bruised aspect, had taken possession of it uninvited, spending his entire days in it and such nights as his professional engagements would permit of.

Mr. Hunt was ready to take part in whatever was going on in the house. One evening his hostess was doing some fancy patchwork, and immediately he became absorbed in its condition and development, requesting the liberty of sewing in a square, which he did on the spot with stitches so neat as to excite extravagant admiration. The delicacy and dexterity of his manipulations were sometimes astonishing. Once, in speak-

ing of his ability to do fine work with the brush, if he chose, he asked for a pencil, and taking a bit of note paper wrote one of our names, made up of seven letters, one of them a capital, so fine that I found a magnifying-glass indispensable for reading it. The space taken up by the seven letters was just one eighth of an inch in length, every letter being firm and distinctly legible. On putting down the pencil he remarked, "That is n't nearly as fine as I can write sometimes. I could do much better with a fine-pointed pencil. Still, this is n't easy to do; just try it." And we all tried it, and found it impossible. One cold evening a lady complained of a crack on the end of her forefinger that would not heal and was very sore. "Let me fix it," said Mr. Hunt. He took out his penknife, sharpened it on his boot, and proceeded to pare the skin down thin at the edges of the crack, not an easy thing to do at the end of the finger, and a task requiring considerable confidence in both patient and operator; but he did it neatly, and, advising a poultice for the night, promised that it should be a cure in thirty-six hours; and it was.

I have known him to paint an hour or more on a cow less than an inch and a half in length, supposed to be already finished. He first scraped off the surface of the paint with a knife, giving it a speckled look, and, remarking that he guessed he would make a tortoise-shell cow of it, worked continuously and deliberately with fine sable brushes until he had what he called "a finished cow."

For a month or more, at one time, when taking wine in the evening with us, he was in the habit of resting his empty wine-glass on the top of his head. There he would sit on the sofa nodding his head in conversation, but never permitting the glass to fall. The top of his head was very smooth, and we were apprehensive, and this gave great zest to his performance. After a while we became used to this habit, but one

evening the wine-glass slid from his head and broke on the carpet. This ended the performance forever; he could not be persuaded to try it again.

A few evenings later he amused us and himself by substituting for the wine-glass a smooth paper-weight, which he balanced on his head as before; to vary the entertainment he would now and then put a sheet of paper under the weight, and then snatch it quickly away, leaving the paper-weight undisturbed on his head.

He is said to have practiced putting his soup plate on top of his head at the restaurants, for the convenience of the waiters; but he did nothing of the kind on the evening when he invited us all to dine with him at a little place behind the Public Library. As usual when entertaining guests, he was over-anxious lest everything should not pass off exactly as he wished, and so behaved more like other people. Still, the occasion seemed to afford him great satisfaction, for when he came to us, a few evenings afterward, he said as he left the door, holding up the fingers of one hand, "There are only about so many of us in Boston, you know; we ought to meet in that way oftener." Who the other three were I never knew with certainty; I could only be sure that one was Mr. Thomas Robinson, for whom he had the tenderest possible friendship. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the talent of his friend, also. Of the head of a bull by Robinson in our possession, he said, "I don't believe there is a man living at the present time who could paint this subject as well as Tom has done it in that picture."

January 18, 1878. Mr. Hunt came in rather late, but seemed desirous that we should go over to his studio and see an unfinished sunset that he was at work on. It promised to be very fine, but for some reason or other it was never completed. He took out from a large depository several other new paintings, notably the two views, almost exactly

alike, of Gloucester Harbor. They were of the same tone and on the same key; but the first was, technically speaking, somewhat smoother, while the second had a little more light in it. The latter was painted with almost inconceivable rapidity, within three hours, and never touched afterwards. I remember also a large landscape, more than twice the size of these, that Mr. Hunt told me was one of *two pictures* that he had painted in one day. I recall the more important fact that the landscape in question was one of his best and one of the finest I know, exquisitely gray and silvery in tone and masterly in handling, reminding one of Daubigny in composition, but larger in style, and even more vigorous.

He said once, "I was in a hurry, and wiped my brushes on my pocket handkerchief, and threw it into a pail of water, where it has been for a week."

He had at this time in his studio a keg of wine made in New York State from native grapes. This he dispensed to us in large goblets, calling it a kind of sweet cider; it was as harmless as water, he said; you could drink as much as you pleased of it. We found it delicious, of a flavor more tempting than any cider we had ever known, and so we drank a goblet or two of it with great relish. Presently we made the discovery, to Mr. Hunt's great merriment, that it was a kind of drink that ought to be served in a wine-glass, and as the studio was getting a little warm we started home across the Common, Mr. Hunt accompanying us, ostensibly for the purpose of explaining away the effects of his sweet cider.

A favorite phrase of his in describing or praising a picture was that "it sings its song." Not only should every picture sing its song, but usually he required that it should be a cheerful one.

Regarding a fine Dupré, uninteresting in subject and gloomy, he said, "I admit that it is strong and masterly; I

think I recognize all its merits; but if that is the outcome and end of painting, then I don't wish to paint any more." Like other great painters before him, Mr. Hunt sometimes held singular views about pictures not in his mood. At such times he allowed comparatively little weight to masterly conception, color, or technique. His cultivated judgment was put aside, and his like and dislike took its place. The intensity of his feeling not only influenced his judgment but for the time being dominated his power of perception, so that red was not red, subtle qualities of color escaped his attention, and he saw no virtue that he was not specially in search of. These characteristics are more or less common to the intense artistic temperament; indeed almost the only conspicuous examples among the great painters of calm, judicial, unbiased opinions upon contemporary work are seen in Rubens and Velasquez. Reynolds is a noteworthy example of the opposite kind.

One evening, Mr. Hunt sat with a cheerful little Dupré in his lap for half an hour, praising it without stint, and the next day shut himself in his studio and painted a brown picture that strikingly recalled the Dupré in color and composition. When I first saw his brown painting, some weeks afterwards, I exclaimed at once, "There you have a Dupré picture!" But the artist made no response, nor did we learn until some time later that it had been painted under the circumstances above stated. Being shown a spring landscape, he studied it over some time, and then exclaimed, "I'm going to paint a spring picture!" This was near the first of May, and in a few days we were invited to see his new picture, which proved to be the painting that he named Spring Chickens, the original charcoal drawing of which he presented us, possibly as an acknowledgment of our claim for the motive of the new picture.

Being shown a small painting by

Kühl, a Munich artist, representing a drunken man holding a half-filled glass of wine in each hand, he remarked, "It is very skillfully done, but what is the use of doing it? Why choose such a subject, when pleasant ones are all around us? The subject is n't worthy of the painter."

Of the landscapes of a number of the students of the Munich school in New York he said, "They show the result of good schooling; yes, they have a neat little recipe for skies." He was very intolerant of everything in painting that savored of a school or established method, and vastly pleased over anything that exhibited evidence of earnest, independent work, no matter how crude. Amateur paintings attracted his attention at once if they happened to have some merit. Now and then we used to put such a picture over the table in the study, in a good light. If there was the least bit of good in it, Mr. Hunt noticed it immediately on entering the room. He would say from across the room, "Ah, a new picture! When did you do that? I like it," or, "You've got a good sky; there's light in it," or, "That's amusing; you've got a fuller color than usual in your trees." If the picture pleased him still better, he would go to it, look it over closely to see how it had been done, and then say, "I like it," simply, or perhaps add, "You might have saved yourself these strokes of the brush here in the foreground; they don't count for anything." If, however, the picture put over the table for him to see was too poor, he never appeared to see it. Under such circumstances he would sit over against it all the evening, and never be caught looking at it once. I remember such an occasion, when, having put a little *chef d'œuvre*, as I half feared and hoped, in its proper place, the coming of Mr. Hunt was impatiently awaited. When at last he came, to our surprise no notice was taken of the new picture. Lest

this should be mere accident or oversight, I took great pains during the evening, not to obstruct his sight by getting between him and the cherished object. It was all to no purpose. There was red, white, and blue in the picture, but he did n't see it.

It is remarkable, considering the provocation to which he was subjected, that he should never have criticised one of these pictures adversely. Occasionally he made suggestions in a quiet, confidential kind of way. For instance, in a picture where, in the middle distance, there were some slim young walnut-trees put against the highest light of the sky, he said, "I think, perhaps, there is a little too much color in those trees. Against that bright sky I doubt if one would see much color; they would be more neutral in tone. Still, I'm not sure about it. I'd think it over before doing anything; but my impression is now that if the color were taken out of the trees it would be truer to nature, and help the picture otherwise. But don't do it until you think it over; it's possible it may be better as it is."

Being asked if he liked personally a certain young artist, of affected manner and foppish appearance, he replied, "I don't know him. I know his clothes. I've always known his clothes, but I don't know *him*. I can have nothing to do with such a man when I meet him; I look right through and beyond and around him."

Starting out, one morning, from his Tremont Street studio for his breakfast, he encountered an old woman on the stairs carrying down a big box of ashes. He at once insisted on lending a hand, and taking half the burden upon himself they landed it on the sidewalk together. "I did n't dare to look up," he said, "but I could feel the eyes of people boring into my back."

June, 1878. Mr. Hunt wrote us from Niagara Falls that he had definitely accepted the contract for painting two

large pictures on the walls of the Assembly Chamber at Albany. He had accepted the offer with great hesitation. On one occasion he said he was almost sorry that he had entertained the project at all. It was an immense job. The risk of failure was too great; he had never done anything of the kind. He should feel happier if they would just withdraw their proposal; it would take a load off his mind.

Two weeks later he came home from Niagara, and was enthusiastic over the grandeur of the falls and the artistic beauties of the neighborhood, talking of this subject and the projected Albany pictures the entire evening. He wished one of the Albany paintings to be a large view of Niagara, which he thought he could make attractive for the position, and which would be very appropriate as representing a magnificent bit of scenery within the limits of the State. But the authorities preferred The Discoverer as a companion picture for the Analhita.

His last visit to us before leaving for Albany was on the evening of October 9th. He had been working hard over the large sketches and the separate figures, and was of course anxious as to the success of his great venture and impatient to get at the work in Albany, the beginning of which had been delayed owing to tardiness of some sort there, and which, nevertheless, must be finished by the first of January, so that the chamber should be in order for the meeting of the legislature. He appeared tired, this evening, but was very gentle and kind, and left us the impression that he was already a little homesick in anticipation of his enforced stay at Albany. His mirth seemed forced, and when he left he was quite unnaturally jolly, declaring that it was n't worth while to say good-by, that he should be back again in Boston in no time, that the time would pass very quickly, and so on.

On October 30th he sent us photographs of the condition of his work at that time, accompanied by the following characteristic letter :—

ALBANY, October 28, 1878.

MY DEAR — : I think I must send you a photograph of the walls as a record of the work thus far. One week at work, and the outlines are about completed, and painting begins, I hope, tomorrow.

I can tell you, it is like sailing a seventy-four, or riding eight horses in a circus. It fills one's lungs to breathe in front of such spaces. The figure of Columbus, or the Discoverer, is eleven feet from his crown to the boat where his shins disappear. His hand is broader than this page is long. The scaffolding is spacious, and the bridge connecting the two is about seven feet wide and seventy feet long; so you see everything is in proportion, and it is delightful to work forty feet from the floor.

It will be a great mortification if we don't succeed. Just think of a twin mortification forty-five by sixteen!

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

P. S. It is lucky that I am growing far-sighted and require large print at a distance. Remember me kindly to all.

Soon after the receipt of this letter we heard that he was working very hard, — a part of the night by calcium light, as well as during the whole day, — and we wrote expressing fear for his health, and advising him not to work by night and to take plenty of sleep. This was his answer :—

ALBANY, Sunday, November 24, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIENDS : I received your note of warning not to paint all night, and I follow your advice to the letter, for I paint all day, and should be only too thankful (I think) to have a light of any kind these dark days. As you may imagine, a scaffold ten feet wide throws

quite a shadow, when there is light enough to throw anything. We have been obliged for the last week to use torches when we want to see our work clearly, and we begin about nine o'clock, A. M., and come away about six o'clock, P. M. Lunch on board.

Now you need n't pity us a bit, and this apparent whining is merely a form of brag, or something that we are rather proud of, and something for an excuse to sing about if the things look ill when the staging comes down.

It is good, steady, long-winded work, and enough of it, — that's just what it is; immensely instructive, I can tell you; and I can conceive now more readily why those old fellows were not idiots or niggers in their business, after they had passed a life in front of walls and painted over every large room they had ever lived in.

We have every encouragement here, and our employers are pleased with the work thus far. All the stone-cutters take great interest in it, and that is very encouraging.

We have every advantage here, except that we have had thus far no art critics. I suppose that if we had been assisted by their presence and advice we should have already finished our work.

Oh, it is a luxury to work unsurrounded by whiners!

We can paint horses sky blue if we choose, and nobody begs us to desist.

If the work looks well when it is done, I shall insist on your coming up; if not—when we meet we'll act as though nothing had happened.

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

P. S. Have you heard anything of the body in Boston?

P. P. S. Have there been any traces in Boston?

P. SSS. If you hear anything of the "body," please inform.

The several postscripts related to the search for the stolen body of Stewart, in

which, it appears, he had a very active interest.

November 29, 1878. Mr. Hunt spent a long evening with us. He had arrived in town the day before, and had intended to pass his first evening at our house, but on calling and finding us out, he had enjoined silence upon the servant, and, trusting to luck that we should hear nothing of him about town, he managed to take us entirely by surprise. He walked in upon us unannounced, and was as happy and light-hearted all the evening as we had ever seen him. The talk naturally turned to his all-absorbing work at Albany, and although he spoke of it as if there were still a possibility of failure, his manner and his happiness told of assured success.

We visited him at Albany on December 24th. He was very cordial and light-hearted, and appeared well satisfied with his work, though a little apprehensive of the critics. After finishing his pictures he took a short vacation in the country, and returned to Boston. He seemed very tired, mentally and physically, at this time, and although cheerful it was not the sunny, wayward cheerfulness of old times. The swollen knee, to which it had been necessary to apply a surgical bandage during the last days of his fatiguing work at Albany, was still a cause of anxiety. Nevertheless, although, as he expressed it, he felt played out, he thought he might begin on some portraits in the course of a week or two. When told that he should not touch a brush for at least two months, and could not possibly get rested sooner, he would not believe it. In about three weeks he began painting, but was forced

to stop again and take more rest; he soon resumed work, and did, as is well known, some of the best painting of his life. The Gardner portrait, for example, seems to be in important respects, his best. As a painting it is probably as fine as anything that has been done in America, and takes rank with the best of all time.

He was not well during this winter and spring, and was apt to relapse into an irritable mood and scold the critics in an excitable way. His visits to us were rather infrequent. During the two evenings that he spent with us in March, it was remarked that he had lost his old gayety of manner. He seemed to be conscious of this change himself, and endeavored to make up for it by greater kindness and gentleness. His last evening at our house, and the last time we saw him, was on the 7th of April, 1879. He was never more cordial than on this occasion, but all he said and did appeared the result of effort. He said he was very tired, and being offered wine put his hand in his pocket and took out some malt, saying that this was the only wine he allowed himself now. Soon after nine o'clock he said he must go home, so as to get to bed early, and presently, his companion not being quite ready to go, he took her gently by the ear and led her out into the hall, saying, "*I must go*," an expression that we had never heard him use before with earnestness. As he passed out of the door with a ringing "Good-night," one of us said, "We shall never see him again;" the other, "Oh, yes; he has a splendid constitution. A summer's rest will bring him all right again."

Henry C. Angell.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XV.

THE office sisters went in-doors to make some change in their dress for the meeting; Elihu and Joseph walked away together; Egeria had shrunk from the tearful embrace of Sister Frances, and she now slowly followed with her father, who continued in strenuous appeal to her, till they reached the door of the family house, and entered with the group awaiting them there. A dull look was in her eyes when they came into the hall, and she sank absent-mindedly into her usual place in one of the back rows of sisters, away from the light of the kerosene lamps burning in brackets against the wall. Her father, for reasons of his own, chose to sit apart from the men, and he now retired to one of the corners, where he remained with his head dropped on his hand during the greater part of the service.

Brother Humphrey did not join the rest till the meeting was nearly over. He had stayed to close up the office for the night, and to wait for the return of Brother Laban, who was away on business, and he was about to lock one of the front doors, when he found himself confronted at the threshold by two men, one of whom asked if he could oblige them with a night's lodging.

"We do not keep a house of entertainment," said Humphrey, willing to evade, but unwilling to deny.

"Oh, I'm perfectly aware of that," said the stranger, who wore a wide straw hat, and had a neat leather bag slung at his side by a strap passed over his shoulder, "but I suppose you don't turn people away. I was given to understand at the village, back here, that you sometimes took pity on wayfarers."

"Yee, we do," said Humphrey, still holding the door ajar.

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"Then take pity on us, my dear friend, and on our horse," said the stranger, not otherwise indicating the vehicle he had left at the gate, "and we'll pay you what you like for your compassion." He pushed in, and Humphrey mechanically setting the door wider his companion followed. "We can sleep in a double-bedded room, if you can't give us two single ones."

"Nay," said Humphrey, "you can have two single rooms. Sit down," he added, showing them into the office parlor.

"Ah, you double nothing, I suppose," said the stranger. "Thanks!" He dropped into a rocking-chair, but when Humphrey went out, to see that the rooms were quite ready, he sprang actively to his feet again and went peering about the room with the lamp which Humphrey had left on the table. He stooped down and examined the legs of this piece of furniture. "No! Evidently the Shaker conscience is against the claw-foot. Probably they regard it as but one remove from the cloven-foot. And I don't suppose there's such a thing as a brass-mounting of any sort in the building. But really, this bare wall with the flat finish is n't so bad; it's expressive of the bare walls and flat finish of Shakerism; an instance of what the Swedenborgians call correspondence. Look here, my dear fellow! Here is something very original — *ab-original* — in rugs. That's a good bit of color." He seized upon one of the braided rugs on the floor and partly lifted it. "Look at this!"

"Oh, let it alone," said the other, with a yawn. He looked not very well, and he glanced at his feet with the weariness that despairs of ever getting to bed with such an obstacle as boots in the way.

"But you don't understand," persisted the first, clinging to the rug. "This

must be home-dyed. These yellows and reds — I was admiring your rug,” he explained to Humphrey, who now reappeared. “It’s something uncommon in color.”

“Yee,” said the Shaker; “we don’t generally like our things so gay. Your rooms are ready.”

“Ah, then we won’t detain you,” said the stranger; but he caught sight of the long clock at the lower end of the hall, into which they issued, and turned from going up-stairs to look closer at it, with his hand lamp. “This is good! Very good! A genuine Marm Storrs. A family heir-loom, I fancy?”

“Nay, I don’t know,” said the Shaker, stopping half-way up the stairs; “it came here before I did. I don’t know who brought it.”

“You don’t care for colonial bric-a-brac? But you should. It’s the only thing we can justly aspire to, this side of the water. You could pick up some nice things in the country. Have you a spinning-wheel?”

“Yee. But we don’t use it. It’s cheaper to buy our linen.”

“Of course. But you’ve no idea how much character it would give that pleasant parlor of yours.”

Humphrey answered neither yea nor nay. The other stranger, who had stalked up-stairs past him, asked from the upper hall, “Which room is mine?” And when Humphrey pointed it out he entered and shut the door behind him.

“What singing is that?” asked his companion, as he paused again at the open window near the top of the stairs.

“It is our family meeting,” answered Humphrey.

“Family meeting!” repeated the stranger briskly. “Would it be possible — could you allow a secular person like myself to look in a moment?”

“Nay,” said the Shaker, composedly, without vouchsafing any explanation.

The stranger looked at him as if puzzled. “I could n’t go?”

“Nay,” repeated Humphrey, as before.

“But really, I’ve heard of people attending your meetings, have n’t I?”

“Yee.”

“Then why can’t I go?”

“This is a family meeting.”

“Oh! Is this my room?”

“Yee. Good-night,” he said, while the stranger was still hesitating at his door-way, and turned away; the latter then answered his good-night, and went in, and Humphrey descended to his room below, where, after he had put up the strangers’ horse, he busied himself restlessly in working at his accounts, till Laban raised the latch of the door.

“Laban,” said Humphrey, “there are two strangers — young men — in the house, that I’ve just give rooms to. One of us has got to stay away from the meetin’, I presume. It won’t do to have ’em alone here, these times.”

“Nay,” said Laban, taking off his hat, and hanging it on its appointed peg before he sat down. “I will stay.”

“I d’ know’s I’d ought to let ye,” rejoined Humphrey. “It’s a meetin’ of uncommon interest; quite excitin’, as you may say.”

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“Well, Friend Boynton and Egery are goin’ to give what they call a test see-aunts, I suppose. Mahters have come to a head, all at once, — I don’t rightly know how. But Elihu and Friend Boynton, they got into consid’able of a dispute, just now; and Friend Boynton was tol’ble bitter, and spoke revilin’s that seemed to kind o’ edge Elihu on, and first we know they’d cooked it up between ’em that the’ wa’n’t any time like the present to prove whether spiritualism was better than Shakerism. I don’t believe ’t *she* more’n half liked it, the way she looked.”

“I don’t seem to care anything about goin’,” said Laban. “I’ll stay.”

“Why, thank ye, Laban!” cried Hum-

phrey, rising with an eagerness which betrayed itself, now that he had satisfied the scruples of conscience by setting forth the meeting in the most attractive colors, and giving Laban a free choice whether to go or stay.

When he came into the meeting Brother Elihu was on his feet speaking. Humphrey softly crept to the place left vacant for him, beside Elihu, and sat down.

"I want," Elihu was saying, "that all the brethren and sisters here present should wish well to Friend Boynton in his experiment. He claims that it is necessary to his success that there should be no feeling of enmity or suspicion towards him, and if any of us have such feelings I hope they will try to put them aside. I shall try to do so, for my part, with all my heart. Hard words have just passed between Friend Boynton and me, and I am willing to own that I was hasty and wrong in much that I said. I shall truly rejoice in all the success that he hopes for to-night."

He sat down, and a little stir passed through the rows of listeners. One of them began a hymn, and they sang it through, while Dr. Boynton waited with a face of haughty offense. When the singing ceased, he came forward from his corner, and stood between the rows of brothers and sisters.

"I thank Elihu," he said, without looking at him, "for his good intentions towards myself, and I freely acquit him for what he has said. I have myself nothing to withdraw and nothing to regret. Nor do I ask, in what I shall do to-night, any mood of especial assent or sympathy in you, or even of neutrality. I am not here to try an experiment. I am here to exhibit certain facts of psychological science, as thoroughly ascertained as the transmission of the electric current that bears your messages from Maine to California." He seemed to gather defiance from his rotund phraseology; he rang the syllables of the last

word through the hall with a clarion hardness. "When I last stood here," he continued, "and addressed you upon this subject, I had to ask your patience. My daughter had fallen sick with a fever, of which no one could forecast the event. She lived, and made a recovery which, though painfully slow, is complete; and she is once more fully *en rapport* with my purposes and wishes. We shall begin with some simple experiments in biology, or, as it was originally called, mesmerism; and we shall gradually proceed to a combination of this science with spiritism, in a union which it has been the end and aim of all my inquiries to effect, — which I have foreseen from the beginning as the only true development of perfect mediumship. All that I shall ask of *you*," said Dr. Boynton, with a certain emphasis on the last word, turning on his heel, so as to include all present in his glance of somewhat contemptuous demand, "is your strict attention and your perfect silence. Stay! I shall ask one of you to oblige me by setting a chair here, where all can see, and by lending me a handkerchief." His voice had fallen to the colloquial tone, and it touched something of its old suavity. But when Humphrey had set the chair, and Diantha had given him a folded handkerchief, he shook out the linen with a flirt, and called, with a sternness that startled all, "Come forward, Egeria!"

The girl rose from her place beside Sister Frances, and slowly advanced, with the Shakeress beside her.

"Come forward alone!" commanded her father, and Frances shrank back into her seat again, while Egeria continued to advance, and took her place in the chair as he directed with a wave of his hand. Those who were nearest saw that she was very pale, and they spoke afterwards of a peculiar look in her face, "as if," they said, "the life had gone out of it." She was also thought to tremble, and she let her arms fall into

her lap, with a long, patient sigh that was heard all over the room, and that brought tears to the eyes of some.

Her father stood drawing the handkerchief through his hand. "We will begin, as I said, with some of the most elementary phases of mesmerism, and we will work up through these to its ultimatum in clairvoyance, at which point of junction we will invoke the aid of spiritism, the science into which it merges, and we will then continue our inquiries in a dark séance. For the present the lights can remain as they are."

He came round in front of his daughter, and steadily regarded her. "Fix your eyes on mine," he said, as if addressing a stranger.

She obeyed, lifting her eyes with an effect of mute appeal, while the corners of her mouth drooped.

"When I count three," continued her father, "your eyes will close. One, two, three."

Her eyelids fell, and she remained as if in a quiet sleep. Her father approached, and with a series of downward passes assumed to deepen the spell.

"Now," he said, "turning to the intent spectators, 'we will exhibit some well-known phenomena of this condition. The subject is in a complete mesmeric trance, and is entirely under my control. I can will her to remain in that chair, and she will have no power to rise. If I were simply in my own mind, without the utterance of a word, to will her to go to the house-top and fling herself down, she would instantly do so. If I willed her to put her hand in the flame of that lamp, she could not refuse; neither would she feel any pain, if I forbade her to feel pain. She sees, hears, tastes, feels, whatever I will. She has no being except in my volition, and I have not a doubt that, terrible as it may seem, if I were to will her death, she would cease to breathe.'"

His hearers had listened with interest that deepened at each successive asser-

tion; at the last a sort of moan ran through the ranks of the sisters. The brothers remained hardly less impressively silent.

"You can now easily understand," resumed Boynton, "what a tremendous engine, what a superhuman agency, such a power as that I exert must be in the development of a spirit medium. It is to this end that I have chiefly exerted it in the case of my daughter. My theory has been that the medium's obsession by spirits is often so thorough that mind and body alike succumb to their influence, and that the medium is thus so obscured as to be able to transmit no intelligible result. It is at this point that the mesmeric power, sterile in itself, and hitherto useless, comes to her rescue. It stays and supports her; it enables another to reinforce her will, and she receives a distinct and ineffaceable impression from the other world. I ask you to consider but for a moment the vast consequences to flow from such a development. I ask you to do this, not in your behalf or mine; for we *know*, by our converse with spirits, that we shall live hereafter, — that another world lies beyond this, in which we shall abide forever. But you who dwell here, in the security, the sunshine, of this faith, have little conception of the doubt and darkness in which the whole Christian world is now involved. In and out of the church, it is honey-combed with skepticism. Priests in the pulpit and before the altar proclaim a creed which they hope it will be good for their hearers to believe, and the people envy the faith that can so confidently preach that creed; but neither priests nor people believe. As yet, this devastating doubt has not made itself felt in morals; for those who doubt were bred in the morality of those who believed. But how shall it be with the new generation, with the children of those who feel that it may be better to eat, drink, and make merry, for to-morrow they die forever?

Will they be restrained by the morality which, ceasing to be a guest of the mind in us, remains master of the nerves? Will they not eat, drink, and make merriment at their pleasure, set free as they are, or outlawed as they are, by the spirit of inquiry, by the spirit of science, which has beaten down the defenses and razed the citadel of the old faith? I shudder to contemplate the picture. In view of this calamitous future, I, as a spiritualist, cannot refrain from *doing*; and I appeal to you, as spiritualists, to shake off this drowse of prosperity, this popped slumber of love and peace, and buckle on the armor of action. What right have you, I ask, — what right have you Shakers to remain simply a refuge for the world's lame and halt and blind? This dream of perfect purity, of affectionate union, of heavenly life on earth, is very sweet; and I too have been fascinated by it. I too have asked myself why there should not be some provision in Protestantism, as there is in Romanism, for those who would retire from the world and dedicate themselves to humble industry, to meek communion with the skies, to brotherly love. But I tell you that this is all a delusion and a snare. On your purity rests the guilt of the world's foulness; on your union the blame of the world's discord; on your heavenly peace the responsibility of the world's hellish unrest. To you was first given, in this latter time, the renewed gospel of immortality, the evidence of spiritual life, the truth that matter and spirit may converse for the salvation of mankind. What have you done with this priceless gift? Have you cherished it, kept alight the precious jewel, to shine before the eyes of men; or have you flung it into the world to be trampled under foot by the swinish herd of sorcerers, who will yet turn again and rend you, unless you fulfill your duty? Every one of you here should become a messenger of the truth, and devote himself and herself to its promulgation. Go forth into the world, though it leave

your home desolate, and serve the truth! Or, better still, break up this outworn brotherhood, this barren union in which you dwell, a company of aging men and women, childless, hopeless, with whom their heritage must perish, and form with me on its ruins a new Shakerism, — a Shakerism which shall be devoted to the development of spiritistic science; which shall — which shall —

He paused for the word, and Brother Elihu suddenly rose. "I would remind Friend Boynton," he said, "that we are waiting to witness the mesmeric phenomena which he has promised us."

The brethren and sisters, who had been unawares drawn upward and forward by Boynton's eloquence, sank back into their seats, but some of the latter turned a reproachful glance at Elihu, in wonder that he could have the heart to interrupt the heroic strain. Then all eyes reverted to Egeria, who in the general forgetfulness had sat with her head drooping and her person dejected in a weary lassitude.

The doctor stopped, stared at Elihu, and caught his breath. He could not collect his thoughts at once, or master his overstrung nerves; but when he regained his voice he said dryly, "If you will do me the favor to look at your watch, I will show you the least of these phenomena."

Brother Elihu promptly took out his watch and held it in his hand.

"Egeria," said the doctor, "tell me the time by Elihu's watch."

The girl lifted herself like one peering forward, but her eyes were still closed. "The case is shut," she answered.

"That is true," Elihu declared. "I had shut it." He opened it.

"Look now, Egeria."

She remained in the same posture for some time. "I can't tell," she said at last. "I can't see."

The doctor smiled triumphantly. "Oh, I had forgotten to bandage your eyes. You can't see, of course, unless you

eyes are bandaged." He bound the handkerchief, which he had continued to draw through his hand, over her eyes. "Now look."

"I can't see," repeated the girl.

Dr. Boynton laughed. "Really," he said, "I must apologize for having forgotten some essential conditions of these simpler phenomena. We had advanced so far beyond them that I did n't recur to them at once in all their details. I can't, of course, will the subject to know what I don't know myself. If I were to guess at the time, she must necessarily repeat my guess." He went quickly to Elihu, and glanced at the watch; then returning to his place beside Egeria's chair, he looked off at a distant point and said, with a tone of easy indifference, "Well, Egeria, what time is it?"

The girl fell back into her chair, and putting up her hands took the bandage from her eyes, which she fixed upon her father's face in a passion of pity and despair.

"Let it go, Friend Boynton," said Elihu kindly. "There is no haste. Another time will do as well. Perhaps Egeria has not quite recovered."

"Yee," repeated one and another of the brethren and sisters, "another time will do as well."

"No," said Dr. Boynton, "another time will *not* do as well." He was strongly moved, but he made a successful effort to command his voice. "My daughter has been so habitually under my influence that I had not thought it worth while to go through the preliminaries we use with a fresh subject. But as a great interruption has taken place during her fever, perhaps this has become necessary." While he spoke, he was searching in his different pockets. He continued bitterly: "I was once the possessor of a silver piece which I used in producing the mesmeric trance, but it would not be strange if I had parted with it in the distress which threw

me upon your charity. If any of you happens to have a silver coin of any sort" —

Few of these simple communists often had money about them; and in those days of paper currency even the business men of the family knew very well that there was no silver in their pockets. If a silver coin was the indispensable condition of the mesmeric slumber, evidently Boynton stood on safe ground.

But with a quick "Ah!" he came upon the piece he was seeking in his pocket-book. He pressed it between his palms, keeping his eyes fixed upon his daughter's. Then he put it in her open hand, and bade her look at it without winking, till her eyelids fell. As they closed he softly removed the piece, and made a number of downward passes over her face. There was a pause, during which Boynton was about to say something to his audience, when Egeria opened her eyes and rose from her chair.

"I can't, I can't!" she cried, pitifully. "I've tried, but indeed, indeed, I can't." She stood before him, wringing her hands, and longing to cast her arms about his neck; but the sternness of his reproachful face forbade her. He opened his lips to speak, but no sound came from them. One of the brothers nearest him thought that he tottered, and half rose, with outstretched hands, to support him. Sister Frances was already at Egeria's side; she drew her head down upon her shoulder with a motherly instinct, while a murmur of sympathy went through the house.

Boynton repelled the friendly hand extended towards him. "Let me alone," he said; "I can take care of myself." He turned about, and lifting his voice bravely addressed the meeting: "We have failed, — totally and completely failed, upon as fair a trial as I could have wished. I do not attempt to account for the result, and I cannot dis-

pute any conclusions which you may draw from it in regard to ourselves."

Elihu stood up. "Friend Boynton, we believe you are an honest man."

"Yee, we do!" was repeated from bench to bench.

"I thank you," replied Boynton, in a breaking voice. "Then I can ask you to let me say that our failure is a profound mystery to me, and belies all our past experience. I do not ask you to believe this; I ask you to let me say it, and to let it remain with you as my last word. For myself, I cannot lose faith in the past and keep my sanity. But somehow I see that the power has passed from us. In any case our destiny is accomplished among you. We must go out from you self-condemned. Before we go, I wish to acknowledge all your kindness, and to ask your forgiveness for such words of mine as have wronged you. Come, Egeria."

The girl came forward to where her father stood, and he took her hand and passed it through his arm.

"You must n't leave us, Friend Boynton," said Elihu. "We wish you to stay. We wish you to stay," he repeated, at a dazed look of inquiry from the doctor, "and take all the time that you want for your investigations."

"Yee, that is so," assented all the voices in the room successively. Brother Humphrey alone continued silent, and he was ordinarily so undemonstrative that his tacit dissent would hardly have been noticed, but for his saying, before Boynton could collect himself for reply, "There ain't nothin' agin Friend Boynton but what he can clear up with a word to the elders, and I jine with ye all in askin' of him to stay."

"What do you mean?" demanded the doctor, turning fiercely upon him. "If you know anything against me, I wish you to speak out."

Brother Humphrey, who could scarcely have meant to intimate any mental reservation, hastened to answer in alarm,

"I ha'n't got any doubts of ye, Friend Boynton. I think just as the rest do. We'd believe you."

"Believe me about what? I insist that you speak out."

Humphrey looked at the faces near him for help, but there was only pity and surprise in them. "It ain't no time or place," he began.

"It is the very time and the very place," retorted Boynton. "There can be no other like it. I wish you to say what you mean before the whole family. There is nothing in my life which I wish secretly examined into. I absolve you from all your scruples, and I wish, I demand, I require, that you speak out."

Humphrey rose with a sort of groan. "I think," he said, "as much as any on ye that there ought to be forgivin' and forgettin', and I ain't one to bear resentment for revilin's that's been passed on Shakerism here to-night. But what I thought, if Friend Boynton was goin' to stay amongst us, he'd ought to have a chance to clear himself. We all know what's been flyin' about the neighborhood here, and it ain't fair to us, and it ain't fair to him, to let it go without a word. I don't want he should feel that we're tryin' on him, but I want him to know what's said, for all I don't believe in breakin' a bruised reed."

The doctor's haughtiness returned. "As I said before, if you have heard anything to my disadvantage, I wish you to speak out, — I demand that you shall speak out."

"I'm goin' to speak out, now," returned Humphrey more steadily, "and it ain't for anything that Friend Harris said, although I think ye'd ought to know what he did say."

"Who is Harris?" asked Boynton.

"He's the landlord of the Elm Tavern."

"What does he say?"

"Well," said Humphrey, with reluctance, "I think ye'd ought to know. He says you wa'n't sober that mornin' at

his house, and he could n't hardly git ye out." Humphrey turned very red, as if ashamed, and wiped his forehead with his napkin; Elihu and the brothers near him looked down, and a painful hush prevailed.

Boynton did not deign to notice this accusation. "And what does your friend Harris say of the occurrences attending our departure?" he demanded, contemptuously.

"He ain't no friend of our'n, except in the scriptural sense," replied Humphrey, doggedly. "But he says the' wa'n't no occurrences. Just a flash of tol'ble sharp lightnin', and that's all. The' wa'n't no raps, nor no liftin' o' table-tops, accordin' to his say."

"I am glad to have you so explicit," said the doctor, "and I think now I begin to understand the value of your family's generosity towards myself. Did your friend Harris say anything in aspersion of my daughter?"

"Nay," replied Humphrey.

"Then she probably remains as before in your estimation, and you would take her word against Harris's, highly as you value his testimony?"

"Nay, we don't value his testimony," interposed Elihu. "Your word is better than his. We believe you against him."

Boynton waved scornful rejection with his hand. "Oh, spare your flatteries, sir. I know what you think of *me*. But you would believe my daughter?"

"Yee, we would," answered the whole audience.

The doctor regarded them with a curling lip. "Egeria," he said quietly, "state to these people what occurred. Tell the truth." The girl was silent. "Speak!" cried her father.

"Father!" she gasped in agony, "I don't know. I have heard you say. But I was asleep and dreaming till that clap of thunder came."

"Then you remember nothing?"

"Oh, I can just remember our going

into that house, and our coming out of it. I forgot everything, — I was beginning to be crazy with the fever. But don't mind, — oh, don't mind, father! They believe you, — they said they did. Oh, you *do* believe him, don't you?" she implored of all those faces that swam on her tears.

Boynton reeled, and again the compassionate brother started up to save him from a fall. "Don't touch me!" he cried harshly. "Is there anything else?" he demanded, turning to Humphrey.

Elihu rose with an air of authority. "This must stop now. It has been a painful season; but no one here thinks that these friends have done anything wrong, or said anything false. We believe them, and we welcome them, if they choose, to stay with us."

"Yee, we do!" The assenting voices included Humphrey's.

"You welcome us to stay amongst you!" cried the doctor, with intense disdain. "Do you think that after what has just passed here any earthly consideration could induce me to remain another day, another hour, under your roof?" He had his daughter's hand in his arm, and he proudly pressed it as he spoke, drawing himself to his full height. "So much for ourselves! As for the experiments in which we have so ignominiously failed, I have no personal regrets. It would have been a pitiful triumph at best, if we had succeeded before you, and I cannot believe that the principle, the truth, involved can suffer by our defeat. We are simply proved unfit means for its development, — nothing more. Were it otherwise, were I persuaded that our humiliation was destined to arrest, or more than slightly retard, the progress of this science in men's minds, then I should indeed regard this night as the blackest of my life, and should be ready to lay down that life in despair. But, no! It is not given to any one weak instrument, mysteriously breaking in the presence of a few ob-

scure and sordid intelligences, to obstruct the divine intention. In this inradicable conviction, I bid you a final farewell."

He strode toward the door with his daughter on his arm. One of the elders said, meekly and sadly, "The meeting is dismissed," and the brethren and sisters dispersed to their different houses. Those of the office found themselves following Dr. Boynton thither. They apprehensively entered after him, dreading some fresh explosion, or some show of preparation for instant departure. But the rhetoric of his spectacular adieu had sufficed him for the present. He merely said, "Egeria, go to bed. You must be quite worn out. As for me, I can't sleep, yet. I will go out for a walk. Would you oblige me with a glass of water?" he added politely, turning to Sister Frances. When she brought it, "Thanks," he said, and handed back the empty goblet with a bow.

"Do you think you'd better walk far?" tremulously asked Egeria.

The touch of opposition restored him to his sense of wrong and resentment.

"Go to bed, Egeria," he said severely, "and don't any one sit up for me. I can let myself in at the side door when I wish to return."

He started away, but the girl put herself in his path to the door. "Oh, father! You won't go to see that man at the tavern, will you? Tell me you won't, or I can't let you go."

"Don't be ridiculous!" cried her father. "I have no idea of going to meet that ruffian. In due time I shall call him to account."

"Don't ye think, Friend Boynton," said Humphrey, with awkward kindness, "that you'd better try to get some rest?"

In the swift evanescence and recurrence of his moods under the strong excitement, Boynton was like a drunken man. After publishing his resolution not to accept the hospitality of the Shak-

ers for an hour more, he had walked passively to the office with them, and had bidden Egeria go to bed there, as if nothing had happened. At Humphrey's words, all his indignation was rekindled.

"Rest! No, sir! I will *not* try to get some rest. After what has passed, every offer of kindness from you is a fresh offense. You, Egeria, if you can close your eyes here, you are welcome. Doubtless you can. Your apathy, your total want of sympathetic response to my feelings and my will, may enable you to do so. But till some other roof shall cover us, I want no shelter."

No one sought to detain him, now, and going quickly from the door he left them huddled in a blank and purposeless group together.

"Poor thing!" said Sister Frances, first breaking the silence, as she turned to Egeria. "Oh, poor child!" She tried to take the girl in her arms; but with a pathetic "Don't!" Egeria prevented her, and averted her quivering face. She went out of the room and upstairs without a word or sound; but Frances creeping softly after, to listen at her door, heard her sobbing within the room.

XVI.

The hot weather, with here and there a blazing day in June, flamed into whole weeks of unbroken heat before the middle of July. The business streets were observably quieter, and the fashionable quarters were solitudes. At the club windows a few elderly men sat in arm-chairs, with glasses of iced Apollinaris water at their elbows, and stared out on the Common; some young men, with their hats on (if they perished for it), stalked spectrally from room to room behind them. The imported *bonnes* with their charges no longer frequented the Public Garden; it was thronged with the children and the superannuated of the poor, and with groups of tourists

from the South and West, who were finding Boston what so many natives boast it in winter, the most comfortable summer resort on the coast.

It was not Ford's habit to go out of town at all; for in his hatred of the narrow and importunate conditions of the village life which he had left behind him with his earlier youth, he had become an impassioned cockney.

"If you are so bitter against the country," said Phillips, who was urging an invitation to the sea-side upon him, "why don't you try really to be of the town as well as in it? Why don't you try to be one of us? Why don't you make an effort to fit in?"

"I don't like fitting in; I like elbow-room," answered Ford. "Do you suppose I should be fond of the town if I were of it? I should have to be one of a set, and a set is a village. If I am in the town, but not of it, I have freedom and seclusion. Besides, no man of simple social traditions like mine fits into a complex society without a loss of self-respect. He must hold aloof, or commit insincerities,—be a snob. I prefer to hold aloof. It is n't hard."

"And you don't think you do it to make yourself interesting?" inquired Phillips.

"I think not," said Ford.

"People would as lief be pleasant to you as not. But it ends there. They're not anxious about you," suggested the other.

"I believe I understand that." Ford was sitting at his window in his deep easy-chair; and he had his coat off. "That's what galls my peasant-pride. Suppose I went with you to this lady's house"—he touched with the stem of his pipe a letter which lay open on the table pulled near him—"and visited among your friends, the nobility and gentry: I should be reminded by a thousand things every day that I was a sham and a pretender. That kind of people always take it for granted that you feel and

think with them; and I don't. You can't keep telling them so, however. And suppose I tried to conform: I should be an amateur among professionals. They have the habit of breeding and of elegance, as they understand it. I may have a loftier ideal, but I have n't discipline; I can't realize my ideal; and they do realize theirs,—poor souls! That makes me their inferior; that makes me hate them." Ford took up his pipe.

"Oh," said Phillips, "you can put an ironical face on it, but I suspect what you say is really your mind."

"Of course it is. At heart I am a prince in disguise; but your friends won't know it if I sit with my coat off. That would vex me." He took up the letter from the table, and holding it at arm's-length admired it. "Such a hand alone is enough; the smallest letters half an inch high, and all of them shrugging their shoulders. I can't come up to that. If I went to this lady's house, to be like her other friends and acquaintance I should have to be just arrived from Europe, or just going; my talk should be of London and Paris and Rome, of the *Saturday Review* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of English politics and society; my own country should exist for me on sufferance through a compassionate curiosity, half repulsion; I ought to have recently dined at Newport with poor Lord and Lady Scamperton, who are finding the climate so terrible; and I should be expected to speak of persons of the highest social distinction by their first names, or the first syllables of their first names. You see, that's quite beyond me. 'And do bring your friend, Mr. Ford,'" he read from the letter mincingly, and laughed. "I leave it to your fertile invention to excuse me, Phillips."

He kindled his pipe, and Phillips presently went away. It was part of his routine not to fix himself in any summer resort, but to keep accessible to the invitations which did not fail him. He

found his account in this socially, and it did not remain unsaid that he also gratified a passion for economy in it; but the people who said this continued among his hosts. Late in the summer, or almost when the leaves began to turn, he went away to the hills for a fortnight or three weeks, providing himself with quarters in some small hotel, and making a point of returning to the simplicity of nature. In the performance of this rite he wore a straw hat with a wide brim, and a flannel shirt, and he took walks in the woods with the youngest young ladies among the boarders.

The intervals between his visits he spent in town, where he was very comfortable. When he went to the places that desired him, he explained that he had been in Boston trying to get Ford away. "Oh, yes! Your odd friend," said the ladies driving him home from the station in their phaetons. Phillips must have known that they did not care either for his odd friend or for his own oddity in having him, and yet he rather prized this eccentricity in himself.

The people in Ford's boarding-house went their different ways. Mrs. Perham remained latest, for Mr. Perham's health had not yet allowed his removal. He had had two great passions in life: making money and driving horses. By the time he had made his money he had a touch of paralysis, and could no longer drive horses. This separated him much from his wife, who liked almost as well as he to ride after a good horse (as it is expressed by people who like it), and whom, since she had been forced so much to books for amusement, he could not join. She read the newspapers to him, and she went with him to the theatres; but there they ceased to sympathize in their tastes, for she was not fond of swearing, and it was this resource which remained to Mr. Perham after the papers and the play.

The house filled up for the summer with those people from the West and

South who found the summer in Boston so pleasant, and with other transients; but many of the rooms and many of the places at the table remained vacant, and Mrs. Perham and Ford looked at each other across long distances, empty, or populated only by strange faces. At last Mr. Perham was able to bear removal; his wife seized the occasion and hurried him away to the country. That left Ford alone with the strangers, and he rather missed the woman's hungry curiosity, her cheerfulness, and her indomitable patience under what a more sympathetic witness might have felt to be the hard conditions of her life. He clung to the town throughout July and far into August, with a growing restlessness. He did not care for the heat, and he amused himself well enough when he found time to be amused. He made a point of studying the pleasures of all the different excursions in the harbor and beyond it; he studied also the entertainments offered at the theatres, where the variety combinations inculcated to small audiences a morality as relaxed as their systems.

One Sunday he went to the spiritualist meeting in the grove by Walden Pond. Most of the spiritualists were at a camp-meeting of their sect further up the road, and the people whom he met seemed, like himself, vaguely curious. They were nearly all country-folk: the young men had come with their sweethearts for pleasure; there were middle-aged husbands and wives who had brought their children for a day in the woods beside the pretty lake. Their horses were tied to the young pines and oaks; they sat in their buggies and carryalls, which were pushed into cool and breezy spots. The scene brought back to Ford the Sunday-school picnics of his childhood, but here was a profaner flavor: scraps of newspaper that had wrapped lunches blew about the grounds; at one place a man had swung a hammock, and lay in it reading, in his

shirt-sleeves ; on the pond was a fleet of gay row-boats, which, however, the railroad company would not allow to be hired on Sunday. Ford found the keeper of the floating bath-houses and got a bath. When he came out the man, with American splendor, refused to take any money ; he said that they did not let the baths on Sunday, but when he saw a gentleman he liked to treat him as one. "I hope you're not mistaken in my case," said Ford sadly ; and the bath-man laughed, and said he would chance it. Another of the people in charge complained of the dullness of the place. "What you want is a band. You want a dance-hall in the middle of the pond, here ; and you want a band." They pointed out the auditorium in a hollow of the hills across the railroad track, where at the hour fixed for service he found the sparse company assembled. A score of listeners were scattered over the seats in the middle of the pavilion ; outside, two young fellows who had come by the train leaned against the columns and smoked, with their hats on ; a young girl in blue, with her lover, conspicuously occupied one of the seats under the trees that scaled the amphitheatre, worn grassless and brown by drought and the feet of many picnics ; there were certain ladies in artificial teeth and long linen dusters whom Ford fixed upon as spiritualists, though he had no reason to do so. A trance-speaker was announced for the Invocation ; he came forward, where the fiddlers sat when there was dancing, and, supporting himself by one hand on the music-stand, closed his eyes and passed into a trance of wandering rhetoric, returning to himself in a dribble of verse which bade the hearer, at the close of each stanza,

"Come, then, come to Spirit-Land."

The address was given by another speaker, who declaimed against the injustice of the world towards spiritualism and boasted of the importance of its Unfoldments. He sketched its rise and

progress, and found an analogy between the "first lisping of the tinny rap at Rochester" and the advent of Christ, whom he described as the "infant Reformer in the man-ger," and again as our "humble elder brother." The people listened decently, and but for the young fellows with their cigars were as respectful as most country congregations to what was much duller than most country preaching. Ford came away before the end, and climbing the side of the amphitheatre encountered Mr. Eccles, who was also about to go. He shook hands with Ford, and on his present inquiry said that nothing had been heard of the Boyntons since the spring. He expressed a faded interest in them. He asked Ford if he had seen the experiments in self-expansion and compression of the new medium Mrs. Sims. He viewed these experiments as the ultimatum of certain moral fluctuations in the spiritual world, for if there was a steady movement either outward or inward in that world, Mrs. Sims might expand or might condense herself, but it stood to reason that she could not do both.

Ford came home with a headache ; when he woke, the next morning, the long window danced round the room before it settled to its proper place. He was not in the habit of being sick, and he suffered some days with this dizziness before he saw a doctor. Then he asked advice, because the sickness interfered with his work.

"Go away, somewhere," said the doctor. "It's indigestion. Get a change of air."

"Do you mean the sea-side?" asked Ford.

"I don't call that a change of air from Boston. Go to the hills."

Ford reflected a moment in disgust. He could have endured the sea-side. "Any particular direction?"

"No, go anywhere. Go to the White Mountains. Take a tramp through them."

"I'd rather take medicine," said Ford. "Give me some medicine."

"Oh, I'll give you all the *medicine* you want," said the doctor; and he wrote him a prescription.

Ford went home, and took his medicine with the same skepticism, and tried to keep about his work. The lectures which he had been attending were over long ago; but he had found a chance to do some study with a practical chemist which he was loath to forego; and he had his pot-boiling for the press. But his mind feebly relaxed from the demands upon it, and at last it refused to respond at all. He lingered a week longer in town before he would suffer himself to act upon the doctor's advice, and when at last he forced himself to submission it was the end of the month. As regarded such matters he was a man of small invention, and he was at a loss how to go, when he had made up his mind to it. He would have been glad of Phillips's determining counsel, but the time had now come for Phillips's annual return to nature, and he would be far from Boston and the North Shore. On his way to buy a Guide, Ford saw in the window of a railroad agency the advertisement of a route to the White Mountains, and he advised with the ticket-agent, who took no more interest in the matter than Ford himself, about getting a ticket over his line. It led first to Portland, and then, as the agent indifferently pointed out on the map, went straight to the mountains, with a bold, broad sweep, while rival routes, in spidery crooks, zigzagged thither with a preposterous, almost wanton, indirectness. Ford stood sadly amusing himself, first with the immense advantage of this line over all competitors, and then with the names of the towns near Gorham in New Hampshire, and in the adjoining region of Maine: Milan, Berlin, Success, Byron, Madrid, Avon, New Vineyard, Peru, Norway, Sweden, Industry, Paris, Carthage, — names con-

jecturably given at hap-hazard, or in despair, or out of humorous recklessness, as names are given to dogs and horses. He suddenly wondered whether Dr. Boynton came from Byron or Carthage, or perhaps a little farther off, from Cornville or Solon; and whether it were possible for anything self-respectful or sound of mind to come out of localities so outraged by vulgar or grotesque or poverty-stricken imaginations. Then he was aware of a sort of soreness at heart. If the opportunity had offered he would have chosen to make some further explanation to Boynton, — to own frankly, perhaps, that being urged by no strong sense of duty he was wrong to meddle in his business. As many of us do in like case, he imagined a convenient interview, in which, with a few words, he arranged the affair amicably with Boynton. He stood so long before the map that the agent lost his patience, and turned to his books; and Ford came away at last without buying a ticket.

At home he found a visitor whom his sick and dazzled eyes identified after a while as Phillips. "Hallo!" he said. "I thought you were somewhere in the country."

"Theoretically I am in the country," Phillips admitted, "but practically 'I am here,' — as Ruy Blas says." He neatly imitated the accent of the late Charles Fechter in pronouncing the words. "It occurred to me, before committing myself to the country irretrievably, that I would stop in Boston and try to commit you with me."

"Who told you I was sick?" asked Ford, with displeasure.

"Nobody. If I knew it, I divined it. If you are sick, so much the better. My plan is just the thing for you. I am going to drive in a buggy to Brattleboro', where I underwent the water cure — for my first passion. It was a great while ago. I want you to come, too."

Ford shook his head stupidly. "The doctor said the White Mountains."

"Yes, White Mountains, Green Mountains; it's all one. It's air that you're after. All you want is change of air. This journey will make another man of you. It's to be a journey for the sake of going and coming; and we will loiter or hurry on the way, just as we like. Come! I've planned it all out. It's to be an affair of weeks. I propose to make it an exploration,—a voyage of discovery. I wish to form the acquaintance of my native State, and of those men and brethren, her children, who have never left the domestic hearth. You had better come. It will be literary material to you, and money in your pocket. I thought of striking for Egerton, and looking in on the Perhams there, first; but we ought to stop on our way at Sudbury to see the Wayside Inn; and I must deflect a little to show you Concord, and the local history and philosophy; there are Shakers and all sorts of novelties at Vardley and Harshire; beyond Egerton is Princeton, with its Wachusett Mountain; and after that there is anything northwestwardly that you like; I have n't the map by me. My mare is pining on the second floor of her stable, and would ask nothing better than to form a third in our party."

"Oh, I'll go with you," said Ford listlessly.

"Good!" cried Phillips. "This is the fire of youth. If we get sick of it, we can send the mare back from any given point, and take to the rails. That is one of the advantages of having rails. It makes travel by the country roads a luxury, and not a necessary. I fancy we shall feel almost wicked in the pursuit of our journey,—it will be such unalloyed pleasure."

Phillips's mare was the remains of an establishment which he had set up some years before. It had included a man and a coupé, and he had relinquished these because of their expensiveness.

The man, especially, had been unable to combine the advantages of outside man and inside man; he made Phillips's lodgings smell of the mare, and he made the stable smell of Phillips's wine. The man was paid off and sent away, and the coupé was sold at auction; but with a conservative unthrift that curiously combined with his frugal instincts, Phillips had suffered the mare to linger on his hands. Sometimes he took her out for exercise from the club stable, where he had lodged her; but he had intervals of forgetfulness, in which the club-groom found it his duty to warn him that the mare's legs were swelling. She was consequently boarded out of town a good deal, and Phillips awoke to her possession only when the farmers' bills came in. At these times he said he should sell that mare.

Like men who are rarely out of sorts, Ford was eager to be well at once, and he chafed under Phillips's delays in getting off. But the latter, having secured Ford's company, began to arrange the details of their journey with minuteness, and it was several days before they started. Their progress had then even more than the promised slowness. Phillips was not only intent upon the pleasure of the journey, but also upon the search for colonial bricabrac, and this began as soon as they struck the real country beyond the suburban villages. All that was colonial was to his purpose, from tall standing clocks to the coarsest cracked blue delft: spinning-wheels, andirons, shovels and tongs, claw-footed furniture, battered pewter plates, door-latches and door-knockers, tin lanterns, fiddle-back chairs—his craze generously embraced them all. He did not buy much, but he talked as long over what he left as what he took. He was not the first connoisseur who had visited these farm-houses; the people sometimes knew the worth of their wares; in certain cases, he traced the earlier presence of rival collectors whom he knew.

Ford had nothing to do but to note the growth of the bargaining passion in the wary farm-wives. There were some who would sell nothing, and some had nothing they would not sell, and they asked too much or too little with the same simplicity. What most struck him was the entire rusticity of their thought and life. Off the lines of railroad, and out of the localities frequented by summer boarders, the people were as rural, within fifteen or twenty miles of Boston, as they would have been among the Vermont or New Hampshire hills. But the country was itself occasionally very wild, especially as they got southward in Sudbury, among overflowed meadows and long stretches of solitary pine woods. The sparse farm-houses and the lonesome villages afflicted him with the remembrance of his own youth; whatever his life had been since, it had not been embittered with the sense of hopeless endeavor, with the galled pride, with the angry ambition, which had once made it a torment in such places. But when they chanced upon some bit of absolute wilderness his heart relented towards the country; his jealous spirit found no more intrusion there than in the town; and he liked the wild odors, the tangle of vegetation, the life of the sylvan things. A hawk winging to covert under the avenging pursuit of small birds, a woodchuck lumpishly skurrying across an open field, the chase of chipmucks and squirrels along the walls, were sights that touched a remote and deep tenderness in his breast. As they drew near the old inn, which was the first monument Phillips had proposed to inspect, it was late in the afternoon, and the landscape grew more consolingly savage. No other house was near enough to be seen, and they approached the storied mansion through a long stretch of pine and sand, by a road which must be lonelier now than it was a hundred years ago. They dismounted under the elm before the vast yellow hostelry, and

explored its rambling chambers: they saw Lafayette's room and Washington's room; the attic for the slaves and common folk; the quaint ball-room; the bar; the parlor where Longfellow and his friends used to sit before the fire that forever warms the rhyme celebrating the Wayside Inn. They found it not an inn any more, though it appeared from the assent of the tenant that they might command an elusive hospitality for the night. The back-door opened upon the fading memories of a garden, and the damp of late rains struck from it into the sad old house.

"It would be delightful," Phillips said, "to stay, but I think we must push on to Sudbury for the night." He lingered over an old chest of drawers in the dining-room; not claw-footed, certainly, but with a bulging front, and with some fragmentary relics of its former brasses. But, "It has carried antiquity to the point where it ceases to be a virtue," he sighed at last. "It might be re-created; it couldn't be restored."

At Sudbury Village they found that there was no inn; though provision was occasionally made for wayfarers at the outlying farm-houses. They could be lodged in that way, or they could return for the night to the tavern in Wayland where they had dined. It was now twilight. "I think it will give an agreeable flavor of hardship to our adventure if we push on to Concord," said Phillips, and Ford willingly consented. They were no better assorted than ever in their strange companionship; but they had a good deal of talk. Phillips, looking planter-like, and looking also irregularly clerical, under his wide-brimmed hat, and armed against the dust in canvas shoes, as if it were a pedestrian excursion, was volubly philosophical; and Ford, under the stimulus of the novelty, was more than commonly responsive, and pointed his comment, as was very unusual in him, with bits of his own

history and observation. But the next day, after looking over Concord together, and making their start upon an early dinner, they had almost as little to say to each other as the tramps whom they met on the road, who had the air of not wishing to be disturbed in their meditations upon burglary and arson. They gave up their plan of stopping over night with the Harshire Shakers, and pushed on as far as Vardley instead, where they trusted to finding shelter in the community. They could spend the next morning there, Phillips said, and dine at Egerton; and Ford assented to anything.

XVII.

Boynton had passed the night wandering up and down the roads, and trying to puzzle out the causes of his discomfort. Towards morning he had gone as far as the Elm Tavern and walked to and fro before it a long time, debating whether he should go in and confront the landlord with his lie. The house was brilliantly lighted upon one side, where there seemed to be a hall running its whole length, and a sound of clattering feet and laughing voices, mingled with the half-suppressed squeak of a fiddle, came out of the open windows. It was the landlord who was fiddling; Boynton recognized his tones in the harsh voice that called out the figures of the dance. From time to time a panting couple came to the door for breath. Several women came together, presently, and catching sight of Boynton, as he lurked in the shadow of the elms, one of them called out, "Lord, girls, there's a ghost!" and they all fled in-doors again with hysterical cries and laughter. The word thrilled him with hope: what he had declared in regard to the phenomena there must be matter of general belief in the neighborhood. He stole away, borne forward as if on air by the tumult of cogitation that inflated

his brain. He found himself, he knew not how, again on the long street of the Shaker village. The day was breaking, when he sat down near the granite bowl, still struggling hopefully for a clew to the mystery of his failure. His waking dreams began to mix with those of sleep, and an hour later Ford and Phillips, roused by a common foreboding of early breakfast, and strolling down the road a little for a glimpse of the village and a breath of the fresh morning air, halted at sight of this strange figure, clothed in Shaker habiliments, and with the broad-brimmed Shaker hat on the grass at its feet; the eyes were closed, and the head rested against the trunk of one of the willows. A chilly horror crept over Ford, who whispered, "Is he dead?" but Phillips had no emotion save utter astonishment.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "It's Dr. Boynton!"

At the sound of his name Boynton opened his eyes with a start, and sprang to his feet. He recognized them instantly, but he took no heed of Phillips as he launched himself upon Ford.

"You here! You here! You here!" he screamed. "Now I understand! Now I see! Where were you last night? Were you in this place, this neighborhood, this region? I see it! I know why we failed,—why we were put to shame, destroyed, annihilated, in the very hour of our triumph! I might have thought of it! I might have known you were here! Did you hunt us up? Did you follow us? You have ruined me! You have blasted my life!"

With whatever wild impulse, he caught at Ford's throat, and clung to his collar, while the young man's iron clutch tightened upon either of his wrists.

"Let go, you maniac! If you don't let go, I'll"—

Boynton flung up his hands, and reeling several steps backward fell. He struck heavily against the sharp rim of the stone bowl, and seemed about to fall

into the water, but dropped at the base, motionless.

"My God, you've killed him!" shouted Phillips, as he stepped out from behind one of the trees.

"Go and get help!" answered Ford. He fell on his knees beside Boynton, and searched his breast with a trembling hand for the beating of his heart; he put his ear to his mouth, and heard him breathe before he dipped his hand in the bowl, and dashed Boynton's face with the water. He was kneeling beside him, and lifting his head upon his arm, when he looked up and saw the anxious visages of those whom Phillips's clamors had summoned about them. Then Egeria had made her way through the circle. She pushed Ford away with an awful look and stooping over her father caught up his head in her arms, and now swiftly scanned his face, and now swiftly pressed it against her breast, in those shuddering impulses with which a mother will see and will not see if her child be hurt.

The Shakers pushed a wagon down to the place where Boynton lay, and Ford afterward remembered helping to lift him into it.

"I'm glad you didn't strike him; I thought at first you had," said Phillips, as they followed the wagon back to the village.

"So did I," said Ford, mentally struggling to realize what had happened.

"What are they going to do, I wonder?" resumed Phillips, looking about him. "They ought to send for a doctor."

"Yee," said a Shaker at his elbow, whom neither of them had noticed, "we have sent."

The doctor came quickly; and Boynton, whom they had got into the infirmary upon the bed where Egeria had lain sick, began to show signs of consciousness soon. From time to time after he arrived, scraps of hopeful report were passed through the group outside to

Ford and Phillips on its skirts. When the doctor reappeared at last from within the infirmary, the brothers and sisters by twos and threes waylaid him in the yard and the street with anxious demand. The young men walking apart ambushed him farther down the road.

"It's a faint—I can't tell what it's complicated with. He received some contusions in his fall—about the head. He's an elderly man. He's stout."

"Do you mean that he's in danger?" Ford asked.

"Well, these apoplectic seizures are serious things for any one after thirty. Still it's a slight attack—comparatively. The contusions—I'm obliged to leave him for another patient just now. I shall be back again directly. Which of you is Mr. Ford?"

"My name is Ford."

"He wanted to know where you were. You a friend of his?"

"No. I met him in Boston this spring."

"Know his friends?"

"I don't."

"Get up!" said the doctor to his horse.

"If we knew any of his people," said Phillips, "I suppose we ought to telegraph."

"Yes," assented Ford.

"But, as we don't know them," continued Phillips, "what are we going to do?"

"I can't say." When they reached the office on their walk back, Ford went in, and left Phillips to get their horse put to. In a little while he came out again, and said abruptly, "I'm going to stay here. I can't say that I am responsible for the misfortunes of this man, but somehow I am entangled with him, and I can't break away without playing the brute. I've been talking with these people about Boynton. He's been trying some of his experiments here, and has failed. The thing happened last night, and I suppose that when he saw me,

this morning, his mind recurred to his old delusion that I had something to do with his failure."

"I imagined as much," said Phillips, "from a remark that he made."

Ford frowned at the levity, and continued. "That's all. I've explained to their head man, here, as well as I could, what relation he fancied I had to him, and they understood it better than I could have expected; they've seen enough of him to understand that his superstition about me would account for the assault. I'm not bound to respect his mania, but I don't see how I can leave till I know how it goes with him." Phillips shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. "The Shakers tell me that I can be lodged at a house of theirs down the road here. I must stay, and be of what use I can, though I don't *know* what. I'll come away when I can do so decently."

"Oh, if you're going in for decency," said Phillips, "I've nothing to say. But that sort of thing can be carried too far, you know. Do you really mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then there's nothing for me to say. But what do you expect me to do?" he asked, glancing at the horse, which was now brought up.

"I expect you to go on. There's no reason why you should stay."

"No, I can't see how I'm involved. And it's a brisk drive yet to Egerton,—and breakfast. There's no prospect of breakfast here, I suppose," he said, looking wistfully at the office windows. "Well; if you've made up your mind, I shall be off at once. I'm sorry for our excursion."

"Yes, it's a pity for that," said Ford.

"It promised everything. Perhaps you could join me at Egerton, to-morrow?"

"Yes; if I can."

"I'll give you a day's grace. Then I shall push on to Brattleboro', and per-

haps drop down this way with the falling leaf. I wish you'd write to me at Brattleboro', and let me know how the doctor gets on."

They shook hands. Ford pulled his bag out of the back of the wagon; and as Phillips drove off, he set out under the guidance of one of the brothers, to find his quarters in the house of which he had spoken. It had been the dwelling of a family of Shakers, which in the decay of their numbers was absorbed into the other branches of the community, and it stood half a mile away from the office, quite empty, but kept in perfect neatness and repair. He was given his choice of its many dormitories, but he preferred to have his bed set up in the meeting-room, which opened by folding-doors into an ante-room as large, and thus extended the whole length of the building. It was low ceiled, but cool currents of air swept through it from the windows at either end, and it was a still haven of refuge from the heat by night and by day. Hardly a fly sang in its expanse, dimmed by the shade of the elms before it; and it was indescribably remote from noise. The passing even of an ox-cart on the street before it was hushed by the thick bed of sand that silenced the roadway; and the heavy voice of the driver in hawing and geeing came like some lulling sound of animal life. A tenant of the Shakers lived in a farm-house across the way, and his wife had agreed to give Ford his meals and bestow what care his room needed; but these people were childless, and except for the plaintive lament of their broods of young turkeys pursuing the grasshoppers through the ranks of sweet-corn, their presence involved hardly an interruption of the quiet.

Ford hung up some clothes in a closet, and after a hurried breakfast went again to the office. He found Boynton's doctor there with Humphrey and the sisters, and presently Egeria came in from another room with a slip of paper in her

hand; her eyes were swollen with weeping, but she said in a low, steady voice, "This is grandfather's address."

"I don't want you to feel," said the doctor, "that the case is immediately alarming. There is no *necessity* for your grandfather's coming" —

"Oh, no! But if he knew that father was sick or in trouble, I know that he would like to be told." She gave the slip of paper to Humphrey, and without looking at Ford went out at the door, and he saw her cross the street to the infirmary. There was some talk as to how this dispatch should be sent, and Ford said he was going over to the village, and would carry it to the operator at the station. Outside, the doctor beckoned to him from his buggy, and said, "He has asked again if you were here. If he wishes to see you, you had better let him. Humphrey has told me what you explained to him. You can humor a sick man's whims, I suppose."

Ford really had another errand at Vardley; he wanted some ink and paper; for if he were to remain he must set to work as soon as possible. It was noon before he returned. With the lapse of time, that working mind, of which the operations are so obscure and incalculable, had unconsciously arranged its material in him, and when he sat down in his strange lodging he was able to put it all on paper, in spite of the remote, dull ache of anxiety which accompanied his writing.

His tea was ready by the time the work was done, but with the revival of his restlessness, upon the conclusion of his task and the release of the faculties devoted to it, he slighted the meal, and hastily started with his copy to the post-office.

He was met there by the telegraph operator, who asked him to carry back to the Shakers the reply to the telegram he had sent. He saw that he must be already identified with the Boyntons in the village gossip; but he did not observe

the kindly interest expressed in some words dropped by the operator, as he put the dispatch into his pocket, and walked away with it.

There was a light in Humphrey's room at the office when he returned, and he carried the telegram in to him, and waited while the Shaker brought his lamp to bear upon the sheet. Humphrey remained reading it as if it were a long, closely-written letter.

"You don't know what it says?" he asked at last, looking up over his spectacles.

"Why, no," said Ford. "I had no authority to open it."

"I thought may be the telegrapher might told ye. It appears as if Friend Boynton's father-in-law had been dead two months."

The dispatch, which Humphrey handed to Ford, was signed by "Rev. Frederick Armstrong," who promised that he "would write."

"I suppose," said Humphrey, "it's the minister."

"I suppose so," Ford admitted absently. He came to himself to ask, "What's to be done?"

Humphrey scratched his head. "I d' know as I'm rightly prepared to say. You don't know nothin' about Friend Boynton's other folks, do ye?"

"No," said Ford.

Another silence followed. "Seems to come kind o' hard, right on top of the *other* Providence," mused Humphrey, aloud. "Would it be your judgment to tell 'em?"

"Really, I don't know," said Ford, quite unable to shake off his sterile dismay.

"You don't feel," suggested Humphrey, "as if you'd like to break the news to 'em?"

"I doubt," answered Ford, glad to be able to lay hold of any idea, "whether Dr. Boynton is in a condition to know even that we've telegraphed, much less what the answer is."

"Yee," assented Humphrey, "that is so. Then it comes to tellin' Egery. If you was an old friend of the family" —

"I'm not," said Ford. "I told you that I saw them for the first time in Boston, this spring. Why need you say anything at all?"

"Why," returned Humphrey, with a gleam of hope, "I s'pose, if she asks, we'll have to."

"She may not ask at once. Don't speak till she does."

"That's so," mused Humphrey. "It could be done that way. I d' know as anybody could say they was deceived, either."

"Certainly not."

Humphrey put the telegram into a drawer and turned the key upon it. "She can have it when she asks for it," he said doggedly, like a man who has

made up his mind to accept the consequences of his transgression.

Ford drew a long breath; a little time had been gained, at any rate. "Can I be of any use over there to-night?" he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the infirmary. "Have you watchers?"

"Yee: Laban's settin' up with him, to-night; and Frances is there with Egery."

"If he asks for me," said Ford, "I should like you to call me at any hour."

He went out, and walked down the dark, silent road to his strange domicile.

Hearing him approach, the farmer came across the road, and opened the door for him, and gave him matches to light his lamp. Ford found his way to his vast chamber; but after he had blown out his light, it was long before he slept.

W. D. Howells.

BLUEBIRD'S GREETING.

OVER the mossy walls,
Above the slumbering fields
Where yet the ground no fruitage yields,
Save as the windy sunlight falls
And lies in a dream of harvest-yellow,
What voice remembered calls, —
So bubbling fresh, so soft and mellow?
It is the bluebird, whose faint carol shields
The prophecy we dare not else repeat.
A darting, azure-feathered arrow
From some lithe sapling's bow-curve, fleet
He rises, strong and light and narrow,
And sings in flight, with gurglings sweet:

"Out of the South I wing,
Blown on the breath of Spring:
The little faltering song
That in my beak I bring
Some maiden shall catch and sing,
Filling it with the longing
And the blithe, unfettered thronging
Of her spirit's blossoming.

“ Warbling along
In the sunny weather,
Float, my notes,
Through the sunny motes,
Falling light as a feather!
Flit, flit, o'er the fertile land
'Mid hovering insects' hums;
Fall into the sower's hand,
And when his harvest comes
The seed and the song shall have flowered together.

“ From the Coosa and Altamaha,
With a thought of the dim blue Gulf;
From the Roanoake and Kanawha;
From the musical Southern rivers,
O'er the land where the gray war-wolf
Lies slain and buried in flowers;
I come to your chill, sad hours
And the woods where the sunlight shivers.
I come like an echo: 'Awake!'
I answer the sky and the lake
And the clear, cool color that quivers
In all your azure rills.
I come to your wan, bleak hills
For a greeting that rises dearer,
To homely hearts draws me nearer
Than the warmth of the rice-fields or wealth of the ranches.

“ I will charm away your sorrow,
For I sing of the dewy morrow:
My melody sways like the branches
My light feet set astir:
I bring to the old, as I hover,
The days and the joys that were,
And hope to the waiting lover!
Then, take my note and sing,
Filling it with the longing
And the blithe, unfettered thronging
Of your spirits' blossoming!”

Not long that music lingers:
Like the breath of forgotten singers
It flies, — or like the March-cloud's shadow
That sweeps with its wing the faded meadow.
Not long, not long! But thy fleeting
And tender, flute-toned greeting,
O bluebird, wakes an answer that remains
The purest chord in all the year's refrains.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

THE democrats have appointed their national convention upon a date three weeks later than that chosen by the republicans, with the idea of taking advantage of any mistake their adversaries may make, and of selecting a presidential candidate peculiarly fitted to contend successfully with his antagonist. Their purpose is, therefore, to leave open the question of who shall be their nominee until after the republican convention does its work, thinking that their own course may be dictated by considerations of expediency, which can be clearly apprehended only when they shall have measured the strength and weakness of the Chicago candidate. Thus, they say, if Grant should be nominated, it may be wise for them to run a military man against him, to make sure that he would not stampede the democratic soldier vote; whereas, if Blaine, or Sherman, or some other civilian, should be selected, they could safely push aside the soldier candidates, for whom they have no particular liking, and pick out a statesman to head their ticket. This is all very well in theory, and has an appearance of shrewdness and foresight which commends it to the ordinary politician's understanding; but practically the plan cannot be carried out, because there is one democratic aspirant who is a candidate of his own motion, who has large influence with the party, and who does not propose to wait and see what the republicans will do, but is steadily organizing his resources to carry off the nomination at Cincinnati. I refer, of course, to Samuel J. Tilden. This remarkable man is, by all odds, the ablest political manager in the democratic party. Everybody concedes his superiority in working the mechanism of his party so as to produce the results he desires in conventions and elections. He believes himself entitled

to the nomination, because he won a victory, as he thinks, for his party in 1876, and was kept out of the presidency by the failure of the party leaders in Congress effectually to assert and enforce his rights. Now the only amends the party can make is to give him another chance. Therefore, he has no hesitation in putting himself forward, because he is not asking for a favor, but simply claiming his due.

The democrats have tried hard to escape from Mr. Tilden's candidacy; but whichever way they may turn he confronts them with his demand for the nomination. When they selected him as their leader in 1876, he had a reputation as a reformer which he had gained in the governorship of New York. He seemed to represent the best elements in the party. A great many people of the independent-voter class looked upon him as a type of the upright, Spartan style of statesman, which is, unhappily, exceedingly rare in all parties. All the fine halo of superior purity which hung about him then vanished long since. The income tax suits and the exposure of the cipher dispatches dispelled it, and left him completely bare of the imaginary merits that had been attributed to him. He now appears in his real character of an unusually astute, practical politician and a very rich gentleman, with no use for his surplus wealth save to promote his political ambition. His personal popularity vanished with his reputation for lofty statesmanship, so that to-day he is probably the least liked of all the aspirants for the democratic nomination. In fact, there cannot be said to be any element in any State that feels the slightest disposition to hurrah at the mention of his name. And yet he so far leads all his competitors in the race that it is impossible to distinguish any one

among them whom he has reason to fear as a dangerous rival.

To find the secret of what the newspapers call Mr. Tilden's grip upon his party, we must look at the composition of the party and its situation in the approaching contest. It cannot plan a battle for the whole country, laying down a few general issues on which it differs with its rival, and placing its standard in the hand of its most popular leader. It must accept the fact that its main and only reliable strength is in the South, and must shape its course accordingly. The South is solidly upon its side, because it opposed the war, resisted emancipation, and fought all the measures for giving the blacks suffrage and citizenship. The attitude of the South has the effect of inclining the whole North strongly towards the republican party. The democrats count with certainty upon but one State in the North, and that is Indiana, and they are probably reckoning with too great confidence upon that State; but its action in 1876, and since, seems to warrant them in claiming it. Now, they must add to the electoral vote of the solid South that of Indiana, and also that of New York, or of a group of States equal in power to New York, if they are to succeed. The closeness of recent elections in New York, the fact that it went for Tilden in 1876 and for Seymour in 1868, makes it better policy to play the game with a view to securing its big vote than to endeavor to carry three or four other States, where the chances are not as good. Therefore, the first point to be considered on the democratic programme is, Who has the best prospect of carrying New York?

When John Kelly and the Tammany organization rebelled against Tilden's leadership, last fall, and drew off over seventy thousand votes from the party, thus defeating Governor Robinson for reelection and enabling Mr. Cornell to succeed by a bare plurality, it looked as if Tilden's presidential chances were

ruined. Everybody saw that if the split were continued until the meeting of the national convention he must abandon his only valid and recognized claim upon the nomination, that of ability to secure the electoral vote of New York. But Mr. Tilden was not dismayed. His plan was to fight the rebels first, and conciliate them afterwards. He showed them, at the November election, that after all their efforts he still had the masses of the party under his complete control. Then he waited for their common sense to get the better of their anger, and early in the spring he set on foot a movement towards a reconciliation. Up to this time the peace negotiations have not been successful. Mr. Kelly holds out, and intends to have a state convention of his own and send a contesting delegation to Cincinnati, but Mr. Tilden's friends are confident that the admission of a portion of the Tammany delegates to the national convention will take the edge off Mr. Kelly's weapons and bind him and his followers to support the ticket. They believe he will not dare fight the nominee of the convention, whatever he may say now. A democrat who should try to throw away the best chance his party has had to elect a president since 1856 would find himself in a very uncomfortable position.

Many of the democratic leaders outside New York have serious doubts of Mr. Tilden's ability to carry that State this year, and believe that a military man like Hancock, or a semi-military man like Palmer, or a popular statesman like Randolph, or a dark horse, would have a much better chance; but they are at the same time convinced that nobody would have any chance at all if Tilden should make the refusal of the convention to nominate him a personal grievance, and should decline to give his help in the New York canvass. Herein is one of Mr. Tilden's strong points. He is not merely an aspirant for the

nomination, — he is a claimant. He demands the place as his right, and the party is afraid to repulse him. Prudent democrats say, "Perhaps we could do better in New York with some one else, but what should we do there if Tilden should set about giving the State away; or even if he should only take his hands off the organization he has built up, and tell us to run it ourselves? We should be ruined."

Many efforts have been made to plan a victory without the electoral vote of New York, but no one has been able to figure out a promising result. If General Ewing had carried Ohio last year, a Western and Southern combination might have been effected, and the battle-ground of 1880 shifted from New York to Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. But Ewing was beaten, and the whole West, except Indiana, where no general election was held, reaffirmed in a very positive manner its adhesion to the republican party. At the same time, the New York election, while it resulted in an apparent republican victory, showed that the democrats had cast more votes for their two gubernatorial candidates than the republicans had cast for Mr. Cornell. The abandonment of all projects for a Western campaign followed as an inevitable sequence, and New York again became the key of the position.

If by the time the Cincinnati convention meets the democratic leaders should become convinced that Mr. Tilden is not an available candidate, and their fears of his ill-will should diminish, they may succeed, by a heroic effort, in shaking him off. In that case, a number of candidates who are now in the background would come to the front. A list of possible nominees, stretched to include everybody who has been much talked about in the newspapers in connection with the presidency, would include Hancock, Randall, Field, English, Seymour, Thurman, Bayard, Hendricks,

McClellan, Randolph, Palmer, Jewett, and David Davis. General Hancock would probably have the best chance, because he has no enemies among politicians, and because the motives leading to the setting aside of Tilden would be likely to incline the convention towards a military man. Besides, the South has a cordial liking for Hancock, on account of his friendly expressions and conduct while he was in command at New Orleans. His prominence as a candidate arises from the fact that he is the only democrat in high position in the army. If the democrats want a soldier conspicuously identified with the suppression of the rebellion to run against General Grant, they are limited to Hancock. His war record is as glorious as that of any corps commander, and there is a conservatism and solidity about his character which would inspire confidence among people who look with distrust upon the ordinary run of democratic politicians. His weakness as a candidate before the convention lies in the fact that his native State of Pennsylvania, of which he is nominally a resident, has in Speaker Randall a man who stands very near to Mr. Tilden, and would be likely to be the legatee of the transferable part of his effects, in case he should be forced to withdraw. Mr. Randall can secure delegates from Pennsylvania to the Cincinnati convention, and General Hancock cannot, unless Senator Wallace, who is Randall's rival for the leadership of the Keystone democracy, should espouse his cause. A candidate who lacks the support of his own State has a poor chance in a national convention. It is possible, however, that the cordiality felt throughout the South towards Hancock may offset the lukewarmness of Pennsylvania. If nominated, he would undoubtedly prove a very formidable candidate. The republicans are more afraid of him than of any other man upon the democratic slate.

Mr. Randall's strength, as I have said

above, consists mainly of the votes which Mr. Tilden might transfer to him in the convention. His personal following would be limited to a portion of the Pennsylvania delegation and a few scattering votes from the South. He is a man of more than ordinary ability and force of character, as is shown by his vitality as a politician; but with all the opportunities of the speaker's chair, he has not succeeded in building up a power of his own, as Blaine did while he occupied the place. One cause for his failure in this direction is his rugged, uncompromising nature, and another is the distrust in which Pennsylvania politicians of both parties are held in other States. For a long time it has seemed as if no good thing in the way of a statesman could come out of Pennsylvania. The politicians of that State go about in strait-jackets put upon them by the provincialism of their constituents, and often owe their places more to powerful rings and corporations than to the public favor.

Judge Stephen J. Field, whom Lincoln put upon the supreme bench because he wanted a justice versed in the land laws and old Spanish grants of the Pacific coast, is also a warm friend of Mr. Tilden, and political gossips are divided on the question of whether he or Speaker Randall is the preferred heir of Tilden's political power. The judge has been a democrat for some years past, — how many I would not venture to say, — and his action upon the bench, in cases where political questions are involved, is in harmony with the views of his party. He was a member of the electoral commission of 1877, and was credited at the time with laying down the main line of argument on which the minority of seven members took their stand in voting to reject the returns from South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. A Pacific coast candidate would be a novelty in a presidential contest, but it is hard to see what elements of popularity Judge Field

has to draw upon to serve him in a close struggle. He is a retiring man, personally known to but few, and his sympathies have been on the side of the great California corporations rather than on that of the masses.

If the respect of both parties were the best qualification for a democratic candidate, Senator Bayard would have a good chance to obtain the Cincinnati nomination. Republicans as well as democrats admire him for his consistent course upon all public questions, his breadth of view, his freedom from narrow partisan and personal influences, and the purity and elevation of his character. The Southern democrats would prefer him to any other candidate if they thought he could be elected, and a majority of the Eastern democrats strongly incline towards him on account of his steadfast adhesion to the specie-basis side of the currency question. Doubts as to his availability are likely, however, to counterbalance the high regard felt for him as a representative of the best type of statesmen the democratic party has produced in its later days. He comes from the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line. The war has not entirely wiped out that once famous political boundary. As a senator from one of the old slave States, he is identified in the Northern mind with the South. He did not side with the rebellion, it is true, but he opposed the coercion of the seceded States in a speech made in 1861, which has just been resurrected, much to the detriment of his candidacy. If nominated, he would be fought by the republicans as a Southern man, personifying the Bourbonism of that section, and a mass of material would be raked up from his senatorial record to prove that he still sustains the state-rights heresy which cost the country four years of civil war, and has never given in his adhesion to the doctrine of full national supremacy. His nomination would thus bring up the very questions upon which

the democrats do not want to go to the people this year, — the questions which they foolishly raised in the extra session of 1879, and which they are now trying hard to have the North forget. While admitting, therefore, that Mr. Bayard would make an excellent president, and wishing that he might be elected, most practical democratic politicians think it would be unsafe to put him on the Cincinnati ticket.

The chances of Mr. Thurman are not as good as they appeared to be two years ago, before he abandoned the position upon the money question which he had steadfastly held in spite of all the vagaries of his party in Ohio and the West. He stood firmly by the old democratic traditions of hard money until 1878, never once wavering in the struggles of twelve years in Congress over the questions growing out of the currency and the public debt. None of the schemes for paying off the government bonds with greenback notes and for making money out of paper by the fiat of the government received any countenance from him. But in 1878, when his party at home had gone wholly astray after soft-money idols, he had a moment of weakness. Fearing, no doubt, that the leadership of the Ohio democracy, and with it all chance for the presidential nomination in 1880, would be lost to him, he compromised with the theories he had before so courageously and consistently antagonized. He did not go to the extent of embracing the fiat-money heresy, but in a speech upon the stump, at the opening of the Ohio campaign, he declared in favor of substituting greenbacks for national bank-notes, and opposed resumption on the first of the ensuing January, the date fixed by the law he had helped to make. This was a fatal concession. The soft-money element was not satisfied with his half-way conversion, and still preferred its former leaders, and the hard-money faction was profoundly chagrined at the defection

of one of its chief champions. Mr. Thurman thus forfeited the respect of both factions without gaining any new strength, and he lost at once the character he had always borne of being a man who held to his convictions, no matter what might be the drift of the popular current. The Eastern democracy, with whom he had been a favorite presidential candidate, dropped him incontinently, and the Western democracy gave no signs of displacing in his favor the original chiefs of the anti-bank and irredeemable greenback movement. Mr. Thurman's principal strength is now in the South, where the democrats care much less for the money question than for states rights. A Virginiian by birth, and a steady adherent of the Southern side of all issues affecting the relations of the States and the nation, it is not surprising that he should have many friends in that section. His nomination at Cincinnati hardly looks possible. It could come about only by the union of an almost solid Southern vote with Ohio and three or four other Western States, and such a combination can be regarded only as a very remote contingency.

Mr. Hendricks is another candidate who has waned of late. He was an aspirant for the presidency in 1876, and took the second place on the St. Louis ticket with a good deal of reluctance, rightly thinking that it was hardly consistent for the convention to ask one who had led the democratic party in the United States senate to subordinate himself to a New York State politician who had never held a national office. After the election he felt himself under no obligation longer to play the part of lieutenant to Mr. Tilden, and his friends almost immediately placed his name upon the list of expectant candidates for 1880. At one time, when a contest between the Eastern and Western democrats over the currency question seemed inevitable, it looked as though Mr. Hendricks would be made the standard-bear-

er of the Western men and would carry off the nomination by the aid of the South. That time has gone by, however, and with it Mr. Hendricks' prominence as a candidate. He is too colorless a man in his opinions to attract the attention of the public. His habit of avoiding pronounced expressions upon the questions of the day has got for him the epithet of "fence-straddler." This ability to balance himself in the middle of questions which divide his party might, however, make him an available candidate if the convention should have to cast about for a Western man who would meet the requirements of expediency.

Indiana has another candidate — one of the dark horse kind — in William H. English, a wealthy banker, who was in Congress before the war, and became prominent as the author of compromise measures. It is nearly twenty years since he left public life. If he should be brought back by the Cincinnati convention, it would more likely be as a candidate for vice-president, on a ticket with Mr. Tilden, than as the head of the ticket. His chances for the first place are too remote to be worth discussing.

Senator David Davis was supposed at one time to have a fair prospect of being adopted as the democratic leader. That was when it was thought probable that the party would be drawn, by fear of defeat, to nominate a man not identified with its past, in the hope of securing the independent, non-partisan vote. Davis used to be a sturdy republican. He was the law partner and intimate friend of Lincoln, who placed him upon the supreme bench. He made the mistake of leaving an eminent judicial position, for which he was well fitted, to enter the arena of politics, where he has shown no special ability. A combination of democrats and independent republicans in the Illinois legislature sent him to the senate, and his election under such circumstances naturally disig-

nated him as an available presidential candidate, in case the democrats should think it necessary to take a man sitting across the party line. They manifest no disposition now to resort to such an expedient; consequently, the candidacy of Judge Davis is scarcely hypothetical.

General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, has some newspaper prominence as a possible candidate. He was a successful volunteer general, and after the war was elected governor of his State by the republicans. He joined the liberal movement in 1872, and after the defeat of Greeley went over to the democracy with Trumbull, Julian, Farnsworth, and other eminent Western republicans. As a distinguished volunteer soldier and a politician who had no connection with the democratic party during the time when it sympathized with slavery and rebellion, he has strong points of availability, but he seems to have no positive support outside of Illinois.

The opponents of Mr. Tilden, in casting about for some other eminent democrat in whose behalf a claim to peculiar strength in New York could be urged, have made more than one effort to draw Horatio Seymour from the retirement of his farm into a position of either active or passive candidacy. He has constantly refused, however, to lend himself to their purpose: perhaps from a sincere aversion to reënter the arena of political struggle; perhaps because he is wiser than his officious friends, and knows that he has no hold on the machinery of his party, and could not, if he tried, displace the men who now manipulate the levers and wires. If Mr. Seymour could be nominated, he would be a strong candidate with his party, which entertains a feeling akin to reverence for him, awakened by his high personal character, his age, the association of his name with the better days of the party, and his freedom from all connection with the factional quarrels that have distracted it of late years. But there would be

no attraction in his candidacy to draw to him the element that lies between the two parties, and not the least ability to cut into the republican vote.

Judge Sanford E. Church has a small circle of ardent admirers among the New York democratic politicians, who think no man in the country has equal qualifications for the presidency; but his following is hardly considerable enough to entitle him to a place on the list of candidates.

Two New Jersey names are usually mentioned as bare possibilities in connection with the Cincinnati nomination, — those of General McClellan and Senator Randolph. McClellan has no perceptible following outside of his own State. His election as governor has not given him fresh national prominence. With most people he is only a faded recollection of the war, and of the democratic campaign against Lincoln in 1864. Randolph would be a much more available candidate, and if Tilden were out of the way might have a chance of rallying a strong Eastern following; but it is doubtful whether so unimportant a State as New Jersey would in any case be called upon to furnish the nominee.

There remains but a single possible candidate to mention. Hugh J. Jewett, a wealthy and prominent railroad manager, formerly of Zanesville, Ohio, and now of New York, has had some commendation of late in quarters where it is thought that success in business ought to be the best passport to political preferment. Mr. Jewett was once elected to Congress, but resigned in the midst of his term, feeling more interest in his own affairs than in those of the nation. Thus far no showing of real political strength has been made for him. The statement that the railroad magnates are ready to support him with moral and material aid will hardly commend him to a party which is fond of assailing these modern potentates.

If the situation as described in the

foregoing pages is not materially changed before the meeting of the Cincinnati convention, the result which we have most reason to expect from the action of that body is obviously the nomination of Mr. Tilden. Second in the order of probability is the choice of General Hancock, to give the ticket the appearance of unionism and loyalty and the decorative adjuncts of sword and epaulets. If neither Tilden nor Hancock is selected, we may look for the nomination of some close friend of Tilden, like Randall or Field, or for the success of a dark-horse candidate, — perhaps some man not even included in the ample list here presented.

It is scarcely germane to the purpose of this article to go into a discussion of the prospects of the democrats for succeeding in the presidential campaign of the present year. Such a discussion would be premature at this time. It is easy to see, though, that much will depend upon the course of the republicans. In fact, the democrats have more to hope from the errors of their adversaries than from their own strength and sagacity. They are at a great disadvantage from the want of a plain and important national issue upon which they can all agree, and upon which they can go before the public with an air of earnestness, sincerity, and patriotism. Their one foundation principle is that of the limitation of the powers of the general government and the maintenance of the rights of the States. It is a very respectable, statesman-like principle, and might well enlist in its defense the efforts of a large portion of the people, had it not been so stained with treason and blood by the rebellion. The attempt to reassert it, last summer, by repealing the federal election laws, was so badly managed, and had so much the appearance of revolution, that it brought renewed opposition upon the democratic party, and lost it the fall elections in every Northern State. It will not be prudent, therefore, to say

much about state rights in the Cincinnati platform. The bank issue would be popular in the West, but the Eastern democracy would not accept it, because they do not believe in an exclusive green-back currency. Just so with the tariff issue, — the Eastern wing of the party refuses to join in an assault on protective duties. The errors of Grant's administration, out of which the democrats were enabled to make so much capital in the campaign of 1876, have not been repeated by President Hayes, and no issue can be made out of his management of the government. A national canvass cannot well be conducted by any party without some issue, real or imaginary, and the democrats, in their embarrassment, are hoping that the republicans will furnish them with one by nominating General Grant. They would be relieved at once of their trouble if the third-term scheme should succeed at the Chicago convention. They would take the offensive in the campaign, accuse their opponents of imperialistic tendencies, of violating the sacred tradition and unwritten law of two terms only, of placing Grant above Washington, and of intending to make him president for life; and they would claim for themselves the credit of resisting an attempt to undermine our free institutions. They would pay no attention to the counter attacks upon them for their revolutionary performances in Congress last summer, but would hammer away on the single point, "No third term, — no perpetual pres-

ident, — no Cæsar!" That they would be able to carry with them the independent vote which constitutes the balance of power in the close States I think no one can question who has not an over-weening faith in the popularity of General Grant. When it is remembered that the State of New York, which will, beyond any reasonable doubt, elect the candidate for whom it votes this year, gave a majority — divided and ineffectual, it is true, but still a majority — against Mr. Cornell last fall for no other apparent cause than his identification with Grantism, it will be seen how strong will be the democratic chances of success this year if they have General Grant to fight. If Grant steps aside, or is beaten in the Chicago convention, they will be obliged to choose between making the most of Mr. Tilden, his grievance, and his fraud cry, rendered ridiculous by the exposure of the cipher dispatches, and trusting, with some other candidate, to the readiness of the people to seek a change in administration, after twenty years of unbroken republican supremacy, without presenting them with any special reasons for such a change. At the worst, however, the democratic case cannot be said to be desperate. A party that controls the electoral vote of every Southern State, no matter what principles it may propound or what course it may pursue, and that consequently only needs to carry New York and one other Northern State to win, is not beaten in advance.

BRITISH AMERICANISMS.

I HAVE heretofore had occasion to show — and have shown — that British writers are over-ready to pronounce, each not only for himself but for all, any word or phrase which has not a fa-

miliar sound to him an Americanism, and that, moreover, in so doing they put the American stamp upon speech fabric which is not only of their own home-make, but which is in every-day

use in their workaday life, the very homespun linsey-woolsey of their garb of thought, the household words of the humblest and the highest of their own people. Fact and reason seem to set no limit to this blundering. I do not quite despair of seeing "am and heggs" declared to be an Americanism. Among my memorandums of words erroneously thus stigmatized is the following paragraph from a London newspaper, the name of which I have unfortunately lost, but that is of little importance to our present purpose:—

"America is more anxious to hear about Stanley and Livingstone than is England. Mr. Stanley has accepted an engagement to deliver in the United States a series of lectures upon his explorations in Africa and his discovery of the great father of all explorers, the Marco Polo of the unknown continent. The terms of his contract are, to use an American word, *lucrative*. The number of lectures is specified, the time is limited."

And first I shall say that I think that every American reader will find the close of the first sentence jar upon his ear. It is a very obtrusive example of a construction which, although not absolutely new, is new in its common use in ordinary prose writing, and which has come greatly into favor of late years among British writers not of the first class, who use it to avoid what they regard as the "inelegance" of closing a sentence with a monosyllable. This seems to me a miserable affectation, and the result a very poor sort of English prose. The putting of the verb before its subject in such bald and simple prose as this is wholly at variance with the spirit of English speech. No English-speaking man, not even this writer, I am sure, would say, if he were talking, "America is more anxious than is England," but "than England is." Why, then, when he is writing such very level and every-day prose as this is, should he

make such a violent and striking inversion? This fashion has been adopted here to a certain degree; but it is very much more prevalent among British prose writers than it is among our own, although it is rarely found on the pages of those of the highest rank. I do not remember having met with it in Macaulay, or in George Eliot, or in Matthew Arnold, or in Cardinal Newman. Perhaps, however, I am condemning what is offensive merely to my own personal taste; in which case I can only plead that all criticism which is not scientific is necessarily more or less an expression of the personal taste of the critic.

As to the charge of Americanism in this paragraph, that, it need hardly be said, is a matter not of taste, but of fact; and of the fact in this case the writer was grossly and unpardonably ignorant. A mere reference to Johnson's dictionary would have shown him that *lucrative* is a well-established English word, and that it was used by an English writer so eminent as Bacon at a time when modern English was at its best, and when there could not have been such a thing as an Americanism in language or in anything else:—

"And it is to be noted that the trade of Merchandize, being the most *lucrative*, may bear usury at a good rate: other contracts not so." (Essays: Of Usurie.)

The word also is found in Cotgrave's French-English dictionary, 1611.

It may be of interest to the general reader to remark that *lucrative* is one of a class of words which are not formed upon their apparent stem or base. By no system of English development can you make *lucrative* from *lucre*. It is a mere English form of the Latin *lucratus*, which is formed from a verb *lucror*, which is in turn formed upon the Latin noun *lucrum*, whence comes our *lucre*. This is a roundabout way for English-speaking folk to get a word for their daily speech. And indeed *lucrative* is

a poor, pretentious superfluity to people who have so good a word as *gainful*, from which it has not a shade of difference in meaning. I wish that it were an Americanism, for then it would not be English.

It seems that the very word which I remarked upon, in the article upon English in England, as being the only one that I met with there which was entirely new to me, *singlet*, is one that might have been, and may yet be, stamped as an Americanism! For, as I then said, it is in no English dictionary; I found people even in Lancashire who had never heard it, and did not know what it meant, and yet I am informed by a correspondent that it is in use in Pennsylvania, and that he has seen it there in a newspaper report of a baptizing according to the practice of the Baptists. The immersion took place in winter through the ice; and it was announced that a woman who was baptized "wore nothing but a flannel *singlet*." This is interesting; but of its value as evidence I have doubts. Not doubts, I hasten to say, that my correspondent saw the word thus used, but doubts that this single case of use was a sign of an American usage. That case, and others in the same quarter, might be accounted for by the presence in the neighborhood of a few emigrants from Lancashire, or even of a reporter born and bred in Lancashire; for English reporters of all nativities are scattered pretty freely through the country. What is needed to show the so-called Americanism of the word is evidence that *singlet*, meaning a single garment, is in colloquial use among people whose grandfathers were born in America.

The word is one of some interest. I have found it in Tim Bobbin's *Lancashire Glossary*. It appears also in Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's valuable *Archaic and Provincial Dictionary*, where it is assigned to Derby, and where it has this gloss: "An unlined waistcoat. When double or lined it is called a

doublet." I mentioned before that its sufficiently obvious connection (*e converso*) with *doublet* occurred to me, and enabled me to understand it when I saw it for the first time on my printed washing-bill in Liverpool. I find that in the great and matchless *Etymological Dictionary of the English language* by the Reverend Walter Skeat, now in course of publication, *doublet* is defined as "an inner garment," — a definition which I read with some surprise. For all through the time when doublets were worn the word *doublet* is used to mean unmistakably an outer garment, — the outer garment of a man, that which had the place now taken by the waistcoat and the coat; unless, perhaps, the waistcoat has the place of the doublet, and the coat that of the short cloak. Minsheu, in his *Spanish-English lexicon*, 1599, gives *jubón* as the Spanish for *doublet*; and *jupon*, the same word, is defined by Cotgrave, in his *French-English lexicon*, 1611, as meaning "a short cassokke." When Hamlet came in "with his doublet all unbraced," was it an inner garment that Ophelia saw open? When Falstaff was "eight times thrust through the doublet" (on Shrewsbury field, and by Shrewsbury computation), was it his inner garment that suffered? When Rosalind, on hearing that Orlando was in the forest, exclaimed, "What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" it surely was the outermost of all her garments, that which could be seen by everybody, as to which she was in perplexity. And Thurio, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says, "My jerkin is a doublet." But more than two hundred and fifty years before Shakespeare wrote these passages, Chaucer had shown the place of the doublet:—

"This knight tho in armes twaine
This lady took, and gan her saine
'Alas, my birth; wo worth my life!'
And even with that he drew a knife
And through gowne, *doublet* and sherte
He made the blood come from his herte."
(Chaucer's *Dream*, l. 1713.)

The doublet was the close-fitting outer garment next above the shirt, and over which, in full dress, there was worn a gown or cloak. The painful research of Mr. Halliwell deserves all praise, and Mr. Skeat's position as *facile princeps* of all English scholars makes it almost presumption for a man of inferior acquirements to differ from him. But let us consider this little question of costume, adding to the light that has already been thrown upon it that of the illustrative dramatic passage to which I made allusion two months ago, and which I have since looked up. It is in Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, Act II. Scene 1. Bianca speaks of herself as going "thus singly" from her chamber, and directly afterward she speaks of her garment as "this robe of shame." From all this evidence I infer that a person clad singly had on but one garment, which was therefore called a singlet, and that the doublet was so called, not because it was double, or was lined, but because it doubled the clothing of the wearer, and thus was not an inner but an outer garment.

And now let us look at a few more of these alleged Americanisms, which, we are told, are so numerous as to fill a great octavo volume. We shall find that the study will advantage us in one respect, at least: it will teach us — English.

Mad, in the sense inflamed with anger, very angry, vexed, is, we are told, perhaps an English vulgarism, but quite unrecognized by good writers or speakers. The word is frequently found in this sense in Pepys's *Diary*. For example, under date of September 6, 1666: —

"To the office, where the falseness and impertinencies of Sir W. Pen would make a man *mad* to think of."

Again, it occurs in this delicious picture of household life and feminine account-keeping, in which respect it will be seen that Mrs. Pepys was a very singular woman: —

"Coming home to-night, I did go to examine my wife's accounts, and finding things that seemed somewhat doubtful, I was *angry*, though she did make it pretty plain, but confessed that when she do misse a sum she do add something to other things to make it, and upon my being *very angry*, she do protest that she will here lay up something herself to buy her a necklace with, which *madded* me, and do still trouble me, for I fear she will forget by degrees the way of living cheap and under a sense of want." (September 29, 1664.)

The famous diary furnishes at least a dozen such examples. A writer contemporary with Pepys, but of a different school, uses it in the same sense: —

— "to see them all so desperately *madded* with the fear of being accounted holy." (Ellis, *The Gentile Sinner*, 1672, page 187.)

So much as to the past. As to the present day, it is used commonly enough by good English writers in the same sense, of which here are instances: —

"What should be said to the thousands of men who live well and make money by professing to make peace between the Omnipotent and All-Wise God and the beings which he, knowing what he was about, I suppose created? It makes me *mad* to think of it." (Earl of Pembroke, *South Sea Bubbles*, chapter iv.)

"At length it [a festival] came off, and, for one happy invited guest, made a hundred *mad* who were not invited." (*Life in the Nineteenth Century*, Temple Bar, June, 1873.)

Mahogany. Under what possible pretense is this word foisted into a collection of words "usually regarded as peculiar to the United States?" What human creature on the outside of a lunatic asylum ever so regarded it? Were it the name of something peculiar to the United States, it would have no proper place here; but it is not even that. *Mahogany* is a product of South and Cen-

tral America, and was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards, who took possession of those countries. Hence it was known in England as Spanish mahogany before the time when there could have been any Americanisms, and that name has adhered to it until the present day. In the bagman's story in the *Pickwick Papers*, the queer arm-chair, asserting its dignity and claiming attention, says, "Come, come, Tom, that's not the way to address solid Spanish mahogany."

It is remarkable, by the bye, that the *h* difficulty produces an effect upon the lower-class pronunciation of this word. Although the *h* comes in the interior of the word, yet as the syllable in which it appears is accented, the *h* is not sounded, and the result is not simply *mahogany* without the *h*, but *may'ogany*. I have known of intelligent English artisans who, having lived in this country thirty years, still said *may'ogany*.

The presence of *maize* in a dictionary of Americanisms is no more defensible than the presence of *mahogany* is. Maize, like mahogany, was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards; and its name, a Carib word, was introduced with it by the Spaniards, and was brought from Europe to the colonies which are now the United States. More than this: as Mr. Bartlett most naïvely remarks, "the word is never used in common language in the United States. Indeed, few would understand it." Verily, a very wonderful Americanism!

And with what reason have we *mananosa*, which is the Indian name, we are told, for "clam No. 2," or the soft clam?—a very second-class clam! indeed. And in like manner we have *manioc*, and *manitou*, and *muskelonge*, and *big medicine*, and *mesa*, and *mesilla*, and *metate*, and *mesquit*, and *mingo*, and *mobel*, and *moccasin*, and *monte*, and *mulada*, and *musquash*, which are either aboriginal "Indian" words or Spanish words. What have we to do with them?

We are not Indians or Spaniards; nor is their language our language. These words would be less understood than Mr. Bartlett admits that *maize* would be. They have no rightful place in his dictionary, nor is there any semblance of reason for their being there, other than a desire to make it an *omnium gatherum* of words connected in any way with anything on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. This causes also the introduction of such words as *manatee* for the sea-cow, which comes from South America, and *mangosteen* for the jujube, which belongs to the island of Barbadoes! And yet a very considerable part of this so-called Dictionary of Americanisms is made up of words of this sort.

A perfect and characteristic specimen of the true Americanism is the word *mail*, with its derivatives and compounds, *mailable* and *mail-rider*. As Mr. Bartlett rightly says, *mail* properly means the bag in which letters are carried from one post-office to another. The common perversion of *mail* to mean (1) *post*, as to mail a letter instead of to post it, or to send by mail instead of by post, and (2) to mean the letters and papers which are received from the post-office or sent to it, as, "He was looking over his morning's mail," is a true Americanism in language. It is an application, peculiar to this country, of an English word to other than its proper English use. The only other sort of Americanism is the use of a word unknown to the English language proper to designate a thing or an act for which there is already a recognized English word.

To make one's manners, meaning to make a bow or a courtesy, may possibly be a phrase peculiar to New England; but although I am not prepared to deny that it is so, I very much doubt it. In the first place, it is a thoroughly English form of expression, and one of a sort that could hardly fail to have come into use; and this is the more probable for the second reason of doubt,—that the

phrase "make an honor," meaning make a bow or courtesy, is common in English literature down to the middle of the last century. And yet, by the bye, this meaning of *honor*, an obeisance, is given in no English dictionary that I have examined; nor, indeed, has any English dictionary that I have examined the word *manners* as distinct from *manner*, although the two words are used by the best English writers with sharp discrimination. These are examples of neglect of essential things by the dictionary makers, while the unessential, and indeed more than unnecessary, compounds of nouns and adjectives, and verbs compounded with *un* and *dis*, crowd their pages by the hundred. Joseph's brothers' sheaves "made obeisance" to his sheaf, and Gulliver says, "I made my reverence to my master's guest." To make manners and to make an honor, to make obeisance and to make a reverence, are phrases so alike that it seems improbable that a people who have used one have not used the other.

Likewise, to *make one's mark* is so thoroughly English an expression that I cannot believe that it is peculiar to this country. In any case, it is not properly an Americanism; for it is composed of English words used in their recognized English sense, and put together in a perfectly English order, so that if the phrase were used to-morrow for the first time every English person who heard it would understand it at once. A word or a phrase of which all this is true is good English upon its first utterance, and wherever it is spoken. A man who demands "authority" for the use of such a word does not deserve a serious answer.

Marm, we are told, is a corruption of the word *mamma*, which is frequently used in the interior of New England for mother! *Marm* is a corruption not of *mamma*, but of *madam*. The first step is the common *ma'am* (pronounced *mahm*), and that once taken, *marm* is inevitable

for slovenly speakers: the *r* is as sure to come as day is to follow night. *Marm* is as common in the interior of Old England as it is in that of New England. It could not be otherwise. The application of it may vary somewhat in the two countries. But the New England people who use it for *mother*—very few, I believe, and the worst speakers—have never heard *mamma* in use. They are accustomed only to *mother*, to *mummy*, and, the more elegant of them, to *ma* (pronounced *mah*), for which *marm* may be a substitute, but of which it is not a corruption.

Mass meeting is not an Americanism. It is a perfectly good English name for the thing to which it is applied. That thing was first known in America; but the name of it is not an Americanism any more than *mocking-bird* or *humming-bird* is an Americanism because mocking-birds and humming-birds are known in America, but not in England. If the simple words in either of these compound names were used in a sense different from that in which they are used in England, then the compounds would be Americanisms. But they are used in their received English sense. When meetings of the mass of the people began to be held in England, the name was adopted with them, and it now is almost as commonly used there as here.

"Mr. Bernal Osborne is announced by the Independent Society as another candidate, and was to address a *mass meeting* in the great market-place yesterday evening." (London Times, April 28, 1866.)

To *merchandise*. It is amazing to be told of this word that "in the West they say that a man is merchandising when he is in trade," etc. Why, the word has been in common English use for certainly six hundred years. It was used by Robert of Gloucester about A. D. 1300, in the following passage, a few words of which I shall modernize for the benefit of the general reader; for it is remarkable as an illustration of the free way in which

nouns have always been used as verbs in English: —

"For ye are men better taught to shovel and to
spade,
To cart-staff and to plow-staff, and a fishing to wade,
To hammer and to needle, and to *merchandise*
also,
Than with sword or hauberk any battle to do." ¹

And Bacon, in his essay on usury, cited above, also uses it no less than four times. To quote one instance is enough: —

"For were it not for this lazie trade of usury, money would not be still, but would in great part be employed upon *merchandising*; which is the *vena porta* of wealth to a state."

Truly it would seem that to the saying of what is not English a knowledge of what is English is very requisite. Nor is a knowledge of the perversions in common use in England superfluous, as, for example, that *merchant* is there "applied to any dealer in merchandise," as it is here, which I had occasion to remark upon in the article on English in England.

The introduction of such words as *metaphenomena* (meaning the primordial facts of our being) and *metaphenomenal* into a dictionary of Americanisms has not a semblance of justification. They are technical scientific terms, belonging to no language; and the fact that they were first given to science by a distinguished American metaphysician no more makes them Americanisms than the introduction of the term "positive philosophy" by Comte makes that term a Gallicism. Such words are of no country; they form a part of the peculiar speech of no people.

For a reason directly the converse of this, such a word as *middling*, applied to a condition of health, cannot, in the nature of things, be an Americanism. By the untrained speakers of English everywhere it will inevitably be thus used. Consequently, we find it among Halli-

¹ For 3e men beter ytagt to schoule and to
spade
To cartestaf and to plowstaf and a fischyng to
wade,

well's English provincialisms as meaning "not in good health," which is exactly the meaning of a rustic New England speaker when he tells you that his wife is "pretty middling, thank ye." Halliwell credits it to Worcestershire, and Brackett to the North of England; the fact being that it is generally provincial in Old England, just as it is generally provincial in New England. Its position in both countries is exactly the same. It is in no way "peculiar to the United States."

Just such a word is *mighty* in the hyperbolical sense of very; and it would only be necessary to remark that it is and has been for centuries rather more commonly so used in England than here, were it not that Mr. Bartlett himself cites instances of its use by Pepys, by Dickens, and other British writers. What, then, does *he* mean by setting it forth as in any way an Americanism? Is he blind to the fact that by so doing he impairs — may we not say utterly destroys? — the value of his laborious compilation as an authority upon its subject, and that he makes it in its totality a libel on the language of his country?

But perhaps the most extraordinary and unaccountable of all the misrepresentations of Mr. Bartlett's book (I use the word, I need hardly say, with no suggestion of intentional misrepresentation) is that which gives us *mile* "often in the singular with a numeral, instead of the plural *miles*," as one of the words "peculiar to the United States." Now the truth is that for once that *mile* has been thus used in the United States it has been used ten hundred thousand times in England. Thus to use *mile*, and *foot*, and *pound*, and *ton*, and a few other words of the same sort, has been the custom in England from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It was the usage not only of the common people, but

To hamer and to needle, and to merchandise al so
þan with sword or hauberk eny batail to do.

(Ed. Hearne, 1810, page 99.)

of the best speakers and writers. English literature is full of it, from the time of Wycliff and Chaucer, and earlier, to that of Pope and Addison, and later. This fact is so well known to every person who reads anything but the newspapers and the novels of the day that I shall quote nothing in illustration of it. It were as needful to cite passages in illustration of the use of *deer*, *fish*, and *sheep* in the plural. But this is not the whole of the case, for the fact remains that the plural forms of *mile*, *foot*, *pound*, *ton*, etc., are very largely more in use in America than they are in England. Americans of middling condition and education are far more "grammatical," and somewhat less free and idiomatic, in their use of language than English people of corresponding condition are; and for one American who at the present day says five mile, ten foot, twenty pound, forty ton, there are probably more than five hundred Englishmen who do the same. And yet this usage, which in England goes back before the Conquest, and which now is almost distinctively British, is recorded in our Dictionary of Americanisms! Would it not be well to take Johnson's Dictionary, or Mrs. Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, or Cruden's Concordance to the Bible, add a few exquisite extracts from our "American humorists," and publish the collection as a "Dictionary of words and phrases peculiar to America," and have done with it?

It should seem so; for here we have *mind* in the senses to recollect, to remember, to remind, and to notice, set forth as an Americanism and a Scotticism. The real state of the case in regard to this word is that before and during the Elizabethan period, that is, from about 1575 to 1625, its use as a verb was very rare. Shakespeare, using the word more than four hundred times, has it,

even colloquially, in a verb sense only three or four times. After the time of the Commonwealth, the verb use increased gradually, and during the last half century this use has become very common, *but it is most common in England*. It may be met with, of course, among speakers and writers in the United States and in Scotland and in Australia, because those countries are inhabited by English-speaking peoples, who are in constant communication by speech and by writing; but the use of *mind* in all possible verb senses is so general in England as to be almost a distinctive trait of the British English of to-day. I remarked upon this in English in England.

With a like disregard of fact, we are told that "many American writers, following Scottish models, make use of *mean* instead of *means* in the singular." Now, the truth is, as any reader may see by simply turning to Johnson's dictionary, that those American writers who do use *mean* in the manner here indicated follow, not Scottish models, but English models of the Elizabethan period. Whether in this they do well is another question; but as to the perfect Englishness and high rank of their models, there can be no dispute. Next, although the preponderance of usage since the Queen Anne period has been largely in favor of *means* in the singular, as "by this means," that has not been the "established practice" "from the time of Addison." Indeed, Addison himself uses the singular form *mean*, and since his day usage as to this word has been divided, although far from equally, in England, just as it has been in America.¹ Very few writers here use the singular form, as "by this *mean*," — very few indeed. There is in their sparsely distributed affectation nothing "peculiar to the United States." Not to weary my

cannot now put my hand upon it; but I shall be able to produce it hereafter.

¹ I have somewhere a collection of passages by British writers, beginning with Addison, in which the singular form *mean* is used. Unfortunately I

readers with a frequent repetition of the same objection, I gather together the following words under the letter M, in addition to those already mentioned, as to which it need only be said that they are common in England, and in some cases more common there than here: *mitt*, a fingerless glove; *monstrous*, for very, great, exceedingly; *mopusses*, money; *mortal*, very; *mought for might*; *much*, as "not much of a man;" *mull*, to dispirit; *musicianer*. I cannot forbear remarking that Mr. Bartlett says, and rightly says, of *mopusses* that it is an English slang term, and then adds that it is "not often heard among us." In the name of the Sphinx, then, *que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*

Milion for *melon* is worthy of a passing word on the score of pronunciation. It is a mere mispronunciation, which is heard in England as well as in America. Halliwell gives it as *millon*, on the authority of Palsgrave. It is a rare example in English of what is known to French grammarians as the *l mouillé* or softened *l*, which appears in all the Romance tongues. *Melon* became *mil-lon*, and *millon* *million*, through the same phonetic influence as that which, for example, causes the Spanish *pillon*, (a cushion behind a saddle for woman's use) to be sounded *pillion*, which word, that is, sound, with its appropriate spelling, was transferred to the English language. It would be an Americanism if it were peculiar to America; but we have seen that it is not so.

More, *most*. We are told that "the comparative endings *er* and *est* are very commonly discarded both by speakers and writers, even from monosyllabic adjectives, and their places supplied by *more* and *most*;" of which grievous "American" fault "more full" from Worcester's dictionary and "more fond" from a writer in Harper's Magazine are given as examples. I add a few more from an "American" writer of some note, named William Shakespeare:—

- "Wishing me like to one *more rich* in hope."
(Son. xxix.)
- "But you shall shine *more bright* in these contents."
(Son. lv.)
- "This thou perceivest, which makes thy love *more strong*."
(Son. lxxiii.)
- "My love is strengthened, though *more weak* in seeming."
(Son. cii.)
- "Like as, to make our appetites *more keen*."
(Son. cxviii.)
- "Sets you *most rich* in youth before my sight."
(Son. xv.)
- "If it were filled with your *most high* deserts."
(Son. xvii.)
- "Yet be *most proud* of that which I compile."
(Son. lxxviii.)
- "My *most true* mind thus makes mine eye untrue."
(Son. cxlii.)
- "My *most full* flame should afterwards burn clearer."
(Son. cxv.)

It thus appears that this exemplar of the American style of writing did not hesitate to discard the comparative endings *er* and *est* even from monosyllabic adjectives in the most reckless and "ungrammatical" way. Seriously, does not Mr. Bartlett know that this use of *more* and *most* is as English, and as common, as the national oath?

Muss. As to this Americanism, we are told that it is "a corruption of *mess*, a state of confusion, a squabble, a row," and that "this vulgarism is very common in New York;" to which it is added that "there is also an old English word *muss*, meaning a scramble, but it has apparently no connection with the above." This is quite correct, with two exceptions. *Muss* is not a corruption of *mess*, which does not mean (except in slang) a state of confusion; and the old English word *muss*, meaning a scramble, has so direct a connection with "the above" that it is the word itself. *Muss* is a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down to be taken by those who can seize them. (See Nares's Glossary.) Gargantua played at "the musse" (Rabelais, Book I. ch. xxi.); and we are also told by the same writer that "the game of the muss is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful. . . . Such as play and sport at the muss are excusable in

and by law. . . . And at the very same time was Master Tielman Piquet one of the players at that game of muss. There is nothing I do better remember, for he laughed heartily when his fellow-members of the aforesaid chamber *spoiled their caps in swingeing of his shoulders*. He nevertheless did even then say unto them that the *banging* and *flapping of him* to the waste and havoc of their caps," etc. (Book III. ch. cc.) Verily, this Gargantuan game seems strangely like a muss in the Bowery. The French original here is "*jeu de la mousche*;" and Cotgrave, in his French-English dictionary, 1611, has, "*Mousche*, a fly; also the play called musse." Finally, we have these passages by English writers of some note:—

"When I cried, *hoa!*
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth
And cry, Your will."
 (Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Scene 2.)

"*Costardmonger*. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine!

[Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.

Cokes. Gods so! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse!

[Cokes falls a scrambling."

(Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, Act IV. Scene 1.)

"The monies rattle not, nor are they thrown

To make a *muss* yet 'mongst the gamesome suitors."

(The same, Magnetick Lady, Act IV. Scene 1.)

"*Fd*. Was 't not well managed, you necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or art?

Maw. 'T was so well, captain, I would you could make such another *muss*, at all adventures."

(Middleton, A Mad World, my Masters, Act III. Scene 3.)

"Bawble and cap no sooner are thrown down,

But there 's a *muss* of more than half the town."
 (Dryden, Prologue to Shadwell's True Widow.)

So much for this American vulgarity, common in New York. The Bowery boys, a mob of Monsieur Jourdain, seem to have been speaking very good English all their lives without knowing it.

Richard Grant White.

RECENT NOVELS.

THE writing of novels has come to be so definite a department of industry that idle people have begun to ask if there might not be some school or formal system by which young men and women of lively sensibilities could be trained as novelists. If any one wishes to be a painter or sculptor, it is argued, he enters a school of art, or places himself under the tuition of some master who will guide his talent and give him practical instruction in the laws of his art; why should not a novelist go to work in the same way, instead of blundering by himself and producing what any skillful master in the business could have shown him was untrue and offensive to the canons of literary art? One could easily fancy a school of novel-writing, where

the pupils would be set to work constructing tales upon certain points furnished to the class, as plaster casts are given to beginners in drawing; and were there such a school we think that Miss Fothergill would be recognized as one of the brightest and aptest scholars. Probation¹ is a capital novel, well planned and well constructed, yet the incidents which make its crises are stock incidents which have been used again and again. A workman thrashes a rich man's son for insulting a young woman; the rich man gives a ball on his daughter's birthday, when he is on the eve of bankruptcy, and the festivities are arrested by the catastrophe; the favored lover overhears some words between his rival and the woman they love which he instantly

¹ *Probation*. A Novel. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL, Author of The First Violin. New York:

Henry Holt & Co. 1879. (Leisure Hour Series, No. 108.)

misconstrues, and thereby spends two or three years in wretchedness; a young lady suddenly loses her property and station, and becomes a governess, to be accidentally discovered by her lover, — these are certainly not new inventions in novel-writing, and the plain catalogue of them here might easily persuade the reader that *Probation*, built upon such foundations, could hardly be more than a commonplace and conventional story. Conventional it may be called, but not commonplace, and it seems to us a singularly apt illustration of the truth that the inventive part of a story is really the least considerable part. It is like the underpinning of a house, — essential to the structure, but not very characteristic. A mature reader who takes up the *Arabian Nights*, for example, will very likely be surprised at what he might call the poverty of invention and the simplicity of the expedients resorted to. A great number of modern stories are substantially the same in their groundwork; they use the common facts of the life they represent, and when a story is placed, as *Probation* is, in an English manufacturing town, one may look confidently for just such incidents as we have intimated, growing out of the relations between workmen and their employers.

Miss Fothergill has used her opportunities well. She has made the story move chiefly in the period of the Lancashire distress, coincident with our war, and has given an admirable background to the typical figures of the young manufacturer, who combines radical principles with conservative manners; the sturdy workman, whose native stubbornness and independence have been reinforced by half-communistic views; the restless young lady of fortune, the self-contained, self-respecting young lady without fortune, and the minor characters, all of whom are cleanly sketched. There is no violence done to the proprieties; the young workman does not

finally marry the lady who rejects the workman's employer until he has won for himself an independent position; and no lucky turn of fortune resolves the difficulties into which the characters fall. The author has a clear conception of what she intends, and depends for her results upon the law which governs in human life, the action and reaction of character and circumstance. There is positive pleasure in reading so sane a novel, and in following the lead of a writer who thinks so dispassionately and is possessed of so strong a human sympathy. The distress and trouble of the Lancashire spinners are used legitimately, not to intensify our interest in the characters by the introduction of a bit of realism, but because characters and scenes all seem equally a part of history. There is little abstract discussion of the relations of master and workman; the reader is treated to something better in the relation of real persons to one another; but out of the whole story one may gather some sensible reflections upon one phase of modern society.

By an odd coincidence an American novel of factory life¹ comes before us at the same time with *Probation*. There are even some curious repetitions in the two novels, which could not possibly have affected one the other. The boy who rises from the ranks to a controlling place appears in *Hope Mills*; Sylvie is in several respects a counterpart of Adrienne; the benevolent young people of the story organize schools among the factory hands in one book as in the other; another young lady of fortune loses her money suddenly; and a time of prosperity is followed by a time of depression. Nor are the differences between the two stories as great as they might be in consideration of the difference in scene. Miss Douglas has apparently had opportunities for studying

¹ *Hope Mills*; or, *Between Friend and Sweetheart*. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. Boston: Loeb and Shepard. 1880.

factory life in this country, but we should guess that she was indebted for some of her material to English novels. At any rate, we never get very far away from conventionalism in the story, although there are some minor scenes which appear to be transcripts of actual occurrences. Yerbury, the scene of the story, may be judged to be a village near New York, which has broken out in all the half-civilization of a factory town, and the characters are such as seem to be accepted as types of the life: a dignified and honorable mill owner, Mr. Lawrence, whose son grows up a gentleman, and whose daughters are haughty young women of society; a manly mechanic's son, Jack Darcy, who represents the sturdy thinking young republican, bound, as the reader foresees, to change places with the aristocratic young Lawrence, and finally to subjugate the haughty Irene Lawrence, while Lawrence himself passes through the several phases of rich man's son, idle gentleman with latent powers, and at length, plunged into poverty, the redeemed worker who wins also the girl who refused him when he had money and laziness.

Miss Douglas seems to have had a double purpose in her story, and to have intended it most seriously as a contribution to the doctrine of coöperation. A writer in such a case has us a little at a disadvantage. We may concede all the truth of the theory, but what we need most to be convinced of is the actual test by experiment; and when the author triumphantly produces her facts and figures we feel bound to remind her that she is telling a story, and of course has complete control of the facts and figures. She can manipulate the returns and send her heroes to Congress, if she so chooses. The history of the coöperative experiment is told with due regard for the probable difficulties that are finally surmounted, but after all we are compelled to fall back upon the book as a story, and wait for the real narrative of any

such mills as may have stood as models for Miss Douglas's Hope Mills.

We can hardly assure the reader that Miss Douglas has graduated from the school of novelists in the same class or with the same diploma as Miss Fothergill. There is the difference between a skilled and an unskilled writer, between one who husbands her resources, selects her incidents, and concentrates the interest, and one who introduces a character whenever she wants a new scene, supplies the reader with a great deal more material than is necessary for the perception of character, busies herself about endless detail, which is unessential to a story however much it may be of service in a coöperative tract, and washes the narrative down with copious draughts of thin sentiment. That the particles of this story do not touch one another is capable of proof by the ease with which the narrative may be compressed. For all that, the evident honesty of the writer and her interest in the subject of the book redeem it often from unworthiness, and if one will take the story lightly and concentrate his attention upon the development of the socialistic problems he may close the book with an honest respect for the writer, and a sense of not having wasted his time in reading it.

Readers of *The Atlantic* who have already followed the career of Irene the Missionary will readily concede the claims of that embarrassed young lady to continued existence between the covers of a book.¹ We suspect that the story had and will have a twofold surprise; for it is neither a record of the spiritual struggles of a young missionary assailed by a worldly temptation, nor a cover for a disingenuous attack upon missions. Not until the story is fairly ended does the reader wake to the discovery that the entertainment is of the most rational sort, and then he perceives

¹ *Irene the Missionary*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

how cleverly the author has managed to give novelty and originality to a very simple and familiar love-story by taking for his characters persons unused to figure in novels and laying the scenes in almost equally virgin soil. It really would not be difficult for one to invest the story with an important function in its dispelling a popular delusion respecting the character of missionaries and missionary life. It seems that they are, after all, people, and by his quiet and entirely sensible description of their life and relations to one another the author has at once naturalized them in our minds, and given novel-readers a real and enjoyable sensation. Those who thought there were no unexplored regions of Christendom for the novelist must have been amused at finding one so simple and homely and accessible. We suggest, *en passant*, another in the lives of Roman Catholic priests in this country. Here is a class of educated men, who figure only as a part of the mechanism of religious or theological novels, but who will undertake to make them real to us in their human and every-day relations?

To return to Irene, it will be admitted that the author has done a difficult thing well, when he has undertaken to move freely among the missionary articles without damaging anything or rudely knocking over any religious idol. The secret is in his unfeigned respect for the people and their work. Such a character as that of Payson is entirely intelligible and respectable; possibly, the unworldliness is insisted on a little too much, as if the author were over-anxious to show his honest admiration of the man. The touches by which Mr. Pelton is described are equally truthful, and in the characters of Irene herself and Dr. Macklin the author has admirably disclosed the genuineness of missionary life which makes possible such a union

of nature and grace. Indeed, we are disposed to think the portrait of Dr. Macklin the most successful in the book, as the man himself is the one who interests us most. The humor of his inconsistencies is delicious, and more subtle than the fun which twinkles in Mr. Porter Brasse, Miss Biffles, Mr. Wormley, and the Branns. These last, nevertheless, are clever foils to the higher characters of the book, and again we are reminded how felicitous the choice of subject was, since the necessary circumstances supply at once contrasts which ordinarily would have to be laboriously constructed. The author has wisely attempted but one thing, and has not undertaken to show the interior life of a mission any further than it would be perceived by such a man as DeVries. He has used well the opportunity given for pictures of Syrian life and landscape, and has found excellent material at hand in the religious strifes of Druses and Maronites to heighten the dramatic effect. The story certainly deserves praise for what it does not attempt as well as for what it accomplishes.

The many readers who have grown up with grateful recollections of John Halifax, Gentleman, and other early novels by the same writer, will turn with expectation of pleasure to Young Mrs. Jardine,¹ the latest of her stories. We cannot say that they will be quite as well pleased. The plot of the story is so slight that in its expansion there is too much room for that flow of sentiment which has always been a snare to this author. A young Scotsman, of good family and of fair expectations as the only son, receives a small bequest from a distant kinswoman, coupled with a commendation to his kindness of certain still more distant relations of whom he had never heard, supposed to be living in Switzerland. He has finished his collegiate business, and is dallying with life,

¹ *Young Mrs. Jardine*. A Novel. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, etc. With Il-

lustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

and being of a romantic and somewhat quixotic disposition conceives the scheme of taking a jaunt to Switzerland to hunt up his relations. A cousin of his father and of the just deceased kinswoman had gone, years before, to Switzerland, and married there. He had entered the Swiss church, and was a *pasteur*; but all connection between the families had long since ceased, and no one knew whether he was living, or, if dead, whether he had left any family. Roderick Jardine, armed with a letter to a Neuchâtel *pasteur*, appeared on the scene, and in the orthodox method fell in love at first sight with a young girl whom he saw by the lake side, and a few hours afterward, upon presenting his letter, discovered to be Silence Jardine, the only daughter of the missing relation, who had died and left a widow and daughter in poverty. The poverty was the graceful, self-respecting poverty of the Swiss Protestant community, and the picture of Silence is drawn with affectionate eagerness, as presenting a not unknown type of Puritan loveliness. Roderick was enchanted with the village refinement of life into which he was suddenly thrust, and was fast moving toward the declaration point, when two events occurred to arrest him. He had written frankly to his mother, telling her of his intention, when he received a dispatch, — "*Your mother is not well. Come home immediately;*" and at the same time Silence's mother dies suddenly. Duty and love have a little struggle, in which Silence decides for him, and he goes back to Scotland without any actual betrothal. There he discovers that his mother, annoyed at what she considered his boyish folly, had used a stratagem to get him back. She was in most excellent health, and very resolutely set against his scheme of marrying Silence. The mother and son had a hard Scotch tussle of will, and it ended in Roderick's going back to Neuchâtel in the face of his mother's obstinate threats, and mar-

rying Silence, whom he brought to Scotland, settling with her finally in the country house which had been bequeathed to him and constituted almost his only property. His mother refused to see her son or to acknowledge his wife in any way, and the rest of the book, before the inevitable reconciliation which the reader anticipates as his rightful reward for reading, is occupied with the petty trials of the young couple and the slow adjustment of their characters to the situation.

Mrs. Craik employs the opportunity to read the lesson of marital confidence and patience, and succeeds, at the risk of being tedious, in making the reader uncomfortable over the inside view which he gets. Roderick needed all the lesson he had, undoubtedly, but somehow the discourse is more edifying than agreeable. We suspect that part of our irritation arises from being invited to witness the difficulties of people who are standing on the false bottom of British social order. While the conventionalities of life were very serious things to the young Jardines, they have not the same power to affect readers, and the queer mixture of high principle and low convention makes the sentiment of the book rather oppressive. The reconciliation comes through the birth of a child, and this truly feminine book ends in tears of joy.

We shall not betray the plot of *Figs and Thistles*,¹ for it is the expectation of some startling *dénouement* which induces the reader to finish the book. There is, however, a certain rude strength shown in the marshaling of the characters, and some scenes are effective, although the writer falls easily into a half-melodramatic or extravagant manner. The scene, for example, between Curtis and Morey is neither funny nor necessary. The reader who happens to have

¹ *Figs and Thistles*. A Western Story. By ALBION W. TOURGEE. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. [1880.]

read a powerful story which appeared in *The Atlantic*, several years ago, called *Lost*, by P. Deming, will be struck by the coincidence between a scene in that and in *Figs and Thistles*, where the neighbors come to the house of the missing boy and ominously prepare to search, calling to account the father in one case, the grandfather in the other. Mr. Tourgee has helped out his story with some dashing pictures of political and military life; the scenes are coincident with the development of the plot, but do not always have a very direct relation to it. We may fairly expect to see the days of the war entering the best of our fictitious literature, and a vast treasury of material is in store for future novelists, poets, and romancers; but the interest which readers have in this material will not release a writer from his duty to use it artistically. Mr. Tourgee has in one or two instances made spirited and skillful use of it, as in the lively scene where Churr returns after the battle of Bull Run, and in the account of the same young man's excitement on the Sunday when the Sumter affair was announced. Many isolated passages appear, so good in themselves as almost to excuse their lack of cohesion in the story. Here is one which will call up lively remembrances:—

"The drill sergeant was the hero of the hour. Judges, lawyers, professors, authors, editors,—all were trash beside him. Brains, influence, riches, integrity,—all were nothing to a trick of fence or power to mar the carcass of an imaginary foe with scientific lunge and thrust of bayonet. He who could aim and fire in the manner prescribed in the manual of arms was to be envied; he who could load in the times, in the positions, and with the motions ordained was a marvel; while he who could make four muskets stand together without extraneous support was fit for the table of the gods!

"Markham Churr was not usually im-

pulsive, but he had forgotten all of his past which lay beyond the reading of the yesterday morning's extra. He had never made two lines jingle in his life before; but there is something so suggestive of marshaled numbers in marshaling men that something akin to the divine afflatus seized him then, and he wrote some crude lines upon a scrap of paper, on the steps of the court-house, while an unknown orator was haranguing the unwearied crowd. When this latter individual had yelled himself into indistinguishable hoarseness, and ceased speaking from necessity, Markham sprang up, and shrieked out his lines to the shouting mass. Despite its crudeness, his verse was a success. Jingle, patriotism, unspeakable devotion, and unflinching boastfulness suited the strange mood of these staid citizens of two days before. Gray-haired men of sense and taste cheered the halting lines. Again and again he was called upon to repeat them. A frantic editor offered fifty, a hundred, dollars for them, and having succeeded in obtaining them proudly announced that this wonderful poem would appear in his paper the next day. No wonder Markham thought himself a poet. Thousands of clods became heroes, that day, in very truth. It was an exaltation which can come but once in a life-time. If his head was among the stars, it was not from mean and selfish aspirations, but because he was lifted out of his own individuality by an unselfish and noble devotion. The day was drawing to a close as he stood and looked at that frenzied crowd. Could it be that he was one of them a moment before?"

If one is content with an exciting story, and will take, by the way, a good deal of thinly veiled description of public life, and not look too closely for literary excellence, *Figs and Thistles* may be commended to him. It is a pity, however, that so much vigor and rough-and-ready faculty had not been more

carefully trained to the special business of writing novels.

Theuriet is sometimes instanced as a French novelist who has fallen under English influence, and accepts a moral foundation for his art; we should rather name him as one who has conceived a certain artistic value in virtue, and uses it complacently as an aid in producing original effects. To one who finds it difficult to take just that attitude the chief impression is of insincerity, as if the novelist did not care a straw for his virtuous character, and built him up laboriously from hints which he had obtained, not so much by observation as by the study of models. Angèle's Fortune,¹ to be sure, comes to us in English dress under slightly suspicious conditions. "Adapted" is a word which may save the translator, but confuses the reader's effort to do impartial justice. A clerk in a lawyer's office in a provincial town of France has a pretty daughter, who chafes under the restraint of her life and cherishes a secret ambition to go on the stage. One of the younger clerks, René des Armoises, a light-headed and selfish young aspirant for poetic fame, has become her ideal, and when he goes to Paris to seek his reputation her heart goes with him. Meanwhile, her father brings home as a lodger another clerk, Joseph Toussaint, a country youth, who is the virtue of the little Morality. He is captivated by the girl, but overpowered by his modesty. The mother of Angèle is an ignorant, shrewd woman, who easily falls a prey to the representations of a Bohemian traveler that she is principal heir to the undivided estate of an East Indian nabob to whom she is related, and has visions of great wealth, which makes her connive at Angèle's plan of going to Paris and entering the dramatic profession. Angèle's secret departure brings a stroke of apoplexy upon her father, the old clerk, and the

mother shortly follows the daughter to the city, and makes her home with her. The girl has already fallen in with her love, René, and her lover, the moral Joseph, presently appears. The relations begun in Bay continue in the new scene. René receives Angèle's affections as a tribute to his poetic sensibilities, and honest Joseph is the true friend who does all the good deeds for which René gets credit. The attempt to go on the stage is a failure, the promised fortune vanishes in smoke, and the selfish poet, after having gone as far as he cared to in pleasure, offers to make the gigantic sacrifice of poverty and discomfort in witness of his noble character. The girl abruptly leaves him and her other friends, in order to give him liberty, and finally comes back in wretchedness to Paris, at the opening of the siege. René has meanwhile made a prudent and uncomfortable marriage, and has taken himself out of the country for safety. Joseph is the noble volunteer, and after the war marries Angèle and adopts her child as his own.

There are no singularly novel features in all this, and we should hardly think it worth while to notice the book except for its disagreeable homage to virtue. Joseph, whose name appears to be a part of his moral make-up, is a mere scarecrow of an upright man, and the unhappy effects of an unholy love are used chiefly to heighten the constancy of the lover. Theuriet seems to be off his bearings when moving amongst perfectly pure scenes, and he picks his way there as carefully as some writers tread in the neighborhood of vice. For the rest, while there are bits of pretty provincial scenes now and then, there are many false starts in the story, incidents which offer to be important and result in nothing, and half-sketched pictures which make one wonder sometimes whether they may not have been "adapted" from

¹ *Angèle's Fortune*. A Story of Real Life. By ANDRÉ THEURIET. Translated and adapted from

the French by MARY NEAL SHERWOOD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. [1880.]

the French. It is a weak book, and will not give one confidence that Theuriet is to make his mark any more significantly than he has hitherto.

Miss Jewett has already begun to appropriate an audience, and may, if she choose, whisper to herself of her readers as a clergyman openly speaks of his people. The womanly kindness which pervades her writings gives her readers a warmer interest in them than the mere weight of their literary quality might command. Yet we shall not be hasty to separate these elements of her work, but accept the pleasure which it gives, and, confessing her claim upon our regard, compare her latest book¹ with her previous one, rather than with an absolute standard.

Deephaven, as our readers will easily remember, was a series of sketches, in which there was no development of plot, but a rambling description of life in a New England fishing-village, caught together by the simple device of bringing into the village two city girls of refinement, who occupy an old mansion, and sally forth from it on their voyages of discovery. The charm lay chiefly in the sympathetic delineation of character, and in the pictures of homely life seen from the side of this fresh, unspoiled, and reverent girlhood. The two young summer visitors at Deephaven won upon the fishermen and their families in the real life of their visit, as they do upon readers in the scarcely less real life of the book; and while they call upon us to look on this simple seaside picture they are not conscious that it is they who have most of our thoughts. Nothing could be purer than the relation between young and old which Deephaven disclosed.

In *Old Friends and New* the same charm reappears. The book is a collection of seven stories, some of which first saw the light in the pages of this maga-

zine. We name the titles that our readers may recall those familiar to them: *A Lost Lover*, *A Sorrowful Guest*, *A Late Supper*, *Mr. Bruce*, *Miss Sydney's Flowers*, *Lady Ferry*, *A Bit of Shore Life*. One of them, at least, *Mr. Bruce*, appeared before the *Deephaven* sketches and is a lively piece of girlish fun, refined and agreeable, but immature, and hardly worthy a place in the volume. The stories, written and published at different times, have a singular and apparently unintended agreement in one theme. As in *Deephaven*, so in these disconnected stories, there are two *foci* about which the circle of events are described, the young maid and the old maid. Here, as there, it is the life of the old as seen by young eyes which is delineated, and in nothing is the sweet reverence of youth, as portrayed in Miss Jewett's writings, more profoundly shown than in the frequent and touching pictures of old and lonely age. *Miss Horatia Dane* in *A Lost Lover*, *Miss Catherine Spring* in *A Late Supper*, *Miss Sydney* in *Miss Sydney's Flowers*, *Lady Ferry* in the story of that name, *old Mrs. Wallis* in *A Bit of Shore Life*, — all these are portraits in Miss Jewett's *Dream of Old Women*, and with womanly chivalry she has taken under her special protection those whom the irreverence of youth has most flouted. Her old maids, moreover, are not pieces of faded sentimentalism; she has shown them in their dignity and homely truthfulness, but she lets us smile quietly with her at their quaintness.

The motive of love as a passion between the young is almost wholly absent from these stories, and as excursions among other emotions and principles they have a certain originality, due in part to this abstemiousness. Yet since no strong motive of any kind is called in, the stories remain chiefly sketches, studies, episodes. We shall not quarrel with Miss Jewett for not doing something else than what she has done; she has acquired

¹ *Old Friends and New*. By SARAH O. JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

already a greater firmness of touch in these pencil sketches, and the skill with which the pretty story of *A Late Supper* is worked up indicates that she may yet succeed in the more difficult art of making her characters act for themselves. At present they cling to her skirts, and she leads them about with her. Cranford is often mentioned in comparison with *Deephaven*, and there are points of likeness: in some respects *Deephaven* comes closer to nature, but perhaps that is because it is nearer home; yet *Cranford* has what *Deephaven* lacks, an individuality apart from the author. The figures are projected more boldly, because drawn by the hand of one who was primarily a novelist. In *Deephaven*

and in these later sketches, the author has not yet felt the confidence which would enable her to withdraw her direct support from her characters. She cautiously holds, for the most part, to the form of the story which permits her to be present during most of the action. We suggest, as a practical experiment in story-telling, that she avail herself of the method which is sometimes used in Mr. James's stories, where one of the characters, not identified with the story-teller, is charged with this duty. It might gradually strengthen her in an ability to conceive of a story which had its own beginning, middle, and end, and was not taken as a desultory chapter of personal experience.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.¹

IN the natural disgust of a creative mind for the following that vulgarizes and cheapens its work, Mr. Tennyson spoke in parable concerning his verse:

"Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed.
And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed."

But this bad effect is to the final loss of the rash critic rather than the poet, who necessarily survives imitation, and appeals to posterity as singly as if nobody had tried to ape him; while those who rejected him, along with his copyists, have meantime thrown away a great pleasure. Just at present some of us are in danger of doing ourselves a like damage. "Thieves from over the wall" have got the seed of a certain drollery, which sprouts and flourishes plentifully in every newspaper, until the thought

of American Humor is becoming terrible; and sober-minded people are beginning to have serious question whether we are not in danger of degenerating into a nation of wits. But we ought to take courage from observing, as we may, that this plentiful crop of humor is not racy of the original soil; that in short the thieves from over the wall were not also able to steal Mr. Clemens's garden-plot. His humor springs from a certain intensity of common sense, a passionate love of justice, and a generous scorn of what is petty and mean; and it is these qualities which his "school" have not been able to convey. They have never been more conspicuous than in this last book of his, to which they may be said to give its sole coherence. It may be claiming more than a humorist could wish to assert that he is always in earnest; but this strikes us as the paradoxical charm of Mr. Clemens's best humor. Its wildest extravagance is the break and fling from a deep feeling, a wrath with some

¹ *A Tramp Abroad*. By MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS). Sold by subscription only. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1880.

folly which disquiets him worse than other men, a personal hatred for some humbug or pretension that embitters him beyond anything but laughter. It must be because he is intolerably weary of the twaddle of pedestrianizing that he conceives the notion of a tramp through Europe, which he operates by means of express trains, steamboats, and private carriages, with the help of an agent and a courier; it is because he has a real loathing, otherwise inexpressible, for Alp-climbing, that he imagines an ascent of the Riffelberg, with "half a mile of men and mules" tied together by rope. One sees that affectations do not first strike him as ludicrous, merely, but as detestable. He laughs, certainly, at an abuse, at ill manners, at conceit, at cruelty, and you must laugh with him; but if you enter into the very spirit of his humor, you feel that if he could set these things right there would be very little laughing. At the bottom of his heart he has often the grimness of a reformer; his wit is turned by preference not upon human nature, not upon droll situations and things abstractly ludicrous, but upon matters that are out of joint, that are unfair or unnecessarily ignoble, and cry out to his love of justice for discipline. Much of the fun is at his own cost where he boldly attempts to grapple with some hoary abuse, and gets worsted by it, as in his verbal contest with the girl at the medicinal springs in Baden, who returns "that beggar's answer" of half Europe, "What you please," to his ten-times-repeated demand of "How much?" and gets the last word. But it is plain that if he had his way there would be a fixed price for those waters very suddenly, and without regard to the public amusement, or regret for lost opportunities of humorous writing.

It is not Mr. Clemens's business in Europe to find fault, or to contrast things there with things here, to the perpetual disadvantage of that continent; but sometimes he lets homesickness and

his disillusion speak. This book has not the fresh frolicsomeness of the *Innocents Abroad*; it is Europe revisited, and seen through eyes saddened by much experience of *tables d'hôte*, old masters, and traveling Americans,—whom, by the way, Mr. Clemens advises not to travel too long at a time in Europe, lest they lose national feeling and become traveled Americans. Nevertheless, if we have been saying anything about the book, or about the sources of Mr. Clemens's humor, to lead the reader to suppose that it is not immensely amusing, we have done it a great wrong. It is delicious, whether you open it at the sojourn in Heidelberg, or the voyage down the Neckar on a raft, or the mountaineering in Switzerland, or the excursion beyond Alps into Italy. The method is that discursive method which Mark Twain has led us to expect of him. The story of a man who had a claim against the United States government is not impertinent to the bridge across the river Reuss; the remembered tricks played upon a printer's devil in Missouri are the natural concomitants of a walk to Oppenau. The writer has always the unexpected at his command, in small things as well as great: the story of the raft journey on the Neckar is full of these surprises; it is wholly charming. If there is too much of anything, it is that ponderous and multitudinous ascent of the Riffelberg; there is probably too much of that, and we would rather have another appendix in its place. The appendices are all admirable; especially those on the German language and the German newspapers, which get no more sarcasm than they deserve.

One should not rely upon all statements of the narrative, but its spirit is the truth, and it honestly breathes American travel in Europe as a large minority of our forty millions know it. The material is inexhaustible in the mere Americans themselves, and they are rightful prey. Their effect upon Mr. Clemens

has been to make him like them best at home; and no doubt most of them will agree with him that "to be condemned to live as the average European family lives would make life a pretty heavy burden to the average American family." This is the sober conclusion which he reaches at last, and it is unquestionable, like the vastly greater part of the conclusions at which he arrives throughout. His opinions are no longer the opinions of the Western American newly amused and disgusted at the European difference, but the Western American's impressions on being a second time confronted with things he has had time to think over. This is the serious undercurrent of the book, to which we find ourselves reverting from its obvious comicality. We have, indeed, so great an interest in Mr. Clemens's likes and dis-

likes, and so great respect for his preferences generally, that we are loath to let the book go to our readers without again wishing them to share these feelings. There is no danger that they will not laugh enough over it; that is an affair which will take care of itself; but there is a possibility that they may not think enough over it. Every account of European travel, or European life, by a writer who is worth reading for any reason, is something for our reflection and possible instruction; and in this delightful work of a man of most original and characteristic genius "the average American" will find much to enlighten as well as amuse him, much to comfort and stay him in such Americanism as is worth having, and nothing to flatter him in a mistaken national vanity or a stupid national prejudice.

FARRAGUT.¹

WITH dutiful modesty and with admirable taste the biographer of our great admiral has intruded neither himself nor any attempt at fine writing between the public and his distinguished father. He has depended as far as possible for his narrative upon Farragut's journal and letters and official reports, and upon sketches of toils and battles made by actors and eye-witnesses. The result is a volume which is not so much history as materials for history. So much the better. One could not wish it otherwise with the first life of such a man. The simplicity of the monument is suited to the massive and noble simplicity of the hero.

The life of Farragut may be roughly divided into a brief childhood, fifty years of preparation for the emergencies of

destiny, less than three years of glorious action, and seven years of tranquil honor. He was a midshipman at nine, acted as prize-master at twelve, fought his first battle in the same year, served as acting lieutenant at eighteen, and obtained his first ship at twenty-two. He always considered it a great advantage to his character that he had obtained command young, "having observed, as a general thing, that persons who come into authority late in life shrink from responsibility, and often break down under its weight." But (so slow is promotion in peace) he was forty before he became commander, fifty-four before he became captain, and sixty-one when he received charge of a fleet and began his career of triumphs. At the age of sixty-nine he died, the first admiral of the United

¹ *The Life of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy, embodying*

his Journal and Letters. By his Son, LOYALL FARRAGUT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

States, and so distinctly the greatest sailor in the world that he absolutely had no competitor. No other such man has plowed the sea since Nelson; perhaps one may also say, no other such man before Nelson; they are, almost without doubt, the two mightiest vikings of all time.

His successes were not the result of accident; the germs of his victories lay in his character. There never was a braver man physically or morally; there never was a combatant who more thoroughly meant to win. The child, covered with blood, who wept with humiliation and grief over the surrender of the Essex was a sure premonition of the commander who sailed into black and flaming mouths of hell on the Mississippi and in Mobile Bay. He uttered no more than his life-long conviction and principle when he wrote, "A man *must* do his work, particularly when that work is *fighting*." To alarming rumors of the hostile power he responded, "I mean to be whipped, or to whip my enemy, and not to be scared to death." In the same magnificent spirit he wrote to his wife, "As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest." To appreciate fully his enterprise and audacity it must be remembered that in his conflicts he had to face not only personal perils and immense responsibilities, but also formidable novelties. To take a fleet of sea-going ships up a swift and narrow river, covered by booms and fire-rafts, and fight there against forts of masonry and earth-works, supported by gun-boats, rams, iron-clads, and boarding transports, was something new in naval warfare. There had been no previous experience of the kind to guide him; he sailed not only into battle, but into the unknown. The rush up the dim Mississippi, swarming with every

form of careering death, reminds one of the fabulous charges of Orlando or Rinaldo into the domains of magicians, where every danger was a surprise and every foe a prodigy. At the best and simplest, it was a challenge of wood against stone, earth, water, iron, and fire. But there is no sign in Farragut's reports or letters that he looked forward to the unimaginable struggle with any doubt of success, or any emotion but impatience. One is half inclined to believe that he must have been descended from the enchanted Ferraguto of Berni and Ariosto, whom no weapon could pierce and no adversary could daunt.

Fully equal to his courage was his zeal of preparation. All his life he both toiled conscientiously in his profession and studied it enthusiastically, seeking not only to do perfectly the duty of the moment, but also to fit himself for every supposable emergency. A witness of the French bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa (1838), he observed and recorded the improvements in the French navy and the effect of its guns on the ramparts, even to measuring the penetration of every shell. "I made it a rule of my life," he writes, "to note these things, with a view to the possible future." His general orders for battle surveyed all contingencies, suggested extraordinary safeguards for his ships and men, and laid out the plan of attack with a lucid minuteness which overlooked no chance. Before pushing on to attack Fort Jackson he awaited a cessation of the northerly wind, in order to secure a diminution of the current. For sailing into Mobile Bay he chose a day of westerly wind, so that the smoke of the enemy's cannon might be driven in upon the gunners and blind their aim. Even in the rage of action his oversight was as prompt and adroit as it was intrepid. Finding shot of no avail against the iron-bound Tennessee, he resorted to the audacious expedient of ramming her mailed sides with his wooden ships, and

dashed at her in a vessel which was already cut down to the water's edge. Once fairly in battle, indeed, his chief stratagem was fierce battling. "The surest way to prevent injury from an enemy," he declared, "is to strike hard yourself." Heroes never had a more inspiring example than the heroes who fought under this sublime commander. "You know my creed," he wrote to his wife, after the passage of Port Hudson. "I never send others in advance when there is a doubt; and, being one on whom the country has bestowed its greatest honors, I thought I ought to take the risks which belong to them; so I took the lead." Another germ of success in the man was his passionate eagerness to be doing. His letters are full of plans and longings for action, and of grief over failure or enforced quiescence. How little inaction he had, and how zealously he kept to the post of danger, appears in the fact that the Hartford received two hundred and forty shot in nineteen months of service.

He had no jealousy. He wanted the best men around him, and wanted rivals in glory honored. "The triumph of the Kearsarge was grand," he exults; "I go for Winslow's promotion." On the other hand, he would not spare short-comings, especially in the matter of zeal and daring. "Some are bitter against me, no doubt," he writes, "because I tell them when I think they don't do their duty." There was no greed in him for anything but honor and the welfare of his country. "As for prize money, I never count upon it. If any comes, well and good. But I am not so anxious to make money as I am to put an end to this horrid war." When a business company offered him a directorship, coupled with a gift of stock representing one hundred thousand dollars, he replied, "I have come to the conclusion that no pecuniary reward should be an inducement for the risk of reputation. . . . I have therefore determined to decline entering into

any business which I have neither the time nor perhaps ability to attend to." Equally chivalrous was his indifference to every prize or place outside of his profession. When a nomination to the highest office in the republic was suggested to him, he answered, "I have never for one moment entertained the idea of entering political life, even were I *certain* of receiving the election to the presidency. . . . I am *fixed* in my determination not to serve, under any conditions or circumstances." Again, referring to other urgencies of the sort, he wrote, "I am greatly obliged to my friends, but am thankful that I have no ambition for anything but what I am, an admiral. Of course, I desire a good name as such. I have worked hard for three years; have been in eleven fights, and am willing to fight eleven more, if necessary; but when I go home I desire peace and comfort."

Home and the company of his wife and child were what Farragut wanted when he was not battling for his country. His private life seems to have been as beautiful as his public life was noble. Of the seventeen years of his first marriage sixteen were passed, as far as possible, in caring for a suffering invalid with such assiduity and tenderness as to draw from a lady of Norfolk the exclamation that he ought to have a monument made by every wife in the city contributing a stone to it. The short and hurried but earnest letters which came from his vigils under the enemy's guns are those of a most affectionate husband and father. "With such a mother you could not fail to have proper sentiments of religion and virtue," he writes to his son. "Take care of your mother if I should go, and may God bless and preserve you both." On the eve of the battle of Mobile Bay he concludes a letter to his wife with this touching farewell: "God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me; and may

his blessing also rest upon your dear mother, and all your sisters, and their children. Your devoted and affectionate husband, who never for one moment forgot his love, duty, or fidelity to you, his devoted and best of wives." His strong religious feeling appears in the same letter: "I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to his will, in that as in other things." All this earnestness of soul did not prevent him from being one of the most genial of men. His conversation sparkled with animal spirits and with cordiality, and his manners were singularly frank, kindly, courteous, and winning. Neither in

his letters as to his victories, nor in the journal of his almost triumphal tour around Europe, is there any revelation of arrogance or vanity. His lack of egotism and his republican simplicity of feeling appear incidentally in the indifference with which he treated the subject of his descent from the historic Ferraguts of Aragon. "I am not under particular obligations," he humorously observed, "to any of my ancestors for my good fortune." Take him all in all, no man ever better deserved the eulogium upon Sir Lancelot, the flower of Christian chivalry: "Thou wert the meekest man that ever sat in hall amongst ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put lance in rest."

METTERNICH.

FOR many years no historical work has been heralded with half the noise that has preceded the publication of the first installment of the Metternich memoirs. Of the four great statesmen of the century, Bismarck is our contemporary; Cavour is personally uninteresting; Talleyrand, though his memoirs are still unpublished, has had so much light thrown upon him from other sources that we feel thoroughly acquainted with his history and his opinions. But with Metternich it is different. Partly because of our vague notions of the empire which he so long ruled, partly on account of the peculiar nature of his political influence, the mention of his name excites a high degree of curiosity and interest, — feelings shared by thousands of readers, whose knowledge of him is limited to the fact that he was the all-powerful minister of Austria for

more than a generation, and that he used his power to stifle every form of intellectual and political liberty. When, therefore, the reading portion of three great nations read, months before the event, that the memoirs of Metternich were to appear, simultaneously, in their respective languages, they prepared themselves to receive a detailed and carefully-prepared account of what took place in the thirty years of peace preceding 1848, — a narration of all that he saw and did, by the astute and dignified spider who surveyed from the centre every line and curve of the intricate web of European diplomacy.

But the Metternich of the work¹ before us by no means corresponds to the common conception of his character and labors. We have reason to be grateful for the fragment of autobiography in which he describes his career down to

¹ *Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773-1815.*
 Edited by PRINCE RICHARD METTERNICH.

Translated by MRS. ALEXANDER NAPIER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

1815; but this occupies but two thirds of one volume, the remainder being filled with official reports and letters, — matter usually relegated to the end, and printed only in the character of Notes and Illustrations. But if the period ending with 1815 is not that in which Metternich most conspicuously figures, he was none the less, during its latter years, a highly important person. We fancy, too, that he felt real enjoyment in describing this portion of his life, while the remainder of the autobiography must be chiefly devoted to attempts to put a good face upon very bad actions. In the continuation of the memoirs he will be forced to take the tone either of apology or of cynicism; but thus far the simplicity of the narration is not vitiated by the consciousness, on the part of the writer, of having ever to defend himself. Professional interest is here never seen in conflict with that higher law which should govern the conduct alike of statesmen and of meaner mortals, and the hero of the tale always appears modest and upright, as well as clear-sighted and shrewd.

We will not follow the familiar details of Metternich's life further than is necessary to give an idea of the work before us. Unlike most memoir writers, he does not linger with fondness over the days of his youth, and the first event mentioned is his appearance at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, in 1790, as one of the representatives of the corporate body of counts of the district of Westphalia. This, at least, is the position which Metternich says he held, and we suppose it is as well to follow the original text as it would be to adopt the ornate English of the translator, who tells us that his constituency consisted of "the imperial courts of the Westphalian bench." Though the elder Metternich was in the imperial service, he was not an Austrian subject, and his son, at this time, had never been in any of the patrimonial territories of the Habs-

burg family, — those widely-extended provinces which, in German political nomenclature, enjoy exclusively the designation of *Erbländer* (hereditary lands). In the judgment of the translator, a knowledge of this nomenclature is quite superfluous, and she contents herself with the statement that "I had never been in Austria. The only spot of hereditary property on which I had set my foot was the estate of Königswart," etc. The years following the young count spent in study, in serving his father, and in a journey to England in the train of an imperial mission, during which expedition he was appointed envoy to the Dutch republic. A French army, however, prevented his going thither, and soon after this, father and son proceeded to Vienna, where, being now two and twenty, he married the granddaughter of Kaunitz. At this time he had a strong distaste for public business, greatly preferring the study of physical science and of art. "I must also acquaint my readers with other causes which kept me aloof from public affairs. . . . Inaccessible to prejudice, and seeking only the truth in everything, my modesty did not allow me to find fault with persons in power if I was not satisfied with what I saw; on the contrary, I ascribed to the weakness of my own understanding and to my inexperience the feeling which forced me to disapprove of the course they had taken. . . . Was there anything in such a situation to summon me to exchange my peaceful life for a life of activity, constrained to move within limits conflicting with my spirit of independence and cramping my conscience? These feelings of mine might easily give the impression that my temper had become morose. But that would be a mistake. I was preserved from this weakness by my love for grave studies. I never shut myself up from the world; my life was that of a man who sought exclusively good society. . . . I frequented those salons by preference in which I was

sure to find pleasant conversation, convinced that such conversation serves to sharpen the intellect, correct the judgment, and is a source of instruction to those who know how to keep it from degenerating into mere babbling." The emperor, meanwhile, never saw him without reproaching him for his idleness, and in 1801 he consented to enter the government's service, becoming envoy, first at Dresden, then at Berlin, where he stayed till 1805. He was next appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, but before going thither his destination was changed, at the request of the French government, to Paris. Metternich's account of his residence in the French capital, and extracts from letters written there, are by far the most interesting parts of the papers now printed. His judgments, characterizations of the eminent men with whom he came in contact, are all admirable; his judgment of Bonaparte, whom, as he well says, he had better opportunity for knowing than any other person not a Frenchman, is not only sound, but also sharp and clear. The war of 1809 put an end to the ambassador's stay in Paris, but his wife remained, and her letters to her husband, printed in the second volume, have both historical and literary value. To them we are indebted for our knowledge of the singular fact that the negotiations for the hand of Marie Louise were opened by Josephine herself in a long conversation with the Countess of Metternich. But the account here given of

the preliminaries of the marriage is untrustworthy, for the writer ignores the well-known fact of Josephine's ecclesiastical marriage before her coronation.

The remainder of the memoir contains little of general interest except the account of the author's interview with Bonaparte before the battle of Leipzig; and this is not new. In these last pages, too, the reader begins to feel an antipathy for Metternich, which the following volumes can but strengthen. So long as he was contending with the incendiary principles of the French Revolution and the vain projects of the empire, he had a claim upon the reader's sympathy; but here, in the persons of Stein and Arndt, he comes in contact with those feelings of patriotism and moral enthusiasm which he comprehended only enough to hate them with all his soul, and which his later life was to be spent in combating.

To the translation can be given the unusual praise that the book reads as if it had been composed in English, though the English of a very careless writer. But the translator seems to be as ignorant of the history of the period as she is of the geography of the regions mentioned. We have no space here for a list of errata, and must allow two examples to illustrate the whole. The French prince who became Charles X. is called the Count *von* Artois, and the German province of Lausitz, distant five hundred miles from the French border, is described as "Haute and Basse Lusace."

ZOLA'S LAST NOVEL.

IF M. Emile Zola had ever shown a decorous dread of criticism, one would be tempted to think that he had written his too famous, his infamous, *Nana* with the design of giving to the world so dis-

tasteful a book that no right-minded critic could even mention it without being unclean until the even, as Carlyle said of some of Diderot's light-hearted fiction. But a novelist who sells forty

thousand copies of a book before publication can afford to laugh at the critic; and to denounce so popular a writer is something like denouncing the east wind; at least, it is no more efficacious, even if there be no further resemblance. The only critic who has ever, so to speak, drawn blood from Zola is Sainte-Beuve, and he performed this eminently sanitary operation in a letter published in his *Correspondance* (vol. ii., p. 314), which is a beautiful example of the union of severe comment and sugary language. Zola prudently took his revenge only last year, in the criticism of a book that dealt with the manifold improprieties of Sainte-Beuve's life. In this criticism, which appeared in the *Voltaire*, a somewhat ribald sheet in which Nana came out, Zola said that it was always the loose liver who wrote the proper books, while the man whose life was above reproach made up for it by writing novels, or what not, that shocked the prudish rake. This valuable statement of course throws a flood of light on the viciousness of, say, Sir Walter Scott, and, accepting these views as true, we must acknowledge Zola to be a man of more than monastic asceticism.

With his private life we have nothing to do; whatever that may be, his books, and notably his latest one, are more shameless and disgusting than anything in modern literature. Doubtless, M. Zola and his most ardent admirers would agree to this. He knows very well that he secures his readers by covering his pages with so complete an assortment of indecencies that there is almost nothing left for those who come after him. There are, to be sure, plenty of rivals. Two of them, for instance, have joined forces, and under the taking title of *Vices Parisiens* — as if most French novelists wrote only about Parisian virtues — have composed some scenes of fairly vivid nastiness; but they are far from equaling their master; the reader yawns over their labored productions,

as if he were studying a time-table. If, however, any one could beat Zola on his own ground, we should hear very little more about the brood of the Rougon-Macquarts, the Jukes family of France. He knows that he has made a tolerably clean sweep of the gutters, and that he has left nothing for future *chiffonniers*. His position, then, may be held to be secured. He can glow with the infinite satisfaction of knowing that he has disgusted more readers than any man living.

Naturally, the reader will be curious to know what this detestable volume contains. Nothing is so good an advertisement of a book as a warning against its impropriety. The novel takes up Nana, the daughter of Gervaise, the heroine of *L'Assommoir*, and describes her career of vice. The aim of the book, or at least the avowed aim, is to portray the immoralities of the second empire, when, according to Zola, sin was brought into the world, and consequently the time is set at the period of the French Exposition of 1867. Nana herself, it will be remembered, appeared like a rank exhalation in the corruption of *L'Assommoir*, and here she justifies her education. She had already grown tolerably familiar with vicious courses; now she is full-fledged, and is meant for a fair representative of the class to which she belongs. The volume opens with an account of her appearance on the stage, in one of the burlesques that were common at that time, when Offenbach was looked upon as a great musical composer. She cannot sing a note; she knows nothing of acting, but her beauty wins the day, and she is at once successful. Men of fashion go crazy over her, and forthwith she has a much better chance for distinguishing herself than she had before this time, when she was living, so to say, from hand to mouth.

Her first protector is a rich banker, but to follow her in her whole career, through numberless intrigues, at one

time living in luxury and at another flying from the policemen, would be an unsavory task. One of the more striking things depicted in the book is the infatuation of a Count Muffat for her, and this middle-aged and previously venerable person's degradation after he fell into her power, his futile remorse, the sufferings of his powerless pride, are put before the reader with great vividness. The same is true of the fate of the other men: the precocious boy who kills himself because she will not marry him; his brother who robs the military chest to procure money for her ever-hungry purse; the man of good family who walks deliberately to his ruin; the snob who enjoys being mentioned in the papers as one of her victims, — they all appear in the so-called novel, and make at times a really distinct impression. Yet they are but a part of those on Zola's black list: actors, actresses, hair-dressers, servants, the Prince of *Scotland*, as a certain eminent character is called, journalists, — there is no limit to their number. From the first page to the last, there is one perpetual clatter of people: the reader is now in the theatre, gazing at a play, then behind the scenes, or watching a race, or listening to half a dozen people talking; the impression is often vivid, though perhaps more often confused. But these things are all secondary to the heroine herself, with her generous outfit of vices, her always empty purse, her vulgar self-will, her absolute ignorance of anything but her own wants. One sees her squabbles with other women; her ceaseless rapacity, only equaled by her ceaseless extravagance; her contempt for the retinue of men who surround her; and so cleverly is it all done that the reader feels as if the air of the room he sits in were thick with the noxious fumes of sin. What the air of the book is there can be no doubt. A book more redolent of corruption it would be difficult to find; it reeks with every kind of beastly sin.

The hideous mien of vice, too, was never better photographed, — for Zola's art is more like photography than any of the other methods of copying scenes.

Zola's method is a singular one. There is hardly an expression of his own opinion in the whole book. He has no asides for the reader. He expresses no views about the matter before him; he simply takes down the side of the house, — a disorderly house, — and lets the reader see and hear what is going on under its roof. This copying of things is no easier of execution with a pen than with a pencil. There have been some books written that purported to be genuine transcripts of the excesses that gave birth to this novel. The autobiography of our countrywoman, Fanny Lear, was a book of this sort, but no one who read it — and a good many people read it — will remember much about it, except that it was an incoherent mass of bad writing that seemed the work of an author in the New York Ledger, inspired by any one of the spirits who are accustomed to contribute to mundane publications. In fiction, Defoe and Swift are possibly the only other men who have been able to be as circumstantial in their invention; but Defoe leaves between the lines the impression that he was an honest man; Swift alone seems to have thoroughly despised and distrusted human nature. Yet his *sæva indignatio* is something very unlike Zola's delight in what he thinks is a new literary form. The curious residuum of the writer's character, which leaves an impression that we cannot account for by anything he puts down in black and white, is something that we feel with every book, and in the case of Zola it is not of a flattering kind. All laws of art are as dear to him as a synagogue was to a crusader; one can hardly call a man who defiles his readers and besmirches their memory with his obscenities a moralist; and one cannot help feeling that Zola lacks, more than

anything, gentlemanliness. That is the trouble with him; he is irredeemably vulgar.

Of course, according to certain definitions of what constitutes a gentleman, Zola would have had no showing a long time ago. And to define it more precisely would be as hard, to use the old instance, as to define light. The subject he has chosen does not destroy his claim to the title. Swift alone cared to destroy whatever there was tender in human nature, and besides him Zola is the only writer of distinction who deliberately devotes himself to this nauseous task. It is not a figure of speech to call his books nauseous, for they really arouse physical repulsion. Deliberately to close one's eyes to the redeeming side of human nature, while gloating over its acknowledged infirmities, is as inexact as it would be to mistake the verses of a gilded valentine for an adequate and complete picture of life. Yet this is what Zola does. In his eyes, men and women are beasts. There are, of course, frivolity and sensuality in the world, but there are other things, too, though some of them seem to have eluded his observation. He has chosen to devote his great powers to recording the vicious gossip of a corrupt period. His *Nana* he is said to have copied from life; his *Steiner*, the rich Jew banker, is reported to be a once famous man; and doubtless persons familiar with Paris could give the real names of a number of the characters. But is there not something ignoble in his morbid tattle? What are we forced to think of a man who sees nothing else in Paris but certain sins? Do we approve of a man who knows nothing but the scandalous chit-chat of a great city? And such scandal!

He has no scorn for what he describes; he draws his picture with all its revolting details, and lets it make its own impression. So far from having scorn, we feel sure that if he could only get hold of some new lust he would welcome it

as a chance to study a rare disease. Indeed, he calls his novels physiological novels, — pathological would be a better name, — and he boasts that he is striking out in the path that literature must henceforth follow. According to him and to many others, science has come into being, and literature must adapt itself to the new conditions of things. In fact, the recent increased attention that has been devoted to scientific study has proved very confusing to literary men. They did not wish to be left behind composing Pindaric odes, while readers should be studying the forms of water, or ruining their clothes with acids in order to make blue things turn yellow and yellow things turn blue.

Zola may be taken as a specimen of the most advanced type of the pseudo-scientific literary man. Art is to him as obsolete as the notion that the world is flat; what he means to do is to beat the scientific man with his own weapons. For the accomplishment of this purpose, he has composed the history of the depraved Rougon-Macquart family, introducing the last notions on heredity, with pleasing volumes on each separate form of vice, and some promised volumes on the genius of the family: in the *Assommoir* he wrote about alcoholism; in *Nana* he takes up another method of sinning. But, on the whole, he makes a poor showing for literature, or, at least, for its professors. In the first place, he exhibits most unscientific inexactness by overlooking, as I have said, whatever is honorable in human nature; and, in the second place, his grossness, his unflinching prurience, remind one not of those genuine men of science, who examine coldly but thoroughly all the dark shadows of disease, vice, and misery, as unattracted by their charm as they are unrepelled by prejudice, — no, we are not reminded of those, but of men who keep what they call museums of anatomy, sinks of nastiness, which the police suppress as public nuisances. A scientific man, say, a physi-

cian, who should in season and out of season harp on all the horrors he had discovered would certainly not be honored; why it is better for a literary man to be perpetually fingering indelicacy it is hard to see. It is this willful preference of depravity that stamps Zola with the mark of vulgarity.

Of course, many other things have contributed to make Zola what he is. Since what he saw burned itself upon his memory, he early conceived a genuine loathing for the sort of nineteenth-century fairy-land in which most French novelists laid the scene of their stories. The wife, the lover, and the husband, to name them in the order of their relative importance, had long been the only subjects of the novel-writer's art. They lived in a conventional civilization, as artificial, as unlike anything known to man, as, say, Rhodes or Cyprus in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. And, as in those plays, the wife would dress as a page, and go about, and travel by rail, walk all over town, without attracting any more attention than if she had forgotten her parasol. Every one must feel the lack of reality in these French novels. They are often as clever as possible, but they are no more copies of life than are Watteau's pictures. Good taste and classical traditions, between them, crushed a great deal of life out of French literature.

Zola's revolt is but natural, and in certain ways commendable. The exaggerations and pitiable elegance of the romantic writers he brushes away with a sweep of his hand, and he joins with Flaubert in desiring to copy life. Balzac aimed at doing for the second quarter of the century what Zola is doing for the time of the second empire, but the older writer frequently mingled fantastic visions with the results of his observation. Take the little volume, for instance, that contains the *Femme de Trente Ans* and a few short stories, and his faults become apparent. In the

first-named novel, the lover, Lord Grenville, is recalled to a sense of the proprieties of life by the action of the woman he is pursuing, who leads him rather theatrically to the cradle in which her child is lying; immediately the husband returns, Lord Grenville is shuffled into the dressing-room, and she shuts the door upon his aristocratic fingers while getting rid of her husband. She discovers this unfortunate accident only when she again opens the door; she utters a cry; her husband from the next room asks what is the matter; she answers, "Nothing. I've just scratched my hand with a pin." Her husband comes in again; she once more shuts the door, and since Lord Grenville had neglected to pull his hand away, for a second time his fingers are caught. This is a trifling matter, but Zola is unlikely to trip in this way. And as for the episode which describes the way in which this daughter, who had done such good service in the cradle, when she is grown up, falls in love with a red-handed murderer merely on looking at him, and goes off with him at five minutes' notice, one might as well include gnomes among objects to be studied by a class in natural history as take these things for the dimmest reflection of possible facts. Zola writes no such fantastic parodies of life, though he is not above making mistakes, as a writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* has clearly shown in a witty article.

Zola is not without a precedent in French literature. In the last century, at a time when most writers were as far removed from the direct observation of life as any novelist of to-day, Restif de la Bretonne poured forth countless stories, one hundred and forty volumes in all, which are invaluable as documents concerning the way in which people talked, dressed, thought, sinned, repented, in a word, lived, at that time. Just as Zola, as Edmondo de Amicis tells us in his *Notes on Paris*, prepared himself for Nana by attending plays at the first

night of their performance in order to write his early chapters, then went to many races, to describe the scene at the race towards the end of the book, and incorporated in it many anecdotes of Parisian life, so Restif used to collect facts for the base of his stories. Indeed, he went so far in the way of realism as to write about living people, a species of liberty for which he was prosecuted more than once. After all, this is only what Zola has done. Barring Restif's insanity, there is a great likeness between the two writers, who have photographed vice at intervals of a hundred years. Restif knew nothing of the modern scientific treatment of whole families; that is unmistakably Zola's contribution to the delight of readers, but he was one of the very first to record simply what he knew about vice, and his experience was large. He spoke absolutely without reserve, and he maintained that all his work was in the interest of virtue; but this seems to have been one of the wildest of his many delusions. Odious as was much that he wrote, he is invaluable as a chronicler of the last century. He did for it, only less ostentatiously, just what Zola is doing for the present day.

Zola, then, did not invent this naturalism of which he talks so much, nor, indeed, did Restif; for realism, which is the same thing without the indecency, is the very main-stay of the English novel. Compare any novel of Trollope's, for example, with Zola's *Une Page d'Amour*, wherein the young daughter catches cold by opening the window on a rainy day, while her mother has gone out to meet her lover. This is not a simple statement of facts that Zola gives us, but a melodramatic touch that he had already employed in *Madeleine Féral*, and one of a kind that he is always ready to blame in any one else. Trollope's stories run on like a succession of rainy days in a country house, but even Trollope cannot be a thorough-going realist. At some

time or other the writer has to make a choice, to select one of two or more incidents, and thereby he ceases to be an absolute realist. Where Zola differs from other writers is in being frank where they are accustomed to display reserve. As to his selection of subjects and incidents, he is entitled to all the credit he asks. Most writers have more intelligence and knowledge of the world than to suppose it is wholly made up of nastiness, and they avoid or touch lightly the subjects in which Zola revels. Moreover, a number of them would hesitate to traffic on the morbid curiosity of the world about vice, and would be ashamed to pander to lickerish inquisitiveness. Zola has no such hesitation; he laughs at it, as the big boy laughs at the little boy who is averse to swearing, and he brands his opponents as milksops, the evident inference being that he is the only manly writer living.

That the novel does more than undertake to satisfy a low curiosity it would be hard to affirm. In construction it is confused and awkward; an enormous amount of the book is devoted to the account of the performance at the theatre, and of the races, which Zola actually saw, as the world has been informed, and a great deal of space is given to spreading scandal about eminent persons. In his pains to introduce a resemblance to life into his novels, Zola quite leaves the once-dreaded interviewer far behind. He employs similar methods with much more successful result, and he makes no more of reporting vile scandal about living people than he does of referring to unmentionable vices. He thereby prepares himself for giving that last answer of the unsuccessful novelist, "You may not like my novel, but that is your fault, because every word of it is true." M. Zola's collection of facts may be complete and exact, but the way he has put them together is clumsy in the extreme, and the facts themselves are such as no one

really cares for. The book is a tolerably perfect succession of curious incidents, but it hangs fire, so to speak, terribly. There is no trace of wit or humor in the whole book. The writer is exceedingly long-winded; when all is told, one has but a confused memory of the abundant store of iniquity that has been unveiled, and when Zola's recollections of the theatre and the race-course come to an end the heroine takes sick and dies, not in squalor, as some old-fashioned moralists would have ended the book, — supposing, that is, that they had ever begun it, — but in a twelve-franc room at the Grand Hotel. Still, Zola does make a slight concession to the methods of the rest of the world, inasmuch as her death takes place as the crowd is marching by shouting out the cry, "To Berlin!" at the beginning of the last war.

In fact, Zola does well to adopt this new style, — well for himself, that is. When he writes a novel that is something like the conventional story, such as *Une*

Page d'Amour, he is no better than any one else; he simply shows himself worthy of nothing but a very second-rate place among a great many skillful writers; he exhibits no marked virtues, nor yet any marked faults; he is simply a mediocre writer of a wearisome kind of novel. He makes up for this in his other books by cramming his pages with scandal, and calls himself the founder of a new school. But exaggeration and dullness cannot triumph long, although it is very possible that the ultimate effect of his novels on French fiction may be a good one, by making writers study life instead of fantastic problems and fantastic people. But without doubt the true method will be found a good deal this side of his coarseness. That a man, to write transcripts of life, must necessarily be gross will be judged as great an error as to suppose that a man cannot be impressive in his speech without profanity. Imagination and decency are two things that will probably survive even M. Zola's prolonged and repeated attacks.

Thomas Sergeant Perry,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.¹

As announced in the preface to his *Hector Berlioz*, Mr. Apthorp's aim has been "to show what the man was, rather than what he did." The work is practically divided into three parts: first, a Biographical Sketch by the author, principally based upon Berlioz's Autobiography; then follow ten letters written by the master for publication during his professional tour through Germany in 1841-1842; and finally a faithful translation of selections from his three highly original volumes, entitled respectively, *Les Soirées d'Orchestre*,

Les Grotesques de la Musique, and *A Travers Chants*.

Mr. Apthorp has skillfully drawn from a somewhat abundant material only that which shall lend color and form to the characterization of his subject. The book is not a mere conglomeration of odds and ends, having no definite purpose in view, but a finely composed mosaic, each part being carefully fitted to its neighbor, and its separate value and identity made to subserve the general effect, in the excellent portrait of the master thus wrought from the original

¹ *Hector Berlioz*. Selections from his Letters, and *Æsthetic*, Humorous, and Satirical Writings. Translated, and preceded by a Biographical Sketch

of the Author, by WM. F. APTHORP. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

material prepared by his own hands. For this reason the author has preferred to make "some apparently trivial selections," rather than others that might have been considered of "more serious value to the art of music." But the careful reader will be amply repaid by the keen realization thus afforded of a character so uncommon that no one will dispute his biographer's estimate, thus tersely given: "Take him all in all, he was a man; one so genuine through and through that it may be doubted whether he could even form a conception of what a sham really was. And surely history can show us few figures in which utter veracity of character exhibits itself in so explosive and drastic a shape."

The ten letters from Germany, forming the second division of the volume, give "a vivid picture of certain phases of the composer's professional life;" they are "extremely familiar in form," and afford the reader welcome opportunities for becoming acquainted with musicians of all grades and shades of eccentricity, from Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer down to the little man belonging to the big drum, as our hero meets them while he journeys from place to place superintending the production of his own compositions. Nothing escapes his attention that is of interest to musicians, and his notes by the way are full of value. His vigorous sentences carry us over the road, through a dozen German cities and back to Paris, before we are sensible of a touch of weariness, or conscious of the weight of our newly acquired information.

Concerning the spirit in which the translations have been made, Mr. Apthorp says, "Berlioz's style is peculiarly colloquial, often slangy, for a Frenchman. . . . In this I have followed him closely. I have also been more anxious to preserve what I could of the characteristic cut of French phraseology than to make a translation which could lay claim to distinct literary merit from an

English point of view." That he has succeeded admirably in this respect is apparent, especially in the third and last division of the work before mentioned. Berlioz's whimsical wit and extravagant fancy are here given full liberty, and one must be dexterous indeed to capture the volatile conceits and transfuse them through our obstinate English.

The volume concludes with appendices containing the Funeral Discourse over the body of Hector Berlioz, delivered by M. Guillaume, president of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and a Catalogue of Berlioz's published works.

An opportunity for becoming personally acquainted with so remarkable a man as Berlioz should be welcomed by all, and musical people who have hitherto known him only through his compositions will be glad of the close companionship which Mr. Apthorp's volume affords. A biography too often means but a lifeless portraiture, where the features stare at one veraciously enough, but warmth of feeling and the charm of a magnetic individuality are wholly lacking. Mr. Apthorp affords the reader a keen and thorough appreciation of his subject's personality.

Whatever Berlioz undertook received the full measure of his energy and strength. We find him hurrying from Rome toward Paris in the summer of 1830, a disappointed and frenzied lover, armed to the teeth, and bent upon the destruction of the false one, her mother, her newly acquired husband, and, to complete the massacre — himself. Luckily, the road was a long one, so that his fury had time to abate, and his common sense, of which he had a plenty, reasserted itself. At the age of nineteen he writes a mass, the first imperfect performance of which reveals defects that he diligently labors to remedy; he spends three months in the mere copying of the parts, being unable to pay professional copyists. By dint of persistence he at last succeeds in obtaining the twelve hundred francs

necessary for a second production, from "an enthusiastic young friend," and then, "after the performance, becoming convinced of the worthlessness of the work, he burned it, together with the scene from *Beverly*, the opera of *Estelle*, and a Latin oratorio, *The Passage through the Red Sea*, which he had just finished."

Refined and sensitive souls ordinarily shrink from exposing their innermost recesses to the vulgar gaze, and at first thought the spectacle of our hero "wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at" creates the suspicion that his expressed determination "to avow everything" may be the unblushing frankness of insensibility. But we finally conclude that it is but another evidence of a strong emotional nature scorning hypocrisy, and seeking the only possible relief in tempestuous avowals. His religious opinions may be indicated by the incident he relates concerning Mendelssohn: "One evening we were exploring the bath of Caracalla together, debating the question of the merit and demerit of human actions and their reward in this life. As I was answering his wholly religious and orthodox expressions of opinion by I forget what enormity, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many bruises and scratches, down the ruins of a very steep staircase. 'Admire the divine justice,' said I, while helping him up: 'I blaspheme, and you fall.'"

It is, perhaps, as a master of instrumentation that Berlioz receives the most homage among musicians. His *Traité d'Instrumentation* is widely known, being published in French, English, German, and Italian. His perfect command of the resources of the orchestra entitles his opinions to great weight. It is somewhat remarkable that he should have acquired the reputation of being noisy. The writer remembers to have overheard a discussion, a few years since, among several well-informed amateur musicians, at the Central Park Garden in New York, immediately after a fine per-

formance of his version of the *Rákóczy March*, wherein Berlioz was declared by universal consent to be "too fond of the trombone and cymbals." In his autobiography he says, "I am reproached with an excess of noise, a predilection for the big drum, which I have used only in a small number of my compositions where its use is perfectly natural, and I alone, among all critics, have for twenty years protested against the revolting abuse of noise, — against the insensate use of the big drum, trombones, etc."

In his forcible style, he inveighs against many foibles common amongst popular singers; so true and so common that we sigh, as we smile, at his characteristic denunciation: "If a woman has for her only possession an exceptional compass of voice; if she can give pertinently or not a low G or F more like a death-rattle than a musical tone, or else a high F that is quite as pleasant to the ear as the squeal of a little dog when you step on his tail, that is enough to make the whole house resound with acclamations." "No sooner does she shoot forth her squibs and sky-rockets at the rate of sixteen sixteenth notes per bar; no sooner does her infernal trill drill into your tympanum with ferocious persistency for a whole minute without stopping to take breath, than you are sure to see," etc.

Orchestral leaders who take unwarrantable liberties in "improving original scores" receive unmerciful and merited flagellation at his hands. Valuable hints concerning the management of large choruses are entitled to especial notice; the drilling of the several parts separately, before uniting in a general rehearsal, is strongly recommended. How an artistic composition may be utterly lost in a large theatre is scientifically explained, and the universal custom of permitting the orchestra to drown the miserable singer in a sea of tumult, or force him to shout his protest, is described in a sufficiently harrowing manner.

Apart from other interests which may attach to this entertaining volume, the pungent satire, sparkling wit, and comical absurdities with which it abounds, especially in the chapters entitled *Evenings with the Orchestra*, *Musical Grotesques*, and *A Travers Chants*, entitle it to a place beside the best productions of modern humorists. In the experience of the man whose personality is

here so vividly presented, we find tragedy, comedy, and farce strangely commingled, as indeed they must needs be in the truthful history of every human life that glows with such intensity. It is only when the brave heart, self-consumed, is about to crumble in ashes that we find the sad words, "Let us try to think no more of art. . . . I can now die without bitterness and without anger."

MADAME LE BRUN.¹

THE *Souvenirs of Madame Vigée le Brun* (*née Elisabeth Louise Vigée*), though shorn somewhat of their original proportions, and sufficiently ill translated, form an important and acceptable addition to the literary treasures we already possess in the form of French memoirs. Her life of eighty-seven years, extending from April, 1755, to May, 1842, comprised the most tremendous epoch of modern, perhaps of all, history; and she lived constantly in the forefront of the great world, at the focal centre of all the most thrilling interests and events of her era. A glance at the table of contents, even of this abridged edition of her memoirs, will suffice to show the extreme distinction, yet almost endless variety, of the company which she saw. All the literary and artistic society of Paris in the consummate pre-revolutionary period, all the royal family of France in the reigns of Louis XVI. and his two brothers, the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul, Turgot and Talleyrand, the Rohans, the Broglies, and the Neckers, the royal family of Naples, Angelica Kauffmann, Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Joseph II. of Austria, Kaunitz and Esterhazy, three sovereigns of Russia, Catherine the

Great, Paul I., and Alexander I., Stroganoff, Schouvaloff, Prince Joseph Poniatowsky, the king of Sweden, Count Axel de Fersen, and the incomparable Prince de Ligne; and later, in England, beside royal personages too numerous to mention, Herschel, West, Reynolds, and the Duchesses of Devonshire and Dorset, — all these were, so to speak, upon her visiting list. It was of course in her professional capacity of portrait-painter that she first made the acquaintance of this illustrious crowd; but she was so charming in her own person, her social tact was so exquisite, and the blending in her of deference and independence so preëminently graceful that official intercourse, in very many cases, passed insensibly into a cordial personal intimacy, where there was no more any question or remembrance of relative social rank. Her naïve and confidential book is, in fact, a manual of behavior toward social superiors; but in order rightly to profit by it, one must first acknowledge the existence of social superiors, which too many of her American readers will not be ready to do. Like all honorable and thoroughly accomplished courtiers, she was far above the clumsy necessity of lying. "How do you think I sing, Madame le Brun?" inquired of her the vain and vulgar Count of Provence, aft-

¹ *Souvenirs of Madame Vigée le Brun*. New York: R. Worthington. 1879.

erwards Louis XVIII., during a sitting, when he had voluntarily favored her with a performance. "Like a prince, monseigneur," was her perfect reply. Her ultimate rank as an artist has perhaps not yet been exactly assigned, and need not be discussed here. Her place is not among the greatest, but it is far more than respectable, and we owe it to her indefatigable brush that the look of very many of the most commanding and memorable characters of the last century has not faded, and is not likely to fade, from the memory of men. Especially are we indebted to her for a perfectly clear and altogether captivating vision of the supreme loveliness, in her prime, of Marie Antoinette, whom she painted many times: now in white satin and crown diamonds; now in a white muslin gown, so simply made that the brutish and snarling populace of Paris called it a *chemise*; now in a daring orange costume, seated at a table arranging brilliant flowers; and repeatedly with her elder children. There is also a pen-and-ink portrait of the hapless queen on page 40 of the present volume, which is as vivid as word-painting can be. Of course she described people the more graphically for her long professional studies of personal appearance; but also, no doubt, she owed something of her success in catching a likeness with the pencil to that subtle and sympathetic quality of her nature which enabled her so readily to divine and adapt herself to a great variety of characters. So her different gifts reacted upon and enhanced one another. She could make an interesting and pleasing *picture* of almost any subject, and did this repeatedly in her own case; notably in the study of herself and her daughter clasped in each other's arms, which is familiar to us all from photographs. This visible image of herself is curiously identical with the character photograph presented in her memoirs. The two women are precisely the same; utterly graceful,

because utterly natural, simple and yet romantic, tender and animated, picturesque and unconscious. In her entire absence of affectation, she freely reveals the weaknesses and frivolities of her nature, and sometimes — for all the original and indeed perpetual kindness of her heart — she shocks us by a certain apathy and levity in view of the unprecedented convulsions and catastrophes it was her lot to witness. She floated along, waywardly, airily, as a bit of thistle-down might float over a lava torrent, and dropped lightly upon the desolated shore when the descent of scorching tragedy was stayed. It is not from such a one as this that we look for profound reflections upon great events; yet now and then her quick intelligence seizes upon a remarkable point of view, as where she acutely says of those, the high-bred women in particular, who suffered in the Terror, "I am convinced that had the victims of that awful time not died so courageously the Terror would have ceased much sooner. Men whose intellects are not fully developed have too little imagination to feel touched by internal suffering, and the pity of the populace is more easily aroused than its admiration."

Again, in the case of Madame le Brun, as in that of so many of the distinguished women of the past, we are impressed to note how prompt and gracious and generous is the welcome which society, when let alone, accords to the rare woman with a preëminent gift a distinct and indisputable vocation. Even Elisabeth Louise Vigée might never have made painting a profession if the clever father who taught her to draw and mix color, himself a member of the Academy of St. Luke, had not died poor, and left a wife largely dependent upon her daughter's exertions. But the career thus indicated was ardently accepted and most loyally followed. Had it not been so, the distractions of that very seduc-

tive society, which began straightway to flatter and invite the beautiful and engaging young artist, would surely have engrossed her time and spoiled the worth of her performance.

"I cannot speak much of the great dinners," she says, in one of the most entertaining of her earlier chapters, "seeing that, shortly after the time of which I write, I ceased to dine in Paris at all. The daylight [people dined by daylight then] was really too precious for me to give its hours to society, and an accident which happened to me decided me to go out only in the evening. I had accepted a dinner with the Princesse de Rohan-Rochefort; I was dressed and ready to step into a carriage, when I thought I would go and see a portrait which I had begun that morning. I wore a white satin dress, which I had put on for the first time, and I sat down on a chair which was opposite to my easel, without noticing that my palette was placed upon it. You may judge that I made my dress in such a mess that I was obliged to remain at home, and from that day I formed a resolution only to accept suppers."

A calling embraced in this simple and disinterested fashion offers no detriment to the most delicate womanhood, and is likely to be facilitated and en-

couraged, as was Mademoiselle Vigée's, in a manner far transcending her own modest dreams. But callings of this high and authentic nature are not sought out and peremptorily or peevishly demanded. Rather they await, or go themselves to seek, the elect who are to practice them.

The first half, or more properly the first third, of the present volume is by far the most fascinating portion. It consists of letters to a beloved Russian friend, the Princess Dolgo Kourakin, at whose earnest entreaty it was that Madame le Brun undertook to write out her memoirs. So long as this lady lived and the reminiscences were addressed to her, they have a warmth and spontaneity and informality which fail somewhat when, after the death of the princess, they are continued, with no affectionate motive. We have called the translation bad, but it is not very bad. The language is, for the most part, a tolerably transparent medium for the story. But if the anonymous translator ever undertakes another work of the kind, it might be well for him to remember that a sentence like this, "My mother was compelled to *remarry*, and espoused a rich jeweler, *who* we had never suspected of being avaricious," is neither French nor English.

SYMONDS'S GREEK POETS.¹

MR. SYMONDS'S volumes are a revision of two books, entitled respectively *Studies of the Greek Poets* and *Studies of the Greek Poets* (Second Series), published in London; the first in 1873, and the second in 1876. These studies had, many of them, first appeared in *The North British Review*, a periodical which

lived only for a few years, though the articles in its few numbers are noted. In preparing the American edition, Mr. Symonds, in spite of the other investigations which now claim him, and in spite of the exile forced upon him by ill health, has still found time to make certain welcome additions. Also, the si-

¹ *Studies of the Greek Poets*. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, Author of *Sketches and Stud-*

ies of Southern Europe, etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

multaneous publication of all the essays has made it easy to change the arrangement of topics, which was somewhat perplexing in the English publications. The chapters now come in the natural order, which Mr. Symonds suggested to his readers in his preface to the second series. Of course, this rearrangement does not make the work a connected whole, and no one should expect to find here a continuous account of the rise and development of Greek poetry. From one point of view, this is a defect, but there are corresponding advantages. No connected account of Greek poetry within the compass of these two volumes could afford so long a chapter to the Greek Anthology as is here given. The same is true of the two chapters on the dramatic fragments; and yet it is in these very chapters, and others like them, that Mr. Symonds makes accessible to English readers a whole range of exquisite Greek poetry, which has belonged till now to special students only. Though this work cannot profitably be used as a text-book, yet experience has shown that the merest beginners can be helped to a living sympathy with the beauties of Greek poetry by reading a chapter in it from time to time. Mr. Symonds's object has been¹ "to bring Greek literature home to the general reader, and to apply to the Greek poets the same sort of criticism as that which modern classics receive." Here we have what the editors of Greek text-books but rarely venture to introduce into their commentary, — an enthusiastic account of Greek poetry as poetry, and not an analysis of Greek poems into innumerable problems of syntax, attention to which, however indispensable in well-ordered classical study, if too exclusively insisted upon, certainly dulls the appreciation of highest beauty.

In his preface to the American public, Mr. Symonds announces new trans-

¹ Preface to the *Studies of the Greek Poets*. London. 1873.

lations from the lyric poets and from the Anthology, also an "enlarged" criticism of Euripides. He further adds that "the concluding chapter" has been "in a great measure" rewritten. The chapter entitled Conclusion, however, is absolutely unchanged. It is the chapter on *The Genius of Greek Art* (the concluding chapter in the volume published in 1873) which has been changed, but changed only by the addition of notes, and by putting what was a long footnote into the body of the text. But the new translations add greatly to the interest of the book. Mr. Symonds's four chapters on the poetry between Homer and the dramatists, as first written, stood alone in their thorough appreciation of what an envious fate has left us of this brilliant phase of Greek poetry; and not the least charm in his treatment of it lies in his many accurate and poetical translations of these beautiful songs. And now the American reader finds added a masterpiece of translation, which fortunately interprets a masterpiece, — Simonides' Lament of Danaë afloat with her boy Perseus upon the waves at night: —

- "When in the carven chest
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks un-
wet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
5. And said, 'O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless, brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
10. Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep, —
Lapped in thy purple robes' embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to
me;
15. Therefore I cry, sleep babe, and sea, be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill."

What a piece of good luck that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, writing on *Style*, remembered these lines and quoted them! This translation is such a miracle that we have been betrayed

into speaking as if it were the original. Any single line compared with the original, taking each word separately, makes us think the Greek *transmuted* rather than translated. For this comparison the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth lines will answer:—

. . . πορφυρέα κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, καλὸν πρόσωπον.

Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,
καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὔδας.

Another of the poems now first translated by Mr. Symonds is the Hymn of Welcome, sung by the degenerate Athenians to welcome back Demetrius Poliorcetes, who had subdued Ætolia. The following lines give a vivid expression to the pride of Athens, even in those fallen days not gone, but wonderfully tempered by the servile helplessness of second childhood:—

"The Sphinx, who, not on Thebes, but on all Greece,
Swoops to gloat and pasture;
The Ætolian, who sits upon his rock
Like that old disaster;
He feeds upon our flesh and blood, and we
Can no longer labor;
For it was ever thus the Ætolian
Preyed upon his neighbor."

The translations, new and old, made and selected by Mr. Symonds in his chapter on the Greek Anthology, have evidently been to him and his a labor of love. Many of the versions by *Dr. Symonds* are particularly happy. Indeed, there is nowhere else in English so complete an account of these latest Greek poets. They were many of them not Greeks by birth, but all of them were Greeks in their art,—Greeks, to be sure, of late, degenerate days. Mr. Symonds has especially earned thanks for putting into English some of the exquisite work of Meleager of Gadara. Two stanzas of one of his poems, now first translated, must speak for Meleager:—

"Did I not warn you? Now the net
Has tangled you, and in the string
You vainly strive, for love hath set
And bound your pinions wing to wing,

"And placed you on the flames to pine,
And rubbed with myrrh your panting lip,
And when you thirsted given you wine
Of hot and bitter tears to sip."

"Of beauty in decay sufficient splendors," our author well says, may be found in the epigrams of Meleager. Before leaving the Anthology, it should be said that the American printer is responsible for the *pronoun* in the following line of the epitaph on Aristophanes: "Lycambes weeping for *HER* daughters three." What Lycambes would have done if the bitter Archilochus, not content with abusing him as a perjured doctard, had called him a woman, only a Greek could say.

Turning to the "enlarged" criticism of Euripides, it is gratifying to find that the enlargement consists chiefly in a few pages which point out the most serious defects of that great tragedian. Flattering though it may be to every honest Anglo-Saxon soul to join with such champions as Mr. Symonds and Mr. Mahaffy in harassing the defeated army of Euripides's German foes, there was danger that we should lose sight of the undeniable faults which the Germans have pointed out in that great writer. But now Mr. Symonds's account of "sad Electra's poet" is just, and no longer one-sided. No more complete proof that "comparisons are odious" can be found than in the various German criticisms on Euripides. If he is not compared with Æschylus and Sophocles, he cannot escape comparison with Shakespeare; in either case the odds are against him. He has not the sublimity of Æschylus, and he lacks the purity and self-control of Sophocles; others compare him with Shakespeare, and find that he lacks finish in the delineation of minor characters, that his long speeches are unnatural. Still Euripides is so great a poet that no one thinks of comparing him with any but the greatest; the real complaint is that he is not "a second Sophocles or a revived Æschylus."

The characteristics of Mr. Symonds's

Studies are too well known to require detailed statement. The "style" is perhaps too prominent throughout, and, as Mr. Symonds himself admits, there is, especially in the essay upon Aristophanes, too much "fine writing." Still, thought is not wanting, and a full appreciation of the connection between Greek tragedy and Greek sculpture is nowhere expressed so well as in these pages. The chapters on Homer are insufficient, and the somewhat labored and pointless essay upon Greek Mythology could well

be spared to make room for an account of the gods in Homer. Finally, the Conclusion, which is a defense against the critics, rambles into a decidedly unrefreshing attempt to describe the morality of the future, which it appears is to have the accuracy of science. This Mr. Symonds calls the Greek tendency, and yet Aristotle said that an attempt to gain scientific clearness in ethics was like going to mathematics for an appeal to the feelings, or to rhetoric for demonstrative proof.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is as much missed as gained in traveling. Traveling has come to be so conventional a thing that it loses its chief interest as a separate experience for each individual, and the pictures, photographs, and descriptions of places being so easily accessible at present, most places, when seen, give one no sense of surprise. It is hardly true that no picture gives a real notion of a place, as is often unthinkingly said; on the contrary, the impression is usually so vivid as to lessen that of the reality, whenever you happen to come across the latter. The sort of itinerary which is almost a matter of course in traveling also destroys the spontaneity of the supposed pleasure; though no necessity or law obliges you to it, you yet feel compelled to "do" certain places, no matter whether you have an interest in them or not. An American who went to Europe, and neglected Rome or Paris, would feel uncomfortable at the omission; an Englishman who came to the United States, and left New York, Philadelphia, or Boston out of his wanderings, would feel obliged to excuse himself and explain the short-coming. If you take an Oriental tour into your

programme, and leave out Jerusalem or Damascus, people will wonder, and so on, until you feel that not till you have performed the "regulation" pilgrimage will you be free to see and do what you like abroad. The loss of time that regulation sights cost you is serious. Some of them will be blanks to you; some mere impressions, as fleeting and useless as that produced by looking over an album. You probably have some taste prominent among others. Traveling will be a pleasure if you make this taste the guide of your travels; but to assume a general appreciation of everything, however various the things, will fritter away time and make life a burden. It is no use toiling up and down Swiss mountains unless you enjoy the unique scenery they possess, or walking through miles of picture-galleries unless you have a real liking for paintings. The sensible way would be to be sure at the start of what you like best, what interests you most, or what you chiefly wish to learn, and shape your course accordingly. As to learning anything about the people, it is useless to expect doing it by flying visits to any place, and letters of introduction to a few rep-

representative people. To learn anything of the nation, you must see the average, and see it leisurely; see it in the rural neighborhoods, understand the language, and in fact give yourself to the study of humanity. Even the higher classes, who are easiest to get at and easiest to understand, seldom come within reach of travelers. It is notorious how English and American tourists, herd together in foreign cities, having their own hotels, restaurants, clubs, banks, etc., and spending more time in parties among themselves than on investigations worth remembrance. On the other hand, the Englishman, — he is almost the only tourist who comes here; of course I do not include emigrants, settlers, diplomats, etc., among travelers, — coming to America, generally manages to see a little more of Americans (their common language has much to do with that); but he never stays long enough to study any but chance types. A few men come to hunt, and they at least see a special phase of life, and have more opportunities of understanding it thoroughly. Most men amiably or bitterly — but in either case ignorantly — generalize to an alarming degree. If they come to pursue a certain line of investigation, they are taken in hand by kind entertainers, who show them all the specimen things and people, about which they knew beforehand in their own country, though perhaps vaguely and less in detail. If they belong to a certain set, they see and hear everything which can confirm their opinions, as a free-trader would, or an English abolitionist. A comprehensive and balanced picture of the whole country — I put aside its natural features — they never see, and never go to work the right way to see.

— Several years since, I journeyed by sea from New Orleans to New York in company with a goodly number of clergymen, who were on their way to attend some theological convention. While enjoying an after-dinner novel of

some repute, I fell upon the following quotation: "*He who runs may read.*" Turning to the most convenient clergyman, I inquired the road to the original, for I felt quite sure of its biblical origin. I was promptly referred to Habakkuk ii. 2, and looking up the passage later in the day discovered a "point," which I resolved to turn to account. I believe I have omitted to say that I am a shallow-minded person, fond of airing my superior knowledge when occasion offers, or rather when, by good luck, I happen to stumble upon an item that my betters have overlooked. I never could understand why everybody does n't know what I have known for six weeks, and am intolerant accordingly. Awaiting a favorable opportunity, I expressed surprise to my clerical friend that he should be so ignorant of the Scriptures, and met his assertion that he could not be mistaken, for he had used the passage as a text for a sermon in times past, by coolly handing him the open Bible, and pointing to the words, "*He may run that readeth it.*" Every day thereafter until we reached port I sacrificed a clergyman upon the altar of my vanity, and whenever the weather was bad I sacrificed two, by way of a needed extra stimulant. The supply of clergymen being more than sufficient, I perpetrated a general massacre on the day preceding our arrival at New York. Not one of them survived, nor was any resistance offered after the delivery of my final knock-down blow. Arriving on shore, I proceeded to turn my "point" to more substantial advantage. Betting with clergymen had of course been out of the question, but among my lay brethren I found many ready to wager that they could trace the quotation, and as they invariably brought up short at Habakkuk ii. 2 I was correspondingly happy. I would be ashamed to confess how many dinners I have achieved by means of this valuable "point."

I soon began to find this apparent

misquotation meeting me at every turn ; magazine articles, novels, lectures, and even sermons seemed singularly peppered with the error. I have noticed that any matter attracting one's special attention as being unusual is frequently followed by repetitions, that shortly become common to the verge of monotony. Meet one man in the street with a remarkably large nose, and he will be followed by a dozen more of the same sort. I suppose it is because we recognize promptly only that for which our consciousness is on the alert. At any rate, it seemed to me that never before had I met with a passage so often, and I marveled greatly that out of so many well-informed authors, not one escaped the pitfall in attempting to quote correctly.

I determined to make myself useful by calling upon *The Atlantic* to explode the error, and had mentally sketched an article for the Contributors' Club which was to cover many a well-known author with shame and confusion. But one evening last week, while "browsing" along the shelves of a public library, I turned the leaves of Cowper's *Tirocinium*, and at verse 80 I read, —

"But truth, on which depends our main concern
That 't is our shame and misery not to learn,
Shines by the side of every path we tread,
With such a lustre he that runs may read."

— A writer in the Contributors' Club for February, commenting on the fact that so many heroes and heroines of fiction are motherless, — that "from Richardson to Henry James, Jr., the novel has been little more than a half orphan asylum," — adds, "Who can tell us why?" It seems to me there are two good reasons : in the first place, the fact that a hero or heroine is thus bereaved appeals at once to our tenderest feelings, and bespeaks for him or her our immediate interest and sympathy ; and, secondly, their half orphaned condition enables us easily to excuse, account for, and forgive whatever mental, moral, or

social lack we may observe in them as their histories are unfolded. When we read that "Romola's young but wintry life had inherited nothing but memories of a dead mother," we accept it as a natural consequence that she was "in a state of girlish simplicity and ignorance concerning the world outside of her father's books," and we judge her gently when she wastes the rich treasure of her love upon Tito Melema. When Jane Austen tells us that Emma's mother "died too long ago for her to have more than an indistinct remembrance of her caresses," we readily condone the willfulness, self-confidence, and occasional impertinence of that blooming girl ; and the same is true in regard to delightful Shirley Keeldar. We are sure that Effie Deans, Hetty Sorrel, and little Em'ly would have been less weakly trusting and vain, Di Vernon, Judith Hutter, and Esther Lyon less undisciplined, Dora less babyish, and Lady Glencora less exasperating, had they only had a mother's guidance ; and we give double credit to the blameless ones like Rose Bradwardine, Little Nell, Anne Elliot, Agnes Wickford, John Halifax, Guy of Redclyffe, and Malcolm of Lossie, because they grew up so well without it.

But while thus assenting to and accounting for the absence of the mother in fiction, I cannot agree with the contributor's other statement, that "if she is introduced at all she is always an uncomfortable figure, always in the way." Who does not admire and would not like to know Mary Garth's mother, with her clear, vigorous mind, inflexible honor, and cheerful courage ? Or Mrs. Vincy, sweet as a peach ; Mrs. Amos Barton, loveliest and tenderest of all George Eliot's women ; and even Mrs. Transome, a majestic figure in spite of her dark secret ?

Of Amyas Leigh's mother it is said, "She was lovely in face and figure, and still more lovely from the divine calm which brooded like the dove of peace

and the Holy Spirit of God (which indeed it was) over every word and look and gesture; a sweetness which had been ripened by storm as well as by sunshine, which this world had not given, and could never take away." In Dickens we do indeed find few mothers who are prominent figures, yet what would Barnaby Rudge be without Mrs. Varden or sad Mrs. Rudge herself? Mrs. Bagnet, Mrs. Kenwigs, Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Nubbles, Mrs. Jiniwin, Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. MacStinger, and Mrs. Bardell are, each in her way, inimitable and never to be forgotten. The writings of Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Craik are full of excellent mothers, both English and Scotch. In Sarah Tytler's stories we have some notably fine women, like Citoyenne Jacqueline's mother-in-law and M. Dupuy's mother; and in her last book, *The Bride's Pass*, Mrs. Macdonald is, it seems to me, the finest and most original sketch in an unusually striking group of characters. Macleod of Dare's mother was made of finer stuff than her son, and Janet, the old shepherd's wife in *Sir Gibbie*, is an exquisite and noble creation. Hannah Dill in *Sarah de Berenger* is absolutely unmatched in life-long, self-effacing devotion to her children, dying at last perfectly satisfied, without recognition or gratitude.

But the procession grows too long, and I forbear.

— A very curious instance of a life-long ghostly guardianship came to my knowledge a few years before leaving France. I had heard many circumstances relating to it freely discussed and commented on long before I knew the parties. At length the introduction of a mutual friend brought me into intimate acquaintance with two of the most delightful people it was ever my lot to know. Madame St. L., the widow of a French gentleman of rank and fortune, and her sister, Miss R., were two elderly ladies, well known to a large circle of friends for their piety, benevo-

lence, and rare accomplishments. They lived in a pretty château with beautiful grounds, the property of the elder lady. They were daughters of an English gentleman, whose extravagance had dissipated a large fortune, but at whose death they each came into possession of a competence, which, having been settled upon themselves, he had been unable to touch. Their acquaintance with their self-constituted guardian began when they were young girls, and residing with their father, Mr. R., at a house close to the "Paul Brique," which lies some miles from Calais on the road to Guisnes, part of that debatable land which during the occupation of Calais by the English had been in turn the battle-field of English, French, and Spaniards. On the site of their house had been in that far-off time a fortress, which had been besieged, taken, and burnt to the ground after the slaughter of all in it, by a mixed army of French and Spaniards. They were often left alone with a younger brother for many weeks and even months at a time, their father preferring the gayeties of Paris to the seclusion of their country home. It was during one of these intervals that their brother was taken very ill, and his sisters were one night so alarmed about him that they agreed to sit up together for the whole night, which they had not done before. A little past midnight they were roused by shrieks and cries for help, coming apparently from the garden below their window. Shortly after their maid-servant rushed into the room half wild with terror, saying that she heard men placing ladders against each side of the house and vociferating loudly. The young ladies distinctly heard the same, but the sick brother never once awoke from his sleep. His sisters dared neither look out of the window nor go outside the hall door to investigate, for they were alone in the house with one servant, and even the gardener lived in a cottage some distance off. Their fears came to

a climax when the windows began to shake violently, and the looking-glass in their room was shivered to atoms. A perfect lull succeeded, and after a time they became aware of the presence of a tall, shadowy figure draped in a long Spanish cloak, evidently an officer. He spoke to them in French, and told them not to be alarmed; that he was a spirit, and not corporeal; that he was a Spanish officer killed hundreds of years ago in the siege of the fortress which had then occupied the site of their house; that his name was Gaspar; and that he would always attend them, and through life be their faithful and devoted friend. He then vanished from their sight, leaving them in a state of utter bewilderment. When I made their acquaintance forty years had gone by since that memorable night, and nobly had Gaspar redeemed his voluntary promise. He accustomed them to hold long conversations with him, and always gave them the soundest advice. He mixed invisibly in all their amusements: played on his guitar to their piano playing; accompanied their voices when they sang, so that many of their friends were astonished at the strength and sweetness of their performance; would take a hand at cards, and be one of any little party they gave. He was rarely visible even to themselves, but many heard his voice joining in the conversation. He rescued them from many an unpleasant dilemma. Once, when they went to a ball, and by some mistake the carriage which brought them, and which ought to have returned to take them back, went home with some other party, they were left quite helpless. A drenching rain was falling, all their friends had left, and it was long past midnight. They were in the greatest perplexity, when suddenly their names were called, a carriage being at the door to convey them home. They were most thankful, but made no inquiry till, on getting out, Miss R. asked the driver how he came to know their names

and where to come, as his was not the carriage they had ordered. The man replied that he had been going home for the night, when an officer in a long cloak stopped him and engaged his vehicle for two ladies, giving their names and telling him where to go for them. Nor did Gaspar, while they were yet girls and unmarried, disdain to join in any harmless freak tending to their amusement. They were once talking in their own drawing-room of a private fancy ball to be given by a friend in Calais, and to which they were specially invited. Speaking of some of their young acquaintances, they mentioned one whose affectation made her generally disagreeable, and who was at the same time so exceedingly plain that it was difficult to find partners for her at any of the parties where they met.

"Would it not be curious," said the elder Miss R., "if Gaspar were to go to the ball in his full dress as a Spanish officer, and with a profusion of bows solicit the honor of dancing with her?"

"Yes!" replied the other sister, "and when the dance was ended take her back to her mamma, with a complimentary speech on the elegance of her daughter's dancing." They then made up a speech for the occasion, and laughed heartily at their own conjectures. The day on which the ball was to be given arrived, and in the afternoon the sisters walked into Calais, as they were to dress, and afterwards sleep, at their friend's house. During their walk they incessantly heard footsteps behind them, yet on looking back no one was in sight. On entering the streets of Calais they distinctly heard the clanking of spurs on the pavement, and made sure that some officer was following them, but could see no one. Having dressed in costume in the evening, they joined the gay circle in the ball-room, and at first sat down with a few young friends, the young lady of whom they had spoken, as well as her mamma, being present. Great was their aston-

ishment when a Spanish officer, masked and in full costume (they knew it was Gaspar), walked up, without once looking at *them*, and asked the young lady to dance! When the dance was finished, he took her back to her mamma, and with a number of courtly bows made a speech, word for word the same that the Misses R. had improvised for him at home.

Years passed on; the elder Miss R. married Monsieur St. L., and inseparable from her sister they all went to the pretty château near Cologne, where they still lived when I knew them. Gaspar went with them, and was much talked of in the neighborhood. The peasants said that he might often be seen, after night-fall, pacing slowly backwards and forwards on a bridge which led to the neighboring town of St. Pierre, and many of them went by choice the lower road by the canal, to avoid the chance of meeting him. Madame St. L. had only two children, both sons, who at the proper age entered the French army. They had hardly attained to manhood when Monsieur St. L. died, rather suddenly, after a long and distressing illness. Soon afterwards, the two ladies had a law-suit in England decided in their favor, but found a vexatious opposition made to their taking possession of the small property which had been in question, as the person inhabiting the house positively refused to give it up. At last Madame St. L.'s English lawyer wrote to advise their coming over to try their personal influence with the opposing party. They went, and on paying a visit to the lady, their opponent, were agreeably surprised to find that all difficulties had been smoothed away by the visit, a few days before, of a Spanish gentleman, who had fully explained every circumstance connected with the property, and had placed in a very clear light the justice of Madame St. L.'s claim. The lady agreed to leave the house in the course of a day or two, and

to send the keys to Madame St. L., which was done.

The two sons of this lady were naturally subjected to much quizzing on the part of their acquaintances, and always strenuously denied having the slightest faith in the family ghost; indeed, were very angry if any allusion were made to it. The elder son, however, being at home on leave, and over-hearing his mother and aunt talking of Gaspar, pondered much on the subject, and, unknown to his family, resolved to watch for one night in the room where his father died, and where Gaspar was said to be continually present, as it was much used by the family; their evenings were also spent there, and supper partaken of in one end of the room. It was always Madame St. L.'s custom to remove the wine decanters and glasses into a large cupboard, which stood at the end of the room nearest the door, and also any dish from supper which would be required for the next day; having done this, she invariably locked the cupboard, and took the keys up with her to bed. On the night in question the young man prepared for his lonely vigil by placing his lamp and book on the table at the far end of the room; he then laid his loaded gun within reach of his hand, and also his drawn sword. Two well-trained dogs, used for sporting, and thoroughly obedient to his voice, were his only companions, and having carefully secured the door and windows he sat down to read, the dogs lying at his feet. When his few preparations were completed, it was about eleven o'clock, and he read quietly for nearly an hour. When the clock was on the stroke of midnight, a strange agitation seemed to pervade the room. The dogs at their master's feet began to howl and whine and crouch to the ground, with every symptom of terror, and at length, quite regardless of his voice, slunk under the table at which he was sitting, the heavy cover of which hid

them from view. As the clock struck twelve, young St. L. distinctly saw Gaspar, as he had always been described to him, enter through the closed door, and stop opposite the cupboard where the wine and supper had been put away. With a bunch of keys, which the young man clearly recognized as his mother's, Gaspar opened the cupboard quite wide, cut a slice of *paté*, and began to eat; then poured out some wine and drank. When he had finished, he turned and looked fiercely at the appalled young man, who tried to rise, but felt chained down by some invisible power. He stretched out his hand for his gun, and pointed it at the figure, but it fell from his hand on to the carpet, without even exploding, and under the mysterious influence of Gaspar's steady gaze he fell back in his chair utterly insensible, and remembered no more till the broad sunlight streaming into the room roused him, to find the gun lying at his feet, the dogs still hardly recovered from their terror, the cupboard locked as usual, and himself alone in the room, where no trace of Gaspar's presence remained; but when the cupboard was opened, there was a remnant of *paté* on one of the plates, and a portion of wine in one of the glasses. On being questioned, Madame St. L. declared that the keys of the cupboard had never left her dressing-table till she brought them down that morning.

This was probably the last time that Gaspar appeared in a visible form to any of the family. A long time before he had told the two ladies that it would be impossible for him to let them see and hear him as they had been accustomed to do; that he would never leave them, and that wherever they went he would go, but that his presence would be manifested only by noises of different kinds; that should any misfortune threaten the family, or any great changes be impending, they should without fail receive timely warning. This promise

was literally fulfilled; for when they took refuge for a time in England, during the Franco-German war, when both Madame St. L.'s sons were engaged in the struggles of the French army, she always received some intimation of the arrival of letters, which indeed reached her safely in the most mysterious manner, when oftentimes the young men had either lost them in the confusion of a camp or been utterly unable to post them. Any loss by death was also communicated in some unmistakable fashion. Both sisters found themselves unable to sleep one night, from a soft, continuous tapping on their window pane, accompanied by a low moaning, which continued for many hours. In a day or two, they heard of the death on that very night of a beloved friend, who had been their school-fellow in early days. Such were a few of the anecdotes of Gaspar which I gathered from the lips of the dear ladies whose guardian angel he undoubtedly proved himself to be. For one of them the enigma of his influence has been solved in another world; two years ago Miss R. died, to the deep regret of an endeared circle of friends. Madame St. L. lives in Paris with her eldest son, who is married and of high rank in the French army.

—The art of letting other people alone is — one of the lost arts.

—A recent communication in the Contributors' Club challenged the United States to produce an epigram on "the art of letting other people alone." I am not sure that I know an epigram when I see one; but here is the plain truth: —

"The art of letting other people alone demands too much wisdom of the benevolent and too much benevolence of the wise."

—To attain an impartial frame of mind is almost the highest aim of intellectual education. It is needless to say that the attainment is very difficult. Almost invariably we make up our minds

beforehand on any subject we approach. Early prejudgments beset us on every hand; an atmosphere of association colors everything, however newly brought into our range of sight; we have rules by which we judge automatically the truth of new facts which may clash with old theories. Or, again, having passionately renounced all such drags on the wheel of progress, we put the same intense partisanship, the same instinct of one-sided devotion, to the service of some new theory, borne out indeed by certain facts, yet not necessarily proved absolute by these. Such is the essence of the present hostility, on the whole quite outspoken and undisguised, between religion and science. Unconscious that in each body there exist, for the most part, two sections with distinguishing shades of opinion on matters of more than detail, each as a unit flings defiance at the other, with many hard words and more misinterpretations of the other's dearest formulas. Blindly they fight,—fighting rather their own fancied estimates of each other than the real entity which those estimates travesty. But outside of that typical and prominent struggle of our time, there are millions of silent personal struggles of the same nature going on wherever men think, believe, or investigate. It is impossible at present to stagnate in one unchallenged faith; what a man believes he must justify to himself through his reason, and to his neighbors through his deeds. Outward forms, conventional practices, official formulas, do not suffice; if the opponents of your belief do not challenge you, your own teachers will vehemently examine you. No party is content unless with an army of willing recruits; the half-hearted, the vacillating, are expelled not only as useless allies, but—a far more dangerous thing—as discreditable blots on the fair fame of the party. No cause at present can afford to stretch its mantle over those who may disgrace it; the enemy's scrutiny is too lynx-eyed to be faced unless

with a bevy of picked representatives. This necessity of an age of vehement questioning is fatal to the cultivation of impartiality, and yet without at least a show of impartiality no individual can hope to become prominent in any party. A century practically intolerant, though with a new kind of intolerance, professes to worship impartiality. It courts those whose smooth periods are like bright scales in which all thought and all knowledge are weighed. In reality the impartiality is but apparent. The most passionless writers are prejudiced; their coldness conceals, if not an opinion, a tendency; and after all, though facts may rain upon them, the old proverb holds good, and convinced against their will they are "of the same opinion still." There are two sides to every argument; only some call them the right side and the wrong, others the inside and the out. Practically there are few historical questions on which it is safe to be dogmatic, and few moral questions on which it is safe to be impartial. Yet the contrary is the rule in our times. Historical and political questions are dissected in a more intolerant and virulent spirit than any moral or spiritual questions; precisely those things that are most beyond the reach of clear explanation and absolute proof are those most willingly handled by contemporary writers. Impartiality is the new name for masked advocacy of any given principle, useful at present to any given cause. The real thing escapes our search, or rather stands by us in the dark, while we pretend to turn our lamp in search of it in the opposite direction. If a man would study for himself, he could scarcely help finding an impartial judgment his best staff, but most men now study and write to uphold a foregone conclusion, and take good care, therefore, not to come across such an inconvenient guide.

—In this time of apple-blossoms, I read over with pathetic interest a note of Bryant's, written little more than a year

before his death, in which, speaking of some pictured clusters sent him, he says: "They do not exactly suit the last days of life's December, but they agree charmingly with that new spring-time of existence, my entrance to which cannot be far off, and where I hope to find the orchards of Paradise in full blossom." When such a lover of woods and fields and flowers, after a life-time of devotional feeling and thought, passes from them all, the fancy comes that Nature herself must feel the loss! When before has the yellow violet bloomed without being remembered by a heart as childish in its love as it was strong in its manhood! In another letter occurs this passage: "The yellow violet of which you sent me a sample is not *my* yellow violet, which I think is never found in your region, though it sprinkled the floor of the forests in the neighborhood in which I was born as soon as the snow melted from the ground." While opposed to Wordsworth's character in its active interest concerning city and state, Bryant's reminds us of his in its intense love of nature. What the daisy and the celandine were to the poet of Rydal Mount, the yellow violet and the fringed gentian were to Bryant, both in his affection and poetic expression. Regarding the latter flower, he writes in the autumn, "I have just returned from Cummington, where I found the fringed gentian, of which you speak as not a common thing, creeping in at places where it was never seen in my boyhood. There is also another species, very pretty, the soapwort gentian, *gentiana saponaria*, which I never saw in my boyhood, now becoming frequent."

The transition from flowers to spirits, from flower life to the spiritual, is surely easy; nor can I forbear, as far as it lies in my power, to improve this opportunity of correcting a not infrequent, although not general, impression regarding the poet's belief. "I answer your

question by saying that I am not a spiritualist, although I am perfectly willing that spiritualism should be true. I have some friends — excellent people — who firmly believe in it, and find in it what is very desirable, an infallible confirmation of the doctrine of a future life. But the evidence I have seen has not convinced me of the reality of their communications with the spirits of the departed." If the heart-felt convictions of our deepest and wisest thinkers were put into words, would they not be these? Not half who are reported as believers in this system *are* such. They are merely "willing to be," if sufficient evidence be attested; but on the other hand they are too just and liberal to condemn without stint a faith some features of which have certainly benefited *individuals*; they are too sensible and charitable to denounce as senseless and knavish those who desire comfort from such a faith. The poet, it is certain, held that sage attitude which characterizes a judgment not based on the mere failure or success of those material arts which lie in the juggler's province. What the poetic and metaphysical mind perceives in this belief is beyond the reach of being affected by wax or paraffine trickery; but at the same time its perceptions are too vague and reed-like to be denominated *faith*, or to be leaned on as such.

— If a prize had been offered for the dullest story, one might suppose the mass of English novelists filled with anxious desire to earn the distinction of having written it. At first sight, this really seems the only way of accounting for the uniform success with which they escape the least liveliness of conversation, or the least variation from the commonly accepted, well-known types of character. Take such a book as Miss Tabor's Little Miss Primrose, for instance, and see how you will find yourself disappointed in your most moderate hopes of entertainment. At the first page you

are set down in the cathedral town which furnishes the scene for most of this lady's tales, and already with the first few paragraphs a sense of drowsiness begins to steal over you; but you struggle against it, and read on. The heroine is a nice little thing, and you are glad when the prospect opens for her of seeing something beside the cathedral towers and hearing something else than the chanting of the chorister boys. Little Miss Primrose, who is said to have much taste in such matters, is called into consultation about Nelly's new dresses. The white muslin and blue ribbons for evening wear which she recommends will do, but it seems a pity that she cannot suggest anything better than "stone-colored batiste, with a knot of olive ribbon at the throat," for afternoons. However, perhaps the charms of youth and freshness will tell upon the hero, in spite of the repellent effect of the stone-color and olive combination. She starts upon the path of destiny, and the hero soon appears; a man of thirty, lately returned from India. What would the British novelist do without India? He is quickly successful in winning Nelly's affections, though how he does it is largely left to the reader's imagination to discover, for it may be said without exaggeration that he scarcely opens his lips the book through. The prettiest part of the book, however, is the delicate description of this almost wordless wooing. "They had got a little farther," the author says, "along the wildwood path which leads through the Gate Beautiful into the paradise of actual betrothal; and perhaps there is nothing so sweet in life as going along that path, knowing, and yet seeming not to know, where it will end. Within the gate are the proud queen roses and lilies of the love that has told itself out and need not fear; and there beyond them is the marriage temple, the crown and completion of all. And yet, somehow, when the gate is passed, one looks back with a sort of regret to

the wildwood path that led to it, to the sweet little hidden blossoms which no other eye has seen, and the mossy paths, the leafy shadow, the stillness, and the rest which were for ourselves alone, when as yet no admiring public had been admitted to share the happiness and give its advice as to the best way of reaching the temple. Because, once inside the gate, one may gather queen lilies and roses; but one must at the same time think of table-linen and how many servants one can afford to keep, to say nothing of Queen Anne dadoes and the pattern of the dinner plates." But after straying a little while with the lovers in the pleasant woodland path, we are brought into a world surely too commonplace, prosaic, and uninteresting to be worth depicting. Is social scheming really so prominent a feature of English life, or is it that the novelists lack invention? We are introduced in this quiet tale to no less than three intriguers: there is the vulgar aristocrat, who schemes to marry her scapegrace heir to a plebeian with money, which is to set the impoverished old family up again; there is an under-bred schemer, who toadies the high-bred one; and an under-bred sister, who, after doing all the mischief she can to the hero and heroine, schemes successfully to marry the scapegrace. These people are all unpleasant in the dull, conventional way. There is nothing tragic about the misunderstandings of the lovers, and the hero, who goes off on a journey at the wrong time, when he is wanted at home to explain matters, comes back before his sweetheart has time to grow any gray hairs. And as regards lack of originality in conception and charm of style, this book is a sample of hundreds of novels, whose authors seem to feel entirely irresponsible for their readers' entertainment. They jog calmly on their tedious way, never suspecting that the public are not contentedly accompanying them at this slow regulation pace. In want of a little

good pastime, you recall the names of authors which appear on publishers' lists, and what are they? The names of Miss Mulock, and Mary Cecil Hay, and Mrs. Oliphant, who — more 's the pity! — had some talent to start with. Fatally dull they all are; but where else to turn, except to the fast and vulgar society to be met in the novels of Annie Thomas, and Florence Marryatt, and Rhoda Broughton?

Mr. Black has certainly discovered a new set of materials to work with, and is so pleased with his happy finding that he keeps on combining them again and again. He must have a sort of chemical formula for the production of one of his tales, as: fine description of scenery, one fifth; narration of the mildest occurrences, one tenth; conversation of a slight and gently facetious kind, one fifth; remarks by Gaelic characters, one fifth; old ballads sung by the heroine, one fifth; interjectional commentary by the author, one tenth. Perhaps this is not doing justice to Mr. Black's subtlety; it may be that what guides him is not the formula of the practical chemist, but the recipe for a *plat*, which it needs the inspired touch of the culinary artist to put together. We might only make a bungling failure of it if we were to attempt what Mr. Black has succeeded in. The proof that the materials are not badly commingled is that a good many people eat of the pudding. Since the concoction of that lucky dish named the Princess of Thule, which commended itself to the palate of royalty, and has doubtless, therefore, been found relishing by all truly loyal subjects, Mr. Black has followed the discreet example of that *cordon bleu*, Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant (*vide* Pendennis), who, having ascertained what dishes the blonde Miss Amory most frequently partook of, advised himself to serve up such dainty little repasts as should suit the delicate taste and move the heart of his fair mistress above-stairs. Mr. Black's last fin-

ished effort of genius was, I believe, more highly flavored than common, but in the work which he has now in hand he seems to have returned to mixing the same old ingredients in the old, familiar way.

— Should not the dictionaries revise their definitions of the word *tramp*, now that legislation in so many of our States has made the person a criminal? Massachusetts, following her New England sisters, offers the tramp the advantages of her state work-house and houses of correction, but in such a compulsory way as to deprive the boon of the attraction which it might otherwise have for him. For the tramp is too sincere a lover of liberty to be grateful for any act which relieves him of it, even while insuring him those two prime necessities of his life, free board and lodging. The selection of a work-house as his place of confinement is a peculiar indignity to the tramp, whose existence is based on the avoidance of work. Whether his practice in this respect is the result of a thoughtful consideration of labor as the primal or consequential curse, or is based on an intuitive perception of the value of leisure, it is not now necessary to inquire. It is enough to emphasize the rigor of laws which not only assume the criminality of the tramp, but affix to it a punishment which is especially offensive to his sensibilities. And yet we affect sympathy as a means of reforming even the worst offenders!

Perhaps the most serious evil of treating the tramp as a vulgar criminal is the inevitable loss of the poetic element which has long been associated with him. This is due, it seems to me, to his independence of conventional ways, which is strikingly shown in his roving life and his opposition to artificial distinctions, whether of property or cleanliness. He is a perpetual illustration of the economy of nomadism and the picturesqueness of dirt. Lowell touches a true and delicate chord in his

confession of attachment to the "dusty tramp : " —

"I cannot help
Liking this creature, lavish summer's bedesman,
Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow warm,
Himself his large estate and only charge,
To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,
Nobly superior to the household gear
That forfeits us our privilege of nature.
I bait him with my match-box and my pouch,
Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke,
His equal now, divinely unemployed.
Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man,
Some secret league with wild-wood wandering things;
He is our ragged duke, our barefoot earl,
By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants all,
And serves the state by merely being."

It is worthy of note that the word *tramp* is of comparatively recent origin. I have looked in such English dictionaries of the eighteenth century as Bailey's, Johnson's, Fenning's, Ash's, Sheridan's, Kenrick's, Lemon's, Barclay's, and Perry's, without finding it either as verb or noun. Coming down to the present century, it is noticeable that the tramp has a better reputation in England than he has in this country. Latham defines *tramper* or *tramp* — the monosyllable, he adds, being the commoner word — as an itinerant workman or hawker of small wares, distinguished both from the mere beggar and from the gypsy. Halliwell, in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, sets the tramper above the tramp, the former being styled a traveling mechanic, and the latter a walking beggar. Grose also calls the tramp a beggar, while Richardson, quoting North, defines tramps as strollers, whether beggars or peddlers. When David Copperfield ran away from Murdstone and Grinby's to take refuge with his aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, his fears were excited by the vicious looks of the *trampers* whom he passed on the road. But George Eliot, in Felix Holt, speaks of "big, bold, gin-breathing tramps."

In the edition of Webster's Dictionary of 1828, the noun *tramp* does not

appear, but *tramper* figures as a stroller, a vagrant. In later editions, the tramp is set down as simply a foot-traveler. Worcester, however, holds to the definition of tramp, or tramper, as a vagrant. Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, 1877, says that while in England a tramp is a foot traveler, here he is a strolling vagabond, and then adds that tramps are "men without employment, strolling about cities and in the country, begging food, unwilling to work, and often ready to steal."

The causes which have affected the character of the tramp and given to the word such a variety of meaning possess historical and social significance. The people who, early in the century, jolted in clumsy, comfortless, slow-going vehicles along the then wretched English roads could not well despise the tramp, for he had the advantage of going on foot. Nor was there anything degrading in the condition of the mechanic who took to the road when the progress of industrial development deprived artisans of their independence by massing them in factories. The tramp, as peddler, was a peculiarly useful member of society when his wares spared the farmer's family a tedious journey to the nearest town or village. It was not till the close of the wars with Napoleon that tramps in England were regarded as rogues and vagabonds. Here, again, it was their misfortune, and not their fault, that these epithets were applied to them. They consisted of disbanded soldiers and sailors, and agricultural laborers out of work, and it was in search of employment that they wandered about the country. By the operation of the absurd law of settlement, every parish was interested in making these poor fellows vagrants. The authorities had them carted about from one work-house to another, instead of permitting them to remain where they could support themselves by their voluntary industry. In like manner, the enforced idleness

which resulted from the close of our civil war, and from the overproductiveness caused by inflation of values, not only increased the number of tramps, but developed in them brutal characteristics, which were happily wanting in

the harmless strollers of earlier days. A continuance of the present improved condition of business will do more than repressive legislation to remedy the evils of which the most degraded tramps are effects rather than causes.

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